THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illy… Weekly
Founded A… nj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

SEPT. 14, 1918

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

Private Pettigrew's Girl — By Dana Burnet

O-Cedar Polish Mop
Saves
Time – Work – Money
O-Cedar Polish
For all Woodwork
Stoltz
©CC©1918

STYLE HEADQUARTERS
where Society Brand Clothes are sold

This sign identifies the "Style Headquarters" in your town. It's the store to go to for the smart things in men's wear.

Society Brand Clothes

FIND the store in your town that sells Society Brand Clothes and you will find "Style Headquarters." Or find "Style Headquarters" and you will find Society Brand Clothes.

Whether you want to buy a suit or an overcoat, or only a shirt or a necktie—"Style Headquarters" is the store to locate.

For the dealer who holds the leadership in his city does so by having the leading styles in clothes. Among the trade it is generally admitted that this means Society Brand.

We select the store that distributes these suits and overcoats with a critical eye on the companion merchandise with which it surrounds them.

Clothes are judged by the company they keep. Society Brand stores must be good stores.

The Society Brand label on the inside pocket is our pledge to you of unqualified satisfaction.

Take a moment to write us for the Winter Style Book.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
In Canada, SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited
CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS AND OVERCOATS FOR EVERY BRANCH OF MILITARY SERVICE AS WELL AS CIVILIAN CLOTHES

© H. H. Co.

See Holeproof As Thrift and Fashion See It

IF you look at hosiery through the eye of Fashion you'll admire Holeproof's smooth-fitting shapeliness, its silky sheen and beauty. If you look through the eye of Thrift you'll see a saving of many pairs of hosiery per year. And through the eyes of the tired woman you'll see recreation instead of hours of mending.

Finer materials than Holeproofs are made of, you cannot get in hosiery—pure thread silk, lusterized lisle, artificial silk, and mercerized cotton. Our specialized methods of knitting make them super-strong.

To obtain the durability for which Holeproofs are famous seems truly phenomenal in such fine, soft texture.

Men's, 35c and upward
Women's and Children's, 50c and upward

Avoid imitations, look for the Holeproof name attached to every pair. Good stores will supply you. Write to us for book of styles and prices if your dealer does not have the genuine Holeproof.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 50 York Street, Sydney, Australia

The genuine always bear this trade-mark

(981)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1918, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918 — $1.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 11

WHO PAYS THE TAX?

An Interview With Uncle Joe Cannon

By L. White Busbey

DECORATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

"WHO pays the tax?" "'Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore,"'" answered Uncle Joe Cannon as the smoke from his cigar curled about his sphinxlike face. "It is no longer the great mystery of the age. The Treasury Department has destroyed a fiction and ended speculation on that subject by presenting statistics and keeping a register in which are recorded the names of the blessed who pay the taxes. Though the public may not examine the books and read the names recorded we know just how many names there were in 1916 and have an official guess as to how many there were last year. The list is pitifully small in comparison with the old theory that every citizen contributed his share toward the support of the Government. So what are we to talk about and what are the newspaper men to joke about when we have revenue legislation before Congress in the future? Who pays the tax had become an old acquaintance to all of us, in Congress and out. He has been introduced in every tariff debate held in Congress for more than a century. For nearly half a century I have heard him introduced by the most celebrated tax experts of the times—by Blaine and Carlisle, by McKinley and Mills, by Garfield and Morrison, by Reed and Wilson, by Dingley and Joe Bailey, by Sereno Payne and Champ Clark, by Oscar Underwood and Joe Fordney, by Claude Kitchin and Hampton Moore; and I have read reams of newspaper and magazine discussion in the effort to identify him."

The True Gospel

"AS LONG as we followed the precedent of the first Congress and raised the bulk of our revenues from taxes on imports there was opportunity for different views as to who paid the tax—the foreign producer or the domestic consumer; and the two great political parties took the opposing arms of the argument. I have heard expressed more positive convictions on this question—in Congress, on the stump, in college debates and in corner groceries—than on any other question except that as to the relative saving grace of immersion and of sprinkling. It was almost a religion, with two great creeds contending as to which represented the true gospel of political economy. Men argued, quarreled, and sometimes fought for their convictions as to who paid the tax, and Congresses and Presidents were made and unmade by the issue. The surprising thing, perhaps the fortunate thing, about the discussion was that we could never convince one another, but continued through the years and the generations of men to believe we all had almost divine inspiration for our contending beliefs.

"But, 'Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."'" Those who contended that a protective tariff taxed every man, woman and child, from the cradle to the grave, won the election of 1912, and about the same time we amended the Constitution giving Congress power to levy income taxes without regard to the apportionment of population. The income tax became a prominent feature of the Underwood Act, a dominant feature of the emergency-revenue act of last year, and has become the great hope and expectation of the party in power for raising eight billions of revenue this year. Customs revenues have become but a drop in the bucket—less than $180,000,000 on the largest importations in our history last year—and the tariff as a means of raising revenues has been almost forgotten. So the answer to your question as to who pays the tax is no longer capable of two answers."

Figures for 1916

"THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue has answered the question for 1916 from the records. In response to a resolution of Congress Commissioner Roper has compiled the statistics on income taxes for the calendar year of 1916, and from this report we now know just how many people made returns and how many paid the income tax. There were 437,036 returns made on individual incomes, and 341,253 returns by corporations. Of those who made returns as individuals 74,194 were exempt from taxation and 353,842 persons paid the tax. Of the total returns by corporations only 206,984, or sixty per cent, reported a positive net income. In other words less than one-third of one per cent of the population paid the individual income tax, and more than 100,000,000 people did not have their names enrolled in the books of the Treasury Department as contributors to the revenues of the Federal

Government. This is a definite answer to your question by actual count. And of the hated corporations that were so long accused of sapping the lifeblood of the people and the Government, too, only sixty per cent of them reported positive net incomes to come within the law and pay the tax. The committee has removed all exemptions from corporations in the new bills.

"We also know from this report that more than one-half of the returns of individual income tax came from the five states of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, and that more than seventy per cent of the revenue from that tax was collected in those five states. Commissioner Roper gives us some more interesting information, and from his report we know that less than one-fourth of one per cent of the farmers, a little more than one per cent of the clergymen, one-half of one per cent of the school-teachers and college professors, one and a half per cent of the actors, six per cent of the authors, editors and reporters, five per cent of the real-estate brokers, eight per cent of the architects, seven per cent of the doctors, seven per cent of the Army and Navy officers, ten per cent of the manufacturers, four and a half per cent of the merchants, nineteen per cent of the lawyers, twenty-one per cent of the brokers, and about one-third of the bankers made returns and paid the individual income tax."

What They Did to Uncle Joe

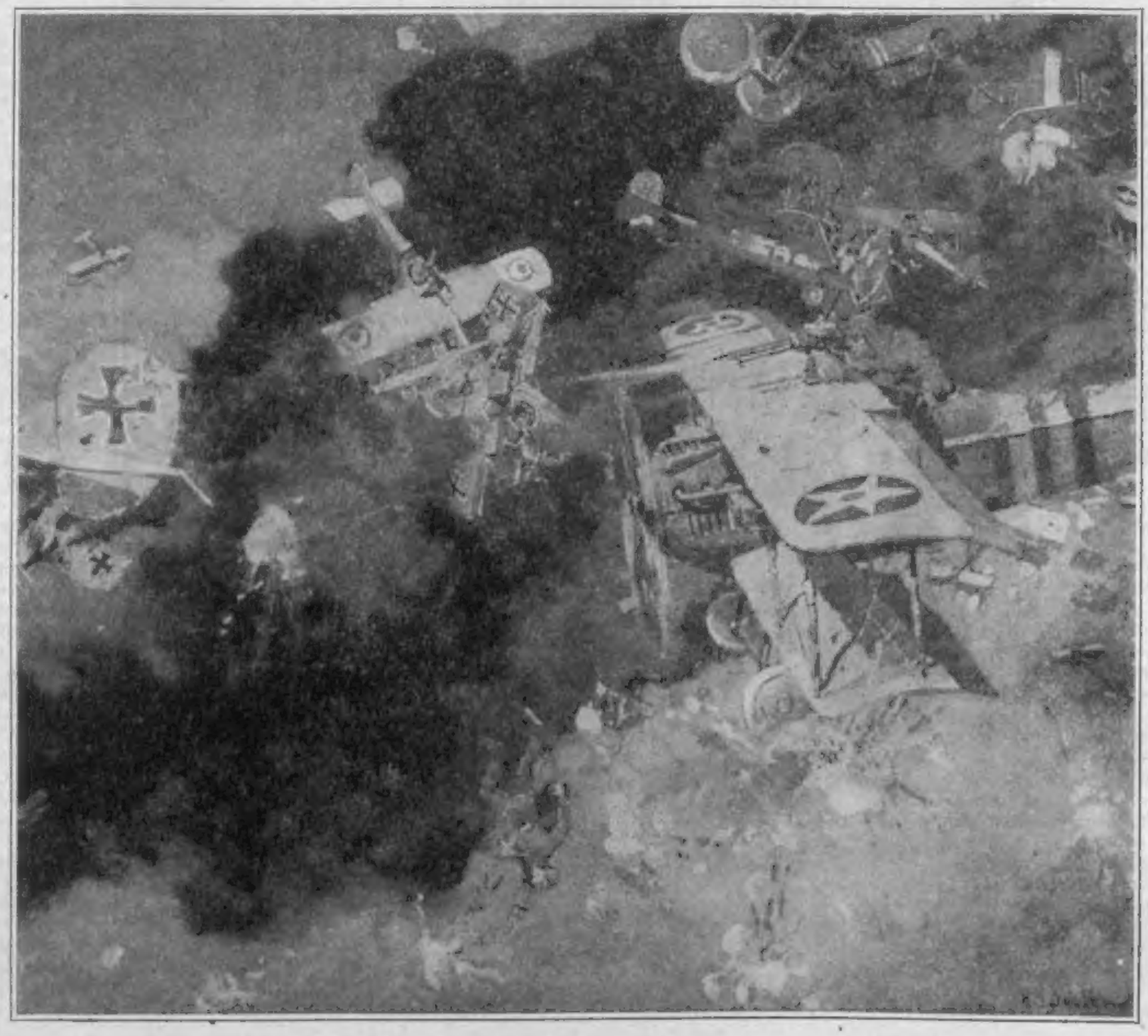
"WHY, it appears from this list that many of those who have been our most popular teachers of political economy have been entirely unacquainted with taxation from the personal point of view. But I do not call attention to these figures to intimate that any of the men in the various groups were slackers about making honest income tax returns; simply to show that not all business and professional life is as prosperous as some of the wage-earners seem to believe; that the great majority of men engaged in manufacture, in business and in the professions are not blessed with larger incomes than some of the men who are in the trades—or even day laborers in these wartimes—and that the income tax touches but a small fraction of any class of the people. We have no official figures showing how many people paid the income tax last year, but the commissioner estimates a total number of returns at 3,310,000 for both individual and corporation income taxes. There were 341,253 corporation returns in 1916, and probably a larger number in 1917, and the number of individual returns must have been below 3,000,000, or less than three per cent of the people, thus still leaving about 100,000,000 of our population off the tax list of Uncle Sam."

"Who paid the taxes under the old tariff laws?"

"Oh, everybody claimed to; especially those who opposed that form of taxation. Under that system of indirect taxation, suggested by Madison in the Constitutional Convention and adopted in the very first act of the American Congress, July 4, 1789, every man and woman could claim that he or she paid taxes to the Government in the price of the coat, the boots or the blacking on the boots, or the ribbons on the woman's bonnet. Many are the arguments I have heard along that line, especially back in 1890, when the Republican Congress blessed the McKinley Bill, only to be damned by the people at the election the same year. I went to defeat, buried under the McKinley Bill, and out in Illinois our Democratic friends hired the tin peddlers to travel up and down my district selling tinware at double the usual prices, explaining that it was all due to the tariff on tin plate in the McKinley Bill. Merchants also put up the prices on needles and thread, and especially on pearl buttons because we had put a tariff on pearl buttons. The result was defeat of the Republican Party and the election of a large Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, and two years later the election of a Democratic President. The change of political parties in control and the change of revenue policies soon brought about another eye-opening condition, with a plethora of cheapness that made half-soled trousers more common and more popular with the masses than with Secretary McAdoo just now. We called half-soles on trousers badges of a tariff for revenue only.

"But throughout the history of this country, from the adoption of the Constitution down to the beginning of the present Administration, the people had the impression that they all paid a part of the indirect taxes collected at the customhouse on imported articles. I don't know but that it helped in patriotism by permitting millions of men and women, while grumbling at the taxes, to feel that they were contributing to the expenses of the Government, paying back into the Treasury what they had demanded in the way of appropriations for river and harbor improvements, public buildings, good roads, agricultural experiment stations and hundreds of other things at the expense of the public treasury. There may have been justification for some of the assumptions that the tax was added to the price of the imported article, though comparatively few bought imported articles except those on the free list.

"But here we are up against a disillusionment. The clothes have been stripped from the skeleton and we see the bare bones of the universal citizen who pays the tax—one-third of one per cent universal. I don't know how we are to restore the confidence of the people in their universal payment of the taxes, unless we adopt the theory of an old friend from Iowa who was one of the pioneers in the agitation for the constitutional amendment giving Congress power to lay income taxes without regard to apportionment. I met him not long ago and suggested that the returns from Iowa showed a comparatively small income tax collected in the state which, except Nevada, has the greatest per capita wealth in the nation. He was ready with another argument, and it was something like this: The king made his levies for men and money on the barons and gave the barons the privilege of making levies on the people in their bailiwicks. So it had been throughout history, governments making levies on the rich and permitting the rich to take toll from the poor. New York, Philadelphia and Chicago paid the bulk of the taxes because it was easier for the Government to collect revenues from the rich cities, but those cities took toll from the whole country, and Iowa farmers were paying their taxes in toll to the cities. I have heard senators, representatives, college professors and editors make the same kind of explanations, but I prefer the old theory that the people all contributed to the Government in indirect taxes scheduled in the law, rather than this theory that in our efforts at progress toward the political millennium we have gone back to the direct methods of the king and the barons. When Jerry Simpson was in Congress and boasted that he wore no socks Tom Reed suggested that while Jerry lamented the hard lot of the farmers he invested his congressional salary in more Kansas land instead of buying socks."



A Form Letter for Kickers

"WHAT is the commonly accepted idea of taxation?"

"Put the boil on the other fellow's nose. We put it another way for a time and demanded that Congress should 'seek the rich,' but in the necessity for raising eight billions of revenue for war the scramble is to have the other business, the other property and the other man pay the taxes. Like the boil, new taxes hurt more in anticipation than in reality. Old taxes like old shoes are worn without giving much thought to them; but proposed new taxes excite fear and inspire the feeling that the other fellow can pay them with less difficulty. I receive hundreds of letters from all parts of the country giving me advice and suggestions for new taxes, and they are invariably to tax some other business or class than that of the writer. They might all have studied a ready letter writer for form, and their letters always begin like this: 'The blank trade realizes that in the extremity of war the Government needs enormous revenues to support our Armies and to make the world safe for democracy, and that the American people without distinction of class must make sacrifices and bear unusually heavy burdens of taxation; but while the blank trade is willing and anxious to pay its full share of the extraordinary taxation, I think you will, after looking into the condition of business, see that our trade is already paying all the taxes the trade can bear and that further increases will simply destroy the business and reduce rather than increase the revenues of the Federal Government.'

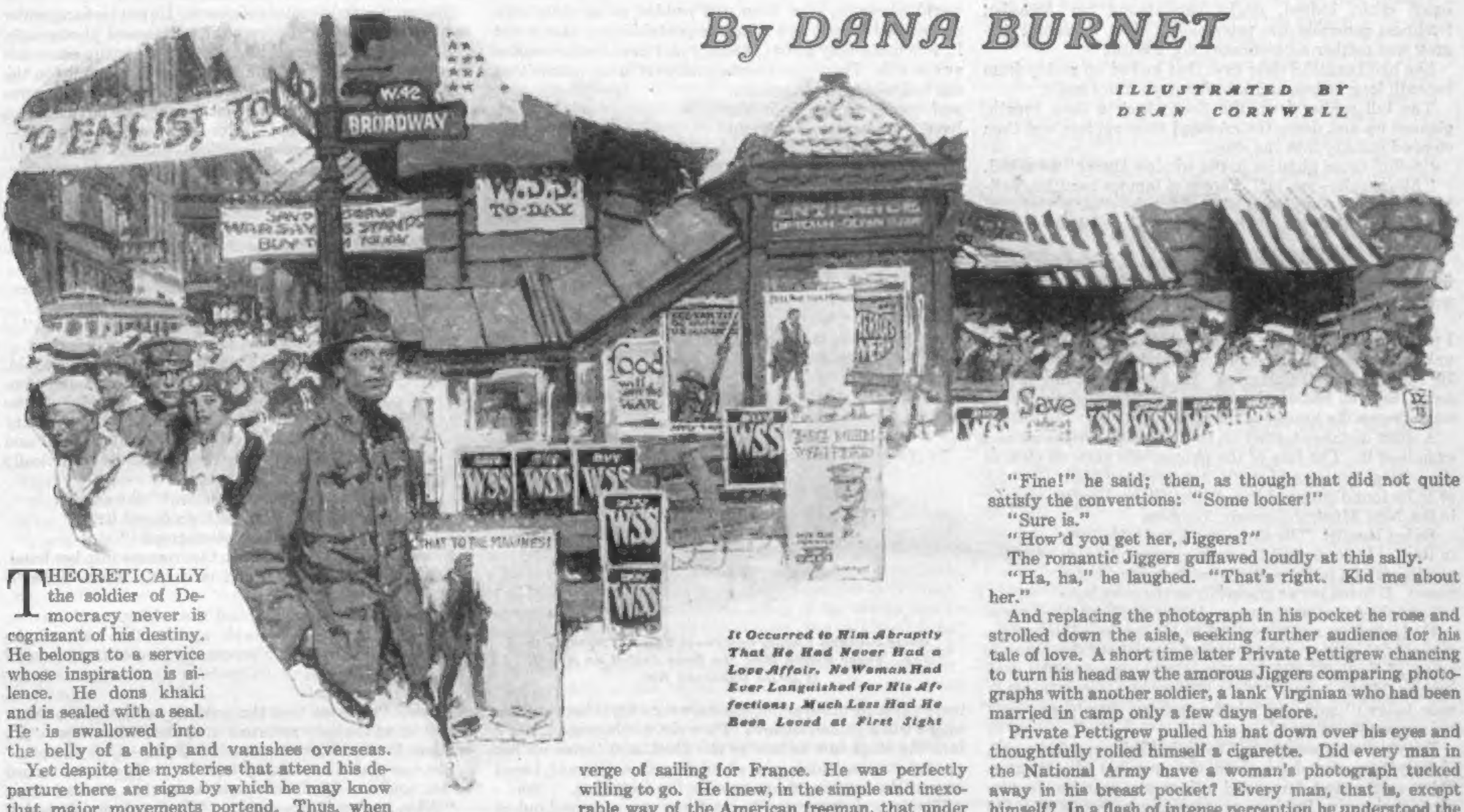
"Most of the writers of these letters are honest in viewing with alarm proposed new taxes on their business. They don't feel so much concerned about the other fellow's business. New taxes mean readjustment in business, sacrifices and economies, and each class selfishly thinks that such readjustments, sacrifices and economies can be made by the other classes. They talk and write the catch phrase of 'no business as usual' but continue to think as usual about letting somebody else assume the new burdens, and get excited as usual over fears for the future of their own business. Of course, there is always cause for anxiety about new taxes since we practically abandoned the indirect taxation for the direct, for Congress, with all the patriotism and all the expert information it can command, must proceed largely on the 'cut-and-try' plan in such legislation, grabbing at revenue

(Continued on Page 102)

PRIVATE PETTIGREW'S GIRL

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL



It Occurred to Him Abruptly That He Had Never Had a Love Affair. No Woman Had Ever Languished for His Affections; Much Less Had He Been Loved at First Sight

THEORETICALLY the soldier of Democracy never is cognizant of his destiny. He belongs to a service whose inspiration is silence. He dons khaki and is sealed with a seal. He is swallowed into the belly of a ship and vanishes overseas.

Yet despite the mysteries that attend his departure there are signs by which he may know that major movements portend. Thus, when the men of a certain Southern regiment temporarily stationed at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, discovered late one September Saturday that leave was being granted with a lavish hand they promptly took the hint and departed by squads for New York, with twenty-four hours apiece to spend.

With them went Private Pettigrew.

Private Pettigrew was a tall angular young man, whose uniform did not conform altogether with the eccentricities of his figure. His face, which had been burned a deep bronze, was that of a boy whom unfortunate circumstance has robbed of boyhood. It was rather a wistful face. The eyes were blue, and troubled with a certain shyness. A row of freckles ran across the bridge of his nose, which was of the variety known as Roman. He had a large mouth, slightly drawn up at one corner, which gave him an air at once whimsical, gentle and solemn.

He sat slouched down in the car seat, with his hat on the back of his head—thus disclosing a lock of sandy-colored hair—and stared quizzically at the procession of signboards hurtling by. Most of them were advertisements of the various theatrical attractions then showing.

"Reckon it's a man's own fault if he can't enjoy himself in New York," murmured Private Pettigrew. Then: "I'm sure goin' to see the best there is!"

But the extravagant promise rang hollow in his ears. The truth was that Private Pettigrew had been seized with a most appalling loneliness. It had come upon him suddenly, depressing his spirit and creating a painful void within him. He would not have confessed it for worlds, but in his heart he knew that he was homesick; and that was quite extraordinary, because he had never had a home.

He had been an orphan practically since the day of his birth, and had grown up in a small Southern village under the stern eye of a great-aunt whose entire existence had been dedicated to the suppression of youth. As soon as he was old enough to do so he had escaped from the jurisdiction of this great-aunt and had spent the next few years wandering about the country in the spirit of one who seeks recompense for unjust imprisonment. The war had requisitioned him, at the age of twenty-one, from further vagabondings. He had been swept up in the great wave of the draft—that most tremendous hosting of manhood the world has ever seen—and had assumed rapidly the stature and responsibilities of a soldier. From that time forward he scarcely had had opportunity to think, much less to analyze in their subtler aspects the emotions that lay dormant within him.

Now unexpectedly these emotions were becoming disturbingly insistent. He realized, not so much in his mind as in the pit of his stomach, that the regiment was on the verge of sailing for France. He was perfectly willing to go. He knew, in the simple and inexorable way of the American freeman, that under the circumstances nothing else was to be done. Like most Americans he entertained the thought of war with unspeakable disgust; but he possessed the sort of courage that is at once the commonest and the noblest heritage of mankind—the courage that carries men not only up fire-swept slopes in the sight of History, but also into hidden sewers and cesspools, into fever camps and pest holes, into trenches dark and muddy, into stinking craters and horrible waste worlds of blood and flame, into the hot wombs of ships, haunted by the fear of momentary destruction, into deep caves where choking poisons seep and men lie dead with the rats that companioned them—into such places, in short, as mortal destiny might lead them, regardless of the hazard or the labor, the filth or pain of suffering—if only the precious gleam of human liberty be not lost wholly from the horizons of this earth.

Such courage Private Pettigrew had, and would display in due season. Let no man doubt that. But now there was a heaviness upon him, a longing in his soul. He thought of the great-aunt who so had afflicted his boyhood and who still lived on in defiance of all natural laws in the little Southern village where he had been born. For the first time in his life he recalled her image with something like tenderness. He would write to her and tell her where he was; he would say that he was going to France. Perhaps she would write to him.

A short dark youth with jowls rigorously shaven, who wore his service hat at an unmistakably festive angle, dropped down carelessly into the vacant seat at Private Pettigrew's side.

"Ho, Slim!" was his blithe greeting.

"Ho, Jiggers!" returned the other in a soft drawl. "What you all slicked up for?"

The youth called Jiggers blushed vividly.

"Ain't nothin' in the regulations to prevent a man slickin' up if he wants to," he countered airily. There was a brief pause. Then: "Finest girl in the world," sighed Jiggers. "Want to see her picture?"

"What say, Jiggers?"

"I say—want to see her picture?"

"Oh—er—sure!" drawled Pettigrew with forced heartiness.

The painfully shaven one thrust his hand into his pocket and produced the photograph of a young woman in poetic pose, whose gaze was cast fixedly upon a flower which she held in her hand.

"Love at first sight," said Jiggers. "Met her in a restaurant week ago to-day. Married after the war. Name's Gertrude. This yere don't do her justice."

Private Pettigrew looked at the photograph, and a queer light came into his eyes.

"Fine!" he said; then, as though that did not quite satisfy the conventions: "Some looker!"

"Sure is."

"How'd you get her, Jiggers?"

The romantic Jiggers guffawed loudly at this sally.

"Ha, ha," he laughed. "That's right. Kid me about her."

And replacing the photograph in his pocket he rose and strolled down the aisle, seeking further audience for his tale of love. A short time later Private Pettigrew chancing to turn his head saw the amorous Jiggers comparing photographs with another soldier, a lank Virginian who had been married in camp only a few days before.

Private Pettigrew pulled his hat down over his eyes and thoughtfully rolled himself a cigarette. Did every man in the National Army have a woman's photograph tucked away in his breast pocket? Every man, that is, except himself? In a flash of intense perception he understood the nature of that emptiness within him; knew that it came of having no one in particular to share his existence, no one in particular to care that he was going, no one in particular to go for. It was all well enough to fight for Democracy, he thought—though he had only a vague idea of what constituted Democracy—but it would be easier, it would be more comprehensible somehow if there were some particular person.

"I'll see a musical comedy," he decided. "Somethin' good and lively."

But he could not forget the romantic Jiggers and the photograph of the young woman staring at a flower. He imagined millions of young men, in training, in transport, in the trenches—drilling, marching, fighting, dying—each with a woman's picture under his coat. Only he, Private Pettigrew, B Company, ——th Regiment, N. A., would march and fight and die without such consolation.

All the way into the city this thought accompanied him. He carried it across the Hudson and down into the Subway. He emerged with it at Times Square, feeling more than ever alone in the midst of Broadway's bustling thousands. A large recruiting poster caught his eye. It depicted a young soldier standing alert in a muddy trench, while above him in a sort of mist appeared the hazy dreamed figure of a woman. The caption read: "On Guard for Her!"

Private Pettigrew smiled faintly and attempted to regale his spirit with anticipation of musical comedy. But the promise seemed distinctly pale.

On guard for her! The words repeated themselves in his mind. It occurred to him abruptly that he had never had a love affair. No woman had ever languished for his affections; much less had he been loved at first sight. Drifting in the current of the crowd he wondered why; wondered whether he was different from other men. He even glanced surreptitiously at his tall figure reflected in the shop windows.

"I'm built wrong," he told himself finally. "I don't fulfill the expectations of this yere uniform." Then he added, more cheerfully: "But that bird Jiggers ain't no Greek statue, and he's got his Gertrude."

Somewhat heartened by this reflection he swung into Forty-second Street and turned east, where the theatrical signs showed thickest. He had gone but a few paces, however, when he stopped short, arrested by the display in a certain shop window. The shop was one of those small bazaars, indigenous to the theatrical district, that get their livings from the sale of gaudy postcards, notions and so-called fancy photographs. There were a hundred of these last disclosed to the view of the passer-by, but Private Pettigrew saw only one.

It was the likeness of a very pretty girl in a large poke bonnet, with one braid across her shoulder and a basket of flowers across her arm. She wore the dress of a simple country maid; let us say rather the Broadway conception of the dress of a simple country maid. A more sophisticated critic, indeed, might have found her Arcadian freshness generally too professional. But Private Pettigrew was neither sophisticated nor a critic.

She had beautiful clear eyes that looked up archly from beneath long lashes, and a brilliant youthful smile.

The tall soldier from the South took a deep breath, glanced up and down the crowded thoroughfare and then stepped quickly into the shop.

"Sellin' those pictures in the window there?" he asked.

"All for sale—yes, sir! Photos of famous beauties, well-known female characters, stage stars ——"

"I'll take that one of the girl with the basket over her arm."

"Yes, sir! Fifty cents for that one—let it go for forty-five. Special price to men in the service. Any day you want a good snappy photograph taken, drop in."

"Some day when I'm lookin' specially good and snappy, I will," drawled Private Pettigrew, and departed with the unknown young woman's photograph in his breast pocket. He felt strangely exhilarated. He felt delightfully orthodox. He even felt comforted, as one who has stopped in some degree the hunger of his soul.

A short distance farther on he drew out his treasure and examined it. The face of the photograph gave no clew to the young woman's identity, but upon the back of it he found stamped in red ink: Daisy Heath in the New Musical Comedy, Bubbles.

Daisy Heath! The name was a veritable lyric in itself. It confirmed the young woman's arch prettiness as a perfume confirms the presence of a flower. It fitted her as gracefully as the poke bonnet and the Arcadian costume. It crowned her with a crown.

He looked up and perceived to his inexpressible embarrassment that he was the center of a small but sympathetic group of civilians, mostly women, who regarded him with curious, kindly eyes. "It's a picture of his sweetheart—poor fellow!" said one. And another: "Ain't war sad? It just makes me cry!"

Private Pettigrew blushed to his hat brim and fled away. Shortly thereafter he entered the premises of a theater-ticket agency and demanded a front-row seat for the new musical comedy, Bubbles, wondering meanwhile why the clerk should stare at him so humorously.

It was not until he had reached the sidewalk again that he discovered the photograph still in his hand. Hastily he thrust it out of sight.

"You dang fool!" said Private Pettigrew.

Miss Daisy Heath, of the chorus of Bubbles—show girl, professional dancer and Broadway beauty—whirled gayly to the music of the opening chorus and, as she pirouetted, smiled at the soldier in the front row. She had made it a rule in these hard days of war to smile at soldiers, and ordinarily they smiled in return. But this soldier did not smile. He merely looked at her solemnly, intently, with a wistfulness that gave pause to her light spirit. So unusual was his gaze, indeed, that when the number was over she went directly to the dressing room and studied anxiously her reflection in the mirror.

"What's the matter, dearie?" asked a stout young woman who sat on a pile of costumes eating chocolates out of a paper bag. "Ain't the million-dollar smile workin' to-night?"

Miss Heath nodded shortly.

"It's working," she said. "Which is more than I can say for some of the other supposed attractions of this company."

Then she went out upon the stage and smiled brilliantly at the soldier. But he only continued to look at her, with a light on his face and a sort of hunger in his eyes. It was most disturbing.

She retired behind the scenes and sat down upon the painted back of a papier-mâché dragon that had something to do with the plot and was therefore not needed until the finale.

"Pachydermis," said she, addressing the dragon by name, "am I getting old?"

Chin in her hands and elbows on knees she sat brooding over this distinctly academic question. About her loomed and rattled the naked skeleton of her world, with its bony artifice and flimsy pretense of solidarity; with its premeditated gayety and endless tum-tum-tum of jig music. What a counterfeit world it was! For the first time in her volatile career she thought how tragic it would be to grow old in such a profession; to grow stiff and slow and wrinkled; to fight off age; to practice massage and subterfuge; to be unutterably lonely; to live in hall bedrooms all her life, to eat in shabby restaurants and to wait long hours in the managers' offices.

She shivered and grew cold with fright; then laughed at her own absurd imaginings. She was still young, still beautiful—and not indifferent to her opportunities. Only a little time more and she would be done forever with this jigging world! Only a little time more and she need concern herself no longer with its cheap masquerade, its bald drudgery, its mechanical tunes and treadmill dance steps that scarcely varied from year to year. She would belong then to that other world beyond the asbestos curtain; that world whose skeleton is so well padded on all sides with money and morals and plump respectabilities; that world in which one may grow old safely and have one's wrinkles as one will. There was a certain fineness in her nature that she had recognized long since, and meant to satisfy if she lived. Why indeed should she waste her beauty on a hollow sham? Why should she obey the tyrannical little call bell in the general dressing room, when for the

Daisy Blushed Vividly and Could Think of Nothing to Say. Never Before Had She Been Called an Angel. It Quite Unnerved Her

mere stressing of her smile, the mere slanting of her eyes, she might win a golden leisure? Then she would come trailing into the stage box as late as she liked, and throw off her ermine evening cloak, and sit smiling in a pleasant, bored way at the capering figures across the footlights.

The face of the soldier in the front row appeared out of the mists of her reverie. She sprang up in a flare of resentment; arranged her poke bonnet at a new and wholly frivolous angle.

"The way he looks at me," she observed to the dragon, "you'd think I was a plaster saint!"

All through the remaining numbers she strove desperately to flirt with the light-haired soldier. But he sat inviolate, worshiping her with his eyes, making of her practiced grace a veritable religion that all her archness could not dispel. She grew confused, depressed, bewildered, like a butterfly caught in a net. She felt somehow responsible, and responsibility always crushed her.

She was glad when the final curtain fell, obliterating the audience from view. Hurrying to the dressing room she changed as rapidly as possible into street costume, hardly pausing to powder her lovely classic nose.

"Heath's in an awful rush to-night," remarked one of the choral sisterhood.

"She's sore 'cause a certain party wouldn't look at her," opined the stout young woman of the chocolates, who was not the most beautiful member of the company.

Miss Heath heard, and turned a withering glance upon the speaker.

"If a man ever looked at you, Sweetie," she said, "he'd think he was seeing double."

With which poignant rejoinder she donned her hat—a jaunty Russian toque copied from a French model in a Fifth Avenue shop window—and made her way quickly to the stage exit. She wanted to get away from the theater; wanted to escape without delay from its dreary, after-the-performance chaos, from its banging and scraping of dismantled scenery, from its snarl of voices and jumble of tired faces. Particularly she wanted to escape the familiar pandemonium of the general dressing room, whose sharp-tongued chatter rasped her nerves to-night. Usually she endured it with equanimity, dealing coolly and relentlessly such blows as she considered essential to her self-respect. But to-night a weakness was upon her. She was even a trifle sorry for what she had said to Sweetie.

"I'm glad it's Saturday night," she thought as the stage door banged heavily behind her. Stepping into the narrow alleyway that led to the street she breathed gratefully of the cool night air. A beam of light from the arc lamp overhead fell upon her uplifted face, touched faintly the gold in her hair.

"Miss Heath?"

She turned with a little gasp, and saw standing before her the tall figure of the soldier who had sat in the front row. She recognized him instantly, not so much by any distinguishing physical feature as by the solemn and almost reverent air he had in addressing her. He held his hat in his hand, and his manner was that of one who comes uncovered into a temple.

"Yes?" she said.

"I—I'd like to speak to you for a minute if I could. I—it's somethin' sort o' personal ——"

She made a slight gesture of assent. He put his hand under the flap of his coat and drew out a pasteboard photograph.

"I bought this yere," he said, "at a picture store this evenin'. It was for sale, and I—bought it. To tell you the truth, ma'am, I sort o' took a fancy to it. Of course I didn't know then that it was your picture. But after I found out—after I saw you—in the show—I thought maybe ——"

He paused, gazing down at her in deep embarrassment, fumbling the brim of his hat.

"Go on," said Miss Heath.

"I thought maybe 'twan't right for me to go totin' it round like it belonged to me; like you was—one o' my folks."

"You mean the picture?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But it does belong to you. You bought it."

The soldier smiled faintly and shook his head.

"There's some things money can't buy," he said.

Miss Daisy Heath was seized with a sudden impotency. She glanced over her shoulder at the stage door, from which might issue at any instant the caustic sisterhood, then up at the tall and reverent soldier, whose broad shoulders practically blocked the passageway.

"Have you a fountain pen?" she asked.

He had, and forthwith produced it.

"Now give me the photograph!"

Somewhat dubiously he gave the treasure into her hand. She stared at it curiously for a moment. Then "What is your name?" she inquired.

"William Pettigrew," replied the soldier.

She placed the photograph against the wall of the theater and wrote swiftly across the face of it some brief impulsive sentiment.

"There!" she said.

Private Pettigrew took the precious cardboard from her, held it up to the light and read what she had written: "To William Pettigrew, from one of his Folks—Daisy Heath."

She saw the extraordinary look on his face as he turned to her, and was filled with a panic at what she had done.

"Why, ma'am!" he cried. "Why, ma'am—derned if you ain't adopted me!"

Warm flowed the blood upon his heart; a strange courage possessed him, emboldening his speech and overcoming the painful shyness of his soul. "Ma'am," he said, "in twenty-four hours I'll be on my way to Berlin. It's my last night in the States, and I got a hankerin' to celebrate. But I don't know anybody in New York—and all I got in the way of kinfolks is one unadulterated great-aunt ninety years old. She's a Baptist and lives in Georgia." He hesitated, and a whimsical smile played about his quirked-up mouth. "Reckon I'm what you'd call a natural-born orphan."

"Oh!" said Miss Heath helplessly.

"If you meant what you wrote on the picture," continued the soldier in an earnest tone, "and if you ain't—otherwise engaged—I ask you, ma'am, as my nearest relative, to go somewheres with me and—have a glass of soda water!"

Now the invitations extended to chorus girls are many and various, especially if the young women in question happen to be blessed with unusual physical charm. Probably these invitations are not generally so wicked as they are reputed to be, but it is safe to conjecture that they do not include, as a rule, proposals to drink soda water.

Miss Daisy Heath, of the chorus of Bubbles, felt more than ever impotent in the face of this invitation. She stared up at the tall soldier unbelievingly, as though she could not credit her ears. Then she heard the stage door creak behind her and started forward impetuously. She did not want the outcoming sisterhood to bear witness to her latest conquest. Already she could feel their amused glances stabbing her, daggerwise, in the back.

"Come on!" she said recklessly, and slipped her hand under his arm. "I'm crazy about soda water!"

Ten minutes later Private Pettigrew, N. A., and Miss Daisy Heath of the Bubbles company were seated at one of the small tables in the rear of a neighboring refreshment establishment, ceremoniously imbibing the great American beverage. Miss Heath's state of mind as she daintily sipped chocolate soda water in celebration of a strange young man's departure for the battlefields of Europe would have interested a psychologist. Despite the logic of the events that had produced the present situation she was none the less utterly astonished and bewildered by it. She did not understand how she, whom Nature had cast in the mold of a decorative china shepherdess, should have been mistaken thus for a plaster saint. All her life she had been looking into people's eyes, seeing herself mirrored there as a light creature who had, instead of a soul, a smile. But now she saw her image newly shaped and garmented. This bronzed solemn young soldier opposite her, with his

strong homely face and his straight-glancing blue eyes—he did not look at her as other men did. There was no amusement, no desire in his gaze, but rather the high quest of Youth that would find in the figure of a dancing girl the dim incarnate Mother of the race.

"They say you can't get soda water in France," observed Private Pettigrew regretfully.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Heath, and added: "In that case we'd better have another glass each."

"Ma'am," said the soldier, "you took the words out of my mouth."

So they had another glass each, which in some inscrutable manner solidified and sealed their recently determined kinship; and Miss Heath said, lifting her tumbler: "To your safe crossing!"

Private Pettigrew flushed with pleasure. "I'm obliged to you, ma'am," he murmured. Then: "It sure makes a difference to know that someone is thinkin' a little about you. You see, ma'am, no matter how big the Army is, no matter how many millions they send over, every man has got to go—for himself—as you might say. You can't put this yere war off on your buddy. That is," he added with his whimsical quirked-up smile, "not unless you're the Kaiser!"

But Miss Heath did not smile.

"You expect to go—soon?"

He nodded.

"My leave's up to-morrow night. I've got just one day more."

"And no one to spend it with?"

"No, ma'am. But I don't care about that now."

Miss Heath thoughtfully stirred the froth in her glass.

"I'm not doing anything to-morrow," she said. "If you like, we might—go out somewhere together."

He sat absolutely motionless, staring at her. Then he extended his hand and touched with the tips of his fingers her hand lying upon the table. "Ma'am," he said, "you're an angel!"

Daisy blushed vividly and could think of nothing to say. Never before had she been called an angel. It quite unnerved her.

Private Pettigrew, for his part, paid the soda check with a large and spendthrift air, then stepped out joyously into the bright rut of Broadway, with Miss Heath clinging to his arm. He would have summoned a taxi to take her home but she dissuaded him, saying that she lived in Forty-seventh Street West and would prefer to walk.

So they proceeded on foot to Daisy's lodgings, which were in one of those anonymous old brownstone houses that haunt the streets of New York. And there, having made tentative plans for the morrow, Miss Heath bade good night to her cavalier in khaki; stood at the top of the crumbling steps and watched his tall figure until it blurred out in the darkness. When she could see him no more she turned with an involuntary sigh and went into the house.

A note was in her letter box. She opened it, and by the light of the single gas jet that burned in the bleak bare hall read it through. As she did so the purely decorative look returned to her eyes; a queer little smile played sharply upon her lips. She crushed the note in her hand, then placed it, crumpled as it was, in the bosom of her dress and climbed wearily upstairs to bed.

The next morning at nine o'clock precisely there arrived at the shabby brownstone boarding house in West Forty-seventh Street Private Pettigrew, N. A., with his arms full of yellow chrysanthemums. He had bought them from an Italian sidewalk vender on his way through the streets that morning.

Miss Heath herself opened the door. She was wearing a brown suit, a brown velvet hat and plain russet boots. About her throat was a string of amber beads that conspired openly to bring out the gold in her hair. When she saw the chrysanthemums she exclaimed like a child:

"Oh! What a wonderful surprise!"

Private Pettigrew stepped forward dumbly and thrust the flowers into her hands, then stood regarding her with reverent awe. Until he died he would remember her thus—a lovely golden figure framed in the dark doorway—until he died, and perhaps afterward. Inevitably he knew what face would shine for him in the mists of No Man's Land, what vision would go with him through the darkness of the night. On guard for her! Yes, it was true; and thank God for it! Thank God that in all the horror and the black trouble of the world there could exist this clear beauty to remember—and die for.

"How did you happen to pick out yellow flowers?" asked Miss Heath a moment later as the door closed behind them.

He said simply: "I thought they'd go with your hair."

"They go with my whole nature," returned Miss Heath, touching lightly a blossom at her breast. "I adore them!"

"I'm glad you do, ma'am," murmured the soldier, and handed her proudly down the steps of the boarding house.

The rest of that day passed like some rich dim tapestry whose pattern as it unfolds is lost in the wonder of its own disclosure. Wandering in Broadway they found a sight-seeing omnibus whose purposes, as announced by a shrill gentleman with a megaphone, were not so much commercial as educational. So they mounted to the rear seat of this omnibus and with divers others were whirled away upon a tour of the city that included all points of historical interest. Up Broadway to Riverside Drive they rode, over ground once stained with the blood of fallen patriots, past the long obliterated buckwheat field where, upon a September day such as this, almost a century and a half ago, Washington's men had struck a sounding blow for freedom.

"Battle of Harlem Heights," declaimed the shrill gentleman with the megaphone. "September 16, 1776. Won by Revolutionary forces. Barnard College in the background."

Private Pettigrew glanced at the perfect profile of the girl beside him and was deeply grateful that he had been born into such an enlightened age. As for Miss Heath, she was greatly intrigued by the announcer's recitation. She had always entertained a vague notion that the Revolutionary War had occurred in Boston.

Returning, they drove back through Central Park under the mellow bulwarks of old forts that an aroused citizenry had once erected against threatened invasion; and the megaphone artist droned on of wars long past, of heroes dead and buried, of a foe turned friend these many years, and of a Cause whose light still lives against the stars. And upon the rear seat of the omnibus a modern crusader of that deathless Cause sat all unheeding, looking at the bright face of a dancing girl and wondering whether angels could be more beautiful.

History, after all, is for the historians.

At Washington Square, whither their course had led them, they left the omnibus and had luncheon in a near-by Italian restaurant that Miss Heath knew about. Afterward they walked up the avenue; and that was almost the pleasantest thing of all. Finally they came to an old brick

(Concluded on Page 67)

Having Made Tentative Plans for the Morrow, Miss Heath Bade Good Night to Her Cavalier in Khaki

THE LUSITANIA AFTERMATH

What Will the German Navy Do?

By Carl W. Ackerman

DECORATION BY R. SHERMAN KIDD

THE great silent ocean is avenged. The German submarine commander who torpedoed the Lusitania is dead. Outside the harbor of Zeebrugge, Belgium, the U-boat which he commanded struck a mine, exploded and disappeared. His little craft, too, was sunk without warning. It was before the daring British bluejackets corked the channel with the Vindictive that Oberleutnant zur See Schwieger started out on his last voyage. Schwieger had been operating from Kiel. It was from this port that he left in May, 1915, with orders from Grand Admiral von Tirpitz to sink the great passenger liner, en route from New York to Liverpool, but because he still commanded a small submarine he was moved to Zeebrugge early the following year. Until recently Zeebrugge was the port from which the small U-boats departed for their destructive trade journeys in British waters. The big submarine cruisers were kept in Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, and only the little craft made their homes along the coast of Belgium.

The story of the Lusitania aftermath begins with the death of young Schwieger, as the narrative of the German Navy and its reconstruction during the war has its beginning in the events that followed the sinking of one of England's giant peace ships. Schwieger's disappearance unsealed the lips of some of his colleagues in the Imperial Navy. It brought to light the confession of a petty officer on the U-C 52 who was in New York until diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States were severed. The destruction of the Lusitania, military events that followed and the Battle of Jutland brought about radical changes in the Kaiser's navy. From Schwieger's report to Von Tirpitz, the substance of which I read when it was in the hands of trustworthy observers, and from the statements of one of Captain Boy-Ed's assistants, the petty officer I referred to, the allied and American governments learned for the first time that the sinking of the Lusitania was planned in Kiel by the German Naval Staff and in New York City by Boy-Ed, with neither of the two plotters knowing the other's preparations.

Germany's Wound That Will Not Heal

VON TIRPITZ'S object was to win a "moral victory" and frighten England and the neutral world. Boy-Ed had in mind the destruction of a part of the Liverpool docks. By some it is considered a mere coincidence that the German naval attaché to the United States should have placed his infernal machines, or "cigars," amid the cargo of the Lusitania when it left for England on the same voyage that Von Tirpitz had selected for the torpedoing. Others believe that Captain Boy-Ed had been laying his plans for some time and that he was forced to select the first trip in May because of the warning from Berlin to passengers not to journey on the Lusitania. They think that Boy-Ed read in this message, which Count von Bernstorff advertised in the New York newspapers, the plans of his superiors and that he chose this opportunity to complete his work and win the Kaiser's reward before the submarines could act in British waters.

Certainly it is typically German that more than one mind should be occupied with the same terrible deed. In this respect the sinking of the Lusitania runs true to form.

Last November the story of the aftermath began. Until then it was one of the black pages in the secret archives of the Imperial Admiralty Staff. Death so often has a beginning as well as an end, and Schwieger's death is not an exception.

In the fall of 1917 Germany was using Zeebrugge for practically all operations in the English Channel. The small submarines carrying two torpedoes and armed with three-inch guns were sent out from this harbor because they were easily maneuvered. They could go in and out of the mine fields and under the nets with the ease and safety of a porpoise. I should add that most of them could, because, though there were accidents, there was a military margin of success. Schwieger, being ambitious, daring and ruthless, preferred this kind of warfare to the cruiser method. Some men prefer the dagger and darkness and an unsuspecting enemy or unarmed noncombatant. Schwieger was this kind of man. Using Mr. Kipling's description of the submarine warfare as a "trade" one might say that this young lieutenant was a skilled mechanic. Though he had the kind of small ship usually given to beginners he was a master craftsman and was so recognized by the naval experts.

As was customary at Zeebrugge when submarines left, so on the occasion of Schwieger's last departure mine sweepers and light torpedo boats were sent out ahead to make a path through the mine fields, and hydroplane scouts were dispatched to see that the coast was clear of enemy craft. The British monitors and mine layers had a habit of working in these waters, which astonished and annoyed the Germans, it made such a lot of work for them to keep the channel open. Before Admiral von Schroeder, a commander-in-chief of the German naval units in Belgium, gave the order for Schwieger to depart he awaited the reports from the scouts that the way was free. When the coast was clear Schwieger and his crew waved a farewell; the submarine pulled away from the dock, and the men climbed down through the small opening atop the curved back of the ship and into the machinery-crowded interior.

Though many submarines had gone out from this harbor there was on this eventful day, as usual, a crowd of marines and sailors on hand to while away the hours of lazy leisure. The fact that some U-boats had failed to return added to the intense interest of the men ashore. Because Schwieger had had more than two years of luck there were some who wondered when his time would come. As for Schwieger the thought of death never entered his mind. Had he not seen a thousand persons drown with the Lusitania, and was he not still in the business of bringing death to others?

Not far from Zeebrugge Schwieger apparently gave orders for the water compartments to be opened, for the ship to submerge, because those along the docks saw the submarine dip its nose into the sea and dive. Until this moment everything had happened as upon former occasions, but suddenly a geyser of water shot into the air. There was a loud explosion. The U-boat was gone. Rushing full speed ahead the torpedo boats and light cruisers that were near the harbor reached the scene, only to find oil pools and wreckage silently tossing in the waves. Schwieger and his craft were lost. The man who aimed the torpedo at the Lusitania and the submarine that carried the death charge went down like the great liner. The ocean, indeed, was avenged.

Schwieger's death had the effect of probing an unhealed wound. The man who sank the Lusitania paid the penalty, and for the first time the secret that the German Navy had kept became a topic for open conversation. There could be no danger to Schwieger now, and the only reason for the secrecy before was to protect him in case he was made a prisoner of war. For Germany the Lusitania wound would not heal despite the efforts of the government and the propagandists, and Schwieger's death made it worse, because it was now being discussed again by the German public.

Shortly after the sinking of the liner, Schwieger returned to Kiel. I shall give the story as it was related to me by an observer who lived in Kiel, a man who is considered absolutely reliable. Von Tirpitz received him, extended his personal congratulations, decorated him with the Iron Cross of the first class and the Household Order of the Hohenzollerns from the Kaiser.

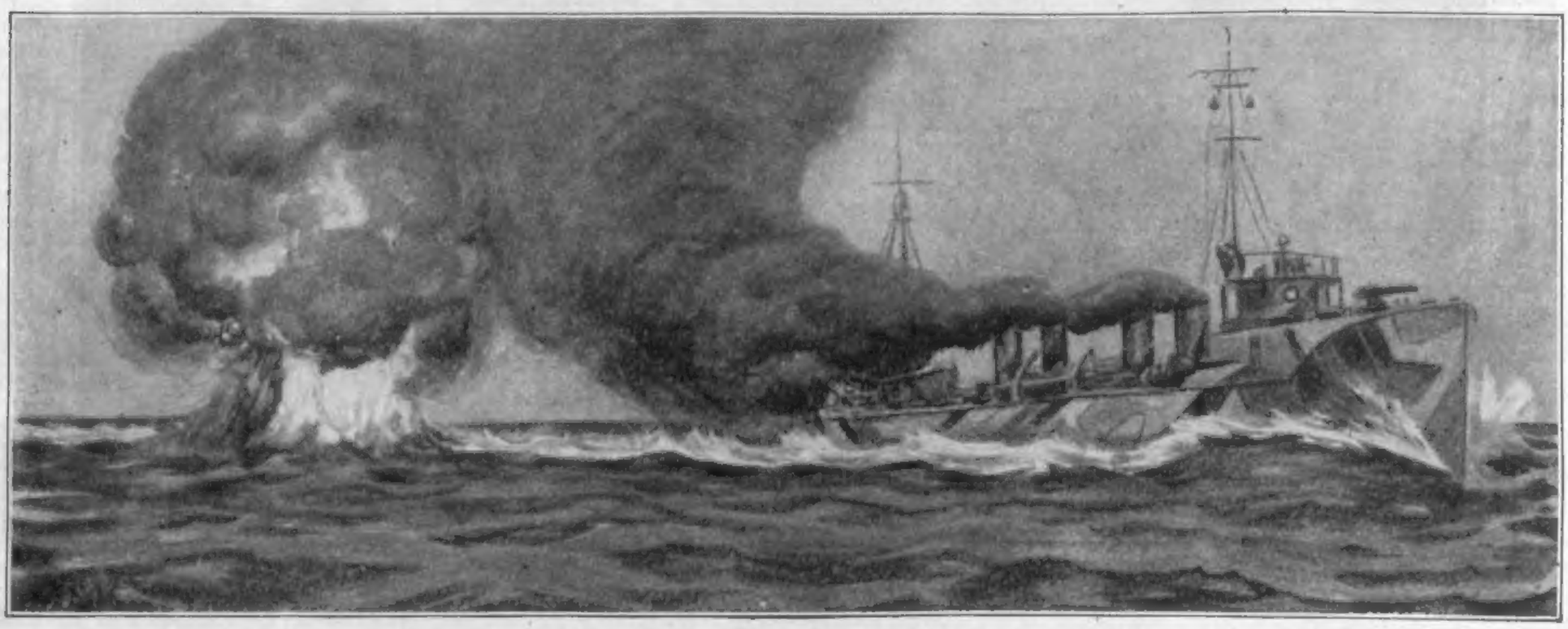
The Man Who Aimed the Torpedo

IN KIEL Schwieger met a divided navy. Some officers considered him a hero; others looked upon him as a murderer. Schwieger himself expressed to one of his chums his astonishment that not all the officers approved of his deed. It may be recalled that at this time there were two parties in Germany—one desiring unrestricted submarine warfare, with Von Tirpitz as the champion; the other advocating cruiser warfare.

As was customary at Kiel when ships returned, the officers went almost immediately to the Casino, after making brief reports to the admiral in command. At the Casino that evening Schwieger discussed the sinking with the other officers, because this was the only activity of the German Navy during the war that had provoked so much foreign comment. During the course of the conversation—my informant was near by, I believe at another table—Schwieger remarked, in answer to a question regarding his feeling upon seeing so many women and children in the water, that "it had no more effect upon me than if they were so many sheep."

From Kiel Schwieger was called to Berlin to report to the Admiralty Staff. The United States Government had sent threatening notes to Berlin, and the Admiralty desired

(Continued on Page 64)



THE EGYPTIAN CHARIOT

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

LEMUEL DORET walked slowly home from the prayer meeting with his being vibrating to the triumphant beat of the last hymn. It was a good hymn, filled with promised joy for everyone who conquered sin. The long twilight of early summer showed the surrounding fields still bright green, but the more distant hills were vague, the sky was remote and dusty blue, and shadows thickened under the heavy maples that covered the single street of Nantbrook. The small frame dwellings of the village were higher than the precarious sidewalk; flights of steps mounted to the narrow porches; and though Lemuel Doret realized that his neighbors were sitting outside he did not look up, and no voices called down arresting his deliberate progress.

An instant bitterness, tightening his thin metallic lips and narrowing a cold fixed gaze, destroyed the harmony of the assured salvation. Lemuel Doret silently cursed the pinched stupidity of the country clods. The slow helpless fools! If instead of muttering in groups one of the men would face him with the local hypocrisy he'd sink a heel in his jaw. The bitterness expanded into a hatred like the gleam on a knife blade; his hands, spare and hard, grew rigid with the desire to choke a thick throat.

Then the rage sank before a swift self-horror, an overwhelming conviction of his relapse into unutterable sin. He stopped and in a spiritual agony, forgetful of his surroundings, half lifted quivering arms to the dim sky: "O Christ, lean down from the throne and hold me steady."

He stood for a moment while a monotonous chatter on a porch above dropped to a curious stillness. It seemed to him that his whisper was heard and immediately answered; anyhow peace slowly enveloped him once more, the melody of hope was again uppermost in his mind. He went forward, securing a cigarette from a mended ragged pocket.

He Cursed Softly and Wonderingly. He Had Wanted Pretty Things, Pictures and a Bright Carpet and Ribbons, for Flavilla

His house, reached by a short steep path and sagging steps, was dark; at first he saw no one, then the creak of a rocking-chair in the open doorway indicated Bella, his wife.

"Give me a cigarette," she demanded, her penetrating voice dissatisfied.

"You know I don't want you to smoke anywhere you can be seen," he answered. "Since we've come here to live we have to mind the customs. The women'll never take to you smoking cigarettes."

"Ah, hell, what do I care! We came here, but it ain't living. It makes me sick, and you make me sick! Can't you sing and pray in the city as well as among these hicks?"

"I'm afraid of it," he said, brief and somber. "And I don't want Flavilla brought up with any of the gang we knew. Where is she?"

"I sent her to bed. She fussed round till she got me nervous."

"Did she feel good?"

"If she didn't a smack would have cured her."

He passed Bella, rocking sharply, into the dank interior.

On the right was the bare room where he had his dilapidated barber's chair and shelf with a few mugs, brushes and other scant necessities. There had been no customers to-day or yesterday; still, it was the middle of the week and what trade there was generally concentrated on Saturday. Beyond he went upstairs to Flavilla's bed. She was awake, twisting about in a fragmentary nightgown, dark against the disordered sheet.

"It's dreadful hot," she complained shortly; "my head's hot too. The window won't go up."

Lemuel Doret crossed the narrow bare floor and dragged the sash open; then he moved his daughter while he smoothed the bed and freshened a harsh pillow. She whimpered.

"You're too big to cry without any reason," he informed her, leaving to fetch a glass of water from the tap in the kitchen.

Usually she responded to his intimations of her increasing age and wisdom, but to-night she was listless. She turned away from him, her arms flung above her head and wispy hair veiling her damp cheek.

"Keep still, can't you?" and he gathered her hair into a clumsy plait.

The darkness about him seeped within, into his hope and courage and resolution; all that he had determined to do seemed impossibly removed. The whole world resembled Nantbrook—a place of universal condemnation, forgiving nothing. He felt a certainty that even the few dollars he had honestly earned would now be stopped.

The air grew clearer and deeper in color, and stars brightened. Lemuel Doret wondered about God. There was no doubt of His power and glory or of the final triumph of heaven established and earth, sin, destroyed. His mind was secure in these truths; his comprehension of the ways of wickedness was equally plain; it was the ways of the righteous that bewildered him—the conduct of the righteous and, in the face of his supreme recognition, the extreme difficulty of providing life for Flavilla—and Bella.

He consciously added his wife's name. Somehow his daughter was the sole objective measure of his determination to build up, however late, a home here and in eternity.

It was not unreasonable, in view of the past, to suppose that he had no chance of succeeding. Yet religion was explicit upon that particular; it was founded on the very hopes of sinners, on redemption. But he could do nothing without an opportunity to make the small living they required; if the men of Nantbrook, of the world, wouldn't come to him to be barbered, and if he had no money to go anywhere else to begin again, he was helpless. Everything was conspiring to thrust him back into the city, of which he had confessed his fear, back ——

He rose and stood above the child's thin exposed body—suddenly frozen into a deathlike sleep—chilled with a vision, a premonition, the insidious possibility of surrender. He saw, too, that it was a solitary struggle; even his devotion to Flavilla, shut in the single space of his own heart, helped to isolate him in what resembled a surrounding blackness rent with blinding flashes of lightning.

The morning sun showed him spare, with a curious appearance of being both wasted and grimly strong; he moved with an alert, a watchful ease, catlike and silent; and his face was pallid with gray shadows. He stood in trousers and undershirt, suspenders hanging down, before the small dim mirror in the room where he had the barber chair, pasting his hair down with an odorous brilliantine. This was his intention, but he saw with sharp discomfort that bristling strands defied his every effort. The hot edge of anger cut at him, but, singing, he dissipated it:

"Why should I feel discouraged?
Why should the shadows fall?
Why should my heart be lonely,
And long for heaven — —"

He broke off at the thought of Flavilla, her head, if anything, hotter than last night, still in bed. Lemuel Doret wished again that he had not allowed Bella to call their child by that unsanctified name. Before the birth they had seen a vaudeville, and Bella, fascinated by a golden-and-white creature playing a white accordion that bore her name in ornamental letters, had insisted on calling her daughter, too, Flavilla. In spite of the hymn, dejection fastened on him as he remembered this and a great deal more about his wife.

If she could only be brought to see the light their marriage and life might still be crowned with triumph. But Bella, pointing out the resulting poverty of his own conviction and struggle, said freely that she had no confidence in promises; she demanded fulfillment now. She regarded

him as more than a little affected in the brain. Yet there had been no deep change in him—from the very first he had felt a growing uneasiness at the spectacle of the world and the flesh. The throb of the Salvation Army drum at the end of an alley, the echo of the fervent exhortations and holy songs, had always filled him with a surging emotion like homesickness.

Two impulses, he recognized, held a relentless warfare within him; he thought of them as Christ and Satan; but the first would overthrow all else. "Glory!" he cried mechanically aloud. He put down the hairbrush and inspected the razors on their shelf. The bright morning light flashed along the rubbed fine blades; they were beautiful, flawless, without a trace of defilement. He felt the satin smoothness of the steel with an actual thrill of pleasure; his eyes narrowed until they were like the glittering points of knives; he held the razor firmly and easily, with a sinewy poised wrist.

Finally, his suspenders in position over a collarless striped shirt, he moved out to the bare sharp descent before his house and poured water onto the roots of a struggling lilac bush. Its leaves were now coated with dust; but the week before it had borne an actual cluster of scented blossom; and he was still in the wonder of the lavender fragrance on the meager starved stem.

"You're Welcome to That Anyhow. It Was Coming to You. I Wondered When You'd be Round"

The beat of hoofs approached, and he turned, seeing Doctor Frazee in his yellow cart.

"Oh, doctor!" he called instinctively.

The other stopped, a man with a lean face, heavy curved nose and penetrating gaze behind large spectacles. He was in reality a veterinary, but Lemuel Doret, out of a profound caution, had discovered him to be above the narrow scope of local prejudice.

"I wish you'd look at Flavilla," Doret continued.

The doctor hesitated, and then turned shortly in at the sidewalk. "It will hurt no one if I do that." Above Flavilla's flushed face, a tentative finger on her wrist, Frazee's expression grew serious. "I'll tell you this," he asserted; "she's sick. You had better call Markley to-day. And until he comes don't give her any solids. You can see she's in a fever."

"Can't you tend her? I'd put more on you than any fresh young hospital stiff."

"Certainly not," he responded.

When the latter had gone Lemuel Doret found his wife in the kitchen. She wore a pale-blue wrapper with a soiled scrap of coarse lace at her full throat, her hair was gathered into a disorderly knot, and already there was a dab of paint on either cheek. She had been pretty when he married her, pretty and full of an engaging sparkle, a ready wit; but the charm had gone, the wit had hardened into a habit of sarcasm. They had been married twelve years, and in itself, everything considered, that was remarkable and held a great deal in her favor. She had been faithful. It was only lately, in Nantbrook, that her dissatisfaction had materialized in vague restless hints.

"Frazee says Flavilla is sick," he told her. "He thinks we ought to get Markley."

She made a gesture of skepticism. "All those doctors send you to each other," she proclaimed. "Like as not he'll get half for doing it."

"She don't look right."

Bella's voice and attitude grew exasperated. "Of course you know all about children; you've been where you could study on them. And of course I have no sense; a woman's not the person to say when her child is sick or well. Have a doctor if you can pay one, and buy a lot of medicine too. There's some calomel upstairs, but that's no good. I'd like to know where you have all the money! God knows I need a little, to put inside me and out."

"It's right scarce," he admitted, resolutely ignoring her tone. "Perhaps Flavilla will be better later in the day; I'll wait."

He spoke without conviction, denying the impulse to have her cared for at once, in an effort to content and still Bella. However, he failed in both of these aims. Her voice swept into a shrill complaint and abuse of Nantbrook—a place, she asserted, of one dead street, without even a passing trolley car to watch. She had no intention of being buried here for the rest of her life. Turning to a cigarette and yesterday's paper she drooped into a sulky shape of fat and slovenly blue wrapper beside the neglected dishes of their insufficient breakfast.

He went through the empty house to the front again, where at least the sun was warm and bright. The air held a faint dry fragrance that came from the haymaking of the deep country in which Nantbrook lay. Lemuel Doret could see the hotel at a crossing on the left, a small gray block of stone with a flat portico, a heavy gilt beer sign and whitewashed sheds beyond. The barkeeper stood at a door, a huge girth circled by a soiled apron; nearer a bundle of brooms and glittering stacked paint cans marked the local store. It was, he was forced to admit, far from gay; but he found a great contentment in the sunny peace, in the limitless space of the uninclosed sky; the air, the fields, the birds in the trees were free.

As he stood frowning in thought he saw the figure of a strange man walking over the road; Lemuel knew that he was strange by the formality of the clothes. He wore a hard straw hat, collar and diamond-pinned tie, and a suit with a waistcoat. At first Doret's interest was perfunctory, but as the other drew nearer his inspection changed to a painful absorption. Suddenly his attitude grew tense; he had the appearance of a man gazing at an enthralling but dangerous spectacle, such—for example—as a wall that might topple over, crushing anything human within its sweep.

The object of this scrutiny had a pale countenance with a carefully clipped mustache, baggy eyes and a blue-shaved heavy jaw. An indefinable suggestion of haste sat on a progress not unduly hurried. But as he caught sight of Lemuel Doret he walked more and more slowly, returning his fixed attention. When the two men were opposite each other, only a few feet apart, he almost stopped. For a moment their sharpened visions met, parried, and then the stranger moved on. He made a few steps, hesitated, then directly returned.

"Come inside," he said in a slightly hoarse voice.

"It suits me here," Doret replied.

The other regarded him steadily. "I've made no mistake," he asserted. "I could almost say how long you were up for, and a few other little things too. I don't know what you're doing in this dump, but here we both are."

He waited for nothing more, ascending quickly to the hall. The two made their way into the improvised barber shop.

"You've got me wrong," Doret still insisted.

"Who is it, Lem?" Bella demanded at the door.

As she spoke an expression of geniality overspread her face, daubed with paint and discontent.

"Why, I'll tell you—I'm June Bowman."

"That don't mean anything to us," Lemuel continued. "The best thing you can do is keep right on going."

"Not that Fourth Ward stew?" Bella asked eagerly.

He nodded.

"Lem's kind of died on his feet," she explained in a palpable excuse of her husband's ignorance; "he don't read the papers nor nothing. But of course I've heard of you, Mr. Bowman. We're glad to see you."

"Keep right along," Lemuel Doret repeated. His face was dark and his mouth hardly more than a pinched line.

"Now, who are you?" Bowman inquired.

"I'll tell you," Bella put in, "since his manners have gone with everything else. This is Snow Doret. If you know the live men that name will be familiar to you."

"I seem to remember it," he admitted.

"If Snow went in the city it's Lemuel here," Doret told him. His anger seethed like a kettle beginning to boil.

"Well, if Snow ever went I guess I'm in right. The truth is I got to lay off for a little, and this seems first-rate. I can explain it in a couple of words: Things went bad——"

"Wasn't it the election?" Bella asked politely.

"In a way," he answered with a bow. "You're all right. A certain party, you see, was making some funny cracks—a reform dope; and he got in other certain parties' light, see? Word was sent round, and when a friend and me come on him some talk was passed and this public nuisance got something. It was all regular and paid for——"

"I read about it," Bella interrupted. "He died in the ambulance."

"Then I was slipped the news that they were going to elect me the pretty boy, and I had to make a break. Only temporary, till things are fixed. Thus you see me scattered with hayseed. I was walking through for a lift to Lancaster, where there are some good fellows; but when I saw Snow here taking the air I knew there was one nearer."

"Lemuel; and I'm no good fellow."

"That's the truth," his wife added thinly. "Here, is the only one in this house." She touched her abundant self.

"Then I can put up?"

"No," Lemuel Doret told him. "This is a house of God's."

Bella laughed in a rising hysterical key.

"Listen to him," she gasped; "listen to Snow Doret. It's no wonder you might have forgotten him," she proclaimed; "he's been in the pen for ten and a half years with a bunch off for good conduct. But fifteen years ago—say! He went in for knifing a drug-store keeper who held out on a 'coke' deal If this here's a house of God's I'd like to know what he called the one he had then. I couldn't tell you half of what went on, not half, with fixing drinks and frame-ups and skirts. Why, he run a hop joint with the Chinese and took a noseful of snow at every other breath. That was after his gambling room broke up—it got too raw even for the police. It was brandy with him, too, and there ain't a gutter in his district he didn't lay in. The drug-store man wasn't the first he cut neither."

She stopped from sheer lack of breath.

Curiously all that filled Lemuel Doret's mind was the thought of the glory of God. Everything Bella said was true; but in the might of the Savior it was less than nothing. He had descended into the pit and brought him, Snow, up, filling his ears with the sweet hymns of redemption, the promise of paradise for the thieves and murderers who acknowledged his splendor and fought his fight. This marvelous charity, the cleansing hope for his blackened soul, swept over him in a warm rush of humble praise and unutterable gratitude. Nothing of the Lord's was lost: "His eye is on the sparrow."

"Certainly, lay off your coat," Bella was urging; "it's fierce hot. Lem can rush a can of beer from the hotel. Even he wouldn't go to turn out one of the crowd in a hard fix. I'm awful glad you saw him."

With June Bowman in his house, engaged in verbal agreements with Bella and spreading comfortably on a chair, Lemuel was powerless. All his instinct pressed him to send the other on, to refuse—in the commonest self-preservation—shelter. But both the laws of his old life and the commands of the new were against this act of simple precaution. Bowman eyed him with a shrewd appraisement.

"A clever fellow," he said, nodding; "admire you for coming out here for a while. Well, how about the suds?" He produced a thick roll of yellow-backed currency and detached a small bill. "I'll finance this campaign."

Lemuel Doret was confused by the rapidity with which the discredited past was re-created by Bowman's mere presence. He was at the point of refusing to fetch the beer when he saw that there was no explanation possible; they would regard him as merely crabbed, and Bella would indulge her habit of shrill abuse. It wasn't the drink itself that disturbed him but the old position of "rushing the can"—a symbol of so much that he had left forever. Forever; he repeated the word with a silent bitter force. The feel of the kettle in his hand, the thin odor of the beer and slopping foam, seemed to him evidences of acute degeneration; he was oppressed by a mounting dejection. God seemed very far away.

His wife was talking while Bowman listened with an air of sympathetic wisdom.

"It wasn't so bad then," she said; "I was kind of glad to get away, and Lem was certain everything would open right out. But he's awful hard to do with; he wouldn't take a dollar from parties who had every right to stake him good, and borrowed five from no more than a stranger to buy that secondhand barber chair. What he needed was chloroform to separate these farmers from their dimes and whiskers." Bowman laughed loudly, and a corresponding color invaded Bella. "Of course no one knew Lem had done time, then. They wouldn't have either, but for the Law and Order. Oh, dear me, no, your child ain't none of your own; they lend it to you like and then sneak up whenever the idea takes them, to see if it's getting a Turkish bath. I guess the people on the street wondered who was our swell automobile friend till they found out."

"I suppose," Bowman put in, "they all came round and offered you the helping hand, wanted to see you happy and successful."

She laughed. "Them?" she demanded. "Them? The man that owns this house said that if he'd known, Lem would never had it; they don't want convicts in this town. This is a moral burg. That's more than the women said to me though—the starved buzzards; if they've spoke a word to me since I never heard it." Her voice rose in sharp mimicry: "'You, Katie, come right up on the porch, child! Don't you know ——!' See, I'm going by."

"I could have warned you of all that," June Bowman asserted; "for the reason they're narrow, don't know anything about living or affairs; hypocritical too; long on churchgoing ——"

Doret regarded him somberly. How blind he was, a mound of corruptible flesh! He put the beer down and turned abruptly away, going up to Flavilla. She seemed better; her face was white but most of the fever had gone. He listened to her harsh breathing with the conviction that she had caught a cold; and immediately after he was back from the store with a bottle of cherry pectoral. She liked the sweet taste of the thick bright-pink sirup and was soon quiet. Lemuel sniffed the mouth of the bottle suspiciously. It was doped, he finally decided, but not enough to hurt her; tasting it, a momentary desire for stinging liquor ran like fire through his nerves. He laughed at it, crushing and throwing aside the longing with a sense of contempt and triumph.

He could hear occasionally Bowman's smooth periods and his wife's eager enjoyment of the discourse. His sense of worldly loneliness deepened; Flavilla seemed far away. All life was inexplicable—yes, and profitless, ending in weariness and death. The hunger for perfection, for God, that had been a constant part of his existence, the longing for peace and security, were almost unbearable. He had had a long struggle; the devil was deeply rooted in him. He could laugh at the broken tyranny of drugs and drink, but the passion for fine steel cutting edges was different, and twisted into every fiber. The rage that even yet threatened to flood him, sweeping away his painfully erected integrity, was different too. These things had made him a murderer.

" . . . not the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

He had a sudden muddled vision of a different world, a world where sturdy men gave him their hands and in reality fulfilled June Bowman's mocking words. There the houses, the streets of his youth would have been impossible. Ah, he was thinking of another kind of heaven; it was a hop dream.

There was a stir below and he heard the clatter of plates. Dinner was in preparation. "Lem!" his wife called. "Mr. Bowman wants you to go to the butcher's," she told him.

"Call me June," he put in; adding: "Sure, Lem; the butcher's; we want a tenderloin, cut thick. You can't get any pep on greens; we ain't cattle."

Doret felt that he would have been infinitely happier with his own thin fare. In a manner he got comfort from a pinch of hunger; somehow the physical deprivation gave him a sense of purification. The other man, purple with the meat and beer, shook out a cigarette from a paper pack.

"Always smoke caporal halves," he proclaimed.

The blue vapor from the three burning cigarettes rose and mingled. Bella was quiet, reflective; Bowman sat with half-shut speculative eyes; Lemuel Doret was again lost in visions.

"How long are you taking the milk cure?" Bowman asked.

Lemuel made no reply, but his wife laughed bitterly.

"I had an idea," the other continued; "but it's a little soon to spring anything. And I don't know but you might prefer it here."

"Try me," Bella said; "that's all I want!"

Doret still said nothing of his determination to conquer life in Nantbrook. A swift impulse seized him to take June Bowman by the collar and fling him into the street.

"Just try me!" Bella repeated.

He would be helpless in his, Doret's, hands. It was hard enough to be upright without an insinuating crook in the place. There was a heavy movement of feet in the front of the house, and he went out to meet a customer.

Sliding the sensitive razor blade over a young tanned cheek he pondered moodily on the undesirable fact of June Bowman.

Returning from this exercise of his trade he saw Bella descending the stair with a plate.

"With all your going on over Flavilla," she told him, "it never came to you that she'd like a piece of steak."

"But Doctor Frazee told us nothing solid. I took her up two eggs in the morning."

"Yes, and you'd had two dollars to pay as well if I hadn't showed you different. Flavilla's probably as well as any of us. I wish you would fix yourself a little, Lem. I'm tired of having you about the house in your suspenders."

He viewed her silently. Bella had on a dress he had never seen before, thin red-spotted yellow silk drawn tightly over a pronounced figure, a red girdle, and high-heeled patent-leather slippers.

"If you're going to look like this," he admitted, "I'll have to get a move on."

When they were first in Nantbrook she had worn a denim apron, and that, too, with all the other differences had seemed to express their new life; but now in yellow silk she was back in the old. Lemuel Doret studied his wife with secret doubt; more than the dress had changed. She seemed younger; rather she was adopting a younger manner. In the presence of June Bowman it intensified.

"That idea I spoke about," the latter advanced: "I've been sizing you up, the both of you, and you look good. Well, I've got hold of a concession on the Atlantic Boardwalk and the necessary cash is in sight." He turned to Lemuel. "How would you like to run a bowling game? It's on the square and would give you a lead into something bigger. You're wise; why, you might turn into a shore magnate, with Bella here dressed up in stones."

Doret shook his head. "Treasure on earth," he thought; "moth and rust." But it would be hopeless to attempt any explanation. "No," he said; "we'll play it out here"

"We will?" Bella echoed him. "Indeed! We will?" Now the emphasis was sharply on the first word. "What's going to keep me?"

"You're my wife," he replied simply; "we have got a child."

"Times have changed, Snow," Bowman interrupted. "You ought to read the papers. This is ladies' day. The old harem stuff don't go no longer. They are emancipated."

"Lemuel," Doret insisted, a narrowed hard gaze on the other man; "Lemuel Doret."

"He thinks nobody'll remember," his wife explained. "Lem's redeemed."

"Your name's what you say," Bowman agreed, "but remember this—you can't throw any scare into me. I'm no Fauntleroy, neither. Behave."

The anger seethed again beneath Lemuel's restraint. It began to be particular, personal, focused on Bowman; and joined to it was a petty dislike for the details of the man's appearance, the jaunty bearing and conspicuous necktie, the gloss of youth over the unmistakable signs of degeneration, the fatty pouches of his eyes and loose throat.

"I wouldn't bother with scaring you," he told him. "Why should I? You've got no kick. I took you in, didn't I? And all I said was my name. Snow Doret's dead: he died in prison; and this Lemuel's all different——"

"I've heard about that too," Bowman returned; "but somehow I don't take stock in these miracles."

"If you ever see me looking like I might be Snow, go quiet," Lemuel advised. "That's all."

With clenched hands he abruptly departed. The cords of his neck were swollen and rigid; there was a haze before his eyes. He went up to the refuge of his daughter's room. She was lying still, breathing thickly, with a finger print of scarlet on each cheek.

She was so thin, so wasted, the bed and room so stripped of every comfort, that he dropped forward on his knees, his arms outflung across her body in an inarticulate prayer for faith, for strength and patience.

It was not much he wanted—only food for one child and help for a woman, and a grip on the devil tearing at him in the form of hatred.

He got only a temporary relief, for when he went down Bella and June Bowman were whispering together; he passed the door with his silent tread and saw their heads close. Bella was actually pretty.

An astonishing possibility occurred to him—perhaps Bella would go away with Bowman. An unbidden deep relief at such a prospect invaded him; how happy he could be with Flavilla. They would get a smaller house, which Flavilla would soon learn to keep for him; they would go to church and prayer meeting together, her soprano voice and his bass joined in the praise of the Lord, of the Almighty who raised the dead and his Son, who took the thief to glory.

This speculation was overcome by a troubled mind; both his innate pride in his wife as an institution of his honor, the feeling that he would uphold it at any cost, and his Christianity interrupted the vision of release. He must not let her stumble, and he would see that June Bowman didn't interfere in his home. More beer made its appearance, and the other man grew louder, boastful. He exhibited the roll of money—that was nothing, four times that much could be got from where it came. He was a spender, too, and treated all his friends liberally. Lemuel was to see if there was any wine in the damned jumping-off place; and when would they all go to Atlantic?

"Never," Doret repeated.

Bowman laughed skeptically.

The rage stirred and increased, binding Lemuel Doret's heart, stinging his eyes. Bella, watching him, became quieter, and she gave June—she called him June—a warning pressure of her fingers. Her husband saw it with indifference; everything small was lost in the hot tide enveloping him. His hands twitched, but there was no other

(Continued on Page 74)

"Your Name's What You Say," Bowman Agreed, "But Remember This—You Can't Throw Any Scare Into Me. I'm No Fauntleroy, Neither. Behave"

THE HAS-BEEN

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

He Struck Into a Gallop, Clearing the Fences and the Brook as He Came

TINY MARY, her plump cheeks aglow, ran to the steps and clapped her baby hands as she saw far across the fields the lean straight figure of Grandpa Kinley on his favorite black thoroughbred. He swung his panama hat when he recognized the group on the tall colonial portico, and the sunlight glistened on his smoothly cut white hair; glinted, too, on his well-bronzed, weather-polished cheeks. He struck into a gallop immediately, clearing the fences and the brook as he came, took the side hedge with a magnificent leap, and, a picture of health and vigor in his natty riding togs, raced across the lawn and reined up abruptly at the edge of the portico.

Something in the suppressed feeling of the group caught his quick attention, and he looked fixedly at his two fine sons. They had stepped forward to meet him, side by side, shoulders back, heads erect, eyes clear.

"You've enlisted!" he said; and his first proud glance was toward his wife. Mary Kinley's plump hands, which she tried to keep folded in her lap, were restlessly fluttering, and now her eyes were moist; but she smiled at him bravely and happily.

A flash of pleasure in the faces of the fine sons.

"Cavalry, dad."

Lincoln, slim and long-legged like his father, oval-cheeked and curly haired, and adorned with a small curl-tipped mustache, which he intended to use as a lieutenant, slapped blue-ribbon Lady Mary a friendly thwack.

"Engineering corps for mine," reported Frank, a shade enviously. "They'll probably keep me in a shop somewhere, running a gang of wagon-tongue menders or something."

He was the older son, and had a quieter eye than Lincoln, his father's width of shoulder and firmness of jaw; also an imitation of his father's close-cropped stubby mustache.

"Well, boys, I knew you'd do the right thing when the right time came."

The now gentleman farmer sprang from the saddle of Lady Mary and gripped hands with his two sons, then he hoisted Frank's tiny Mary to his shoulder, where she laughed and crowed and held to his short hair. He sat in the porch swing by the side of Lincoln's bride, her pretty young face all too sober for her smart fluffiness, and he took her dimpled chin in his hand. She avoided his gaze as he turned her face gently toward him, for her eyelids were slightly reddened and she was having difficulty in repressing the tears that swam in them. He patted her cheek and let her go; and Frank's wife, a dark-skinned young woman, of comfortable good looks, smiled affectionately at him from her place against the portico rail, but was candidly crying at the same time.

During the silence that ensued Mr. James Kinley became Jim Kinley, and as he grinned the many radial wrinkles surrounding his keen blue eyes showed how they had come there.

"All of which also means that you've come to drag your old daddy away from his horses and dogs and cattle and crops and fishing, and chain him back on the iron wheel of business, eh?"

Though he looked with a certain regretful fondness over the broad acres of his well-kept country place there was an eager kindling in his eye that denied the regret.

The two young men glanced at each other almost furtively as they noted that suddenly awakened eagerness, and flushed a trifle. The older son's brows knotted and his lips came together more firmly. He cleared his throat, and it was significant that he removed his wife's hand from his shoulder and slid a little away from her on the portico rail.

"We've done a lot of thinking about that, dad," he began crisply. "But you've earned your retirement, and when you turned the Kinley Cabinet Company over to us it was with the distinct understanding that you never wanted to see another shaving."

"Yes," agreed Jim Kinley, still with that eager exultation; "but this war changes everything. It's like Bill Hitchcock said when he backslid from religion; he hadn't figured on his damn mules."

They all grinned, and at that minute the long lean face of Jim, and the square one of Frank, and the oval one of Lincoln—were strangely alike.

"Right, dad. But you're so happy in your blooming Garden of Eden," urged Lincoln; "and you've accomplished the miracle of making a gentleman farmer's farm support itself."

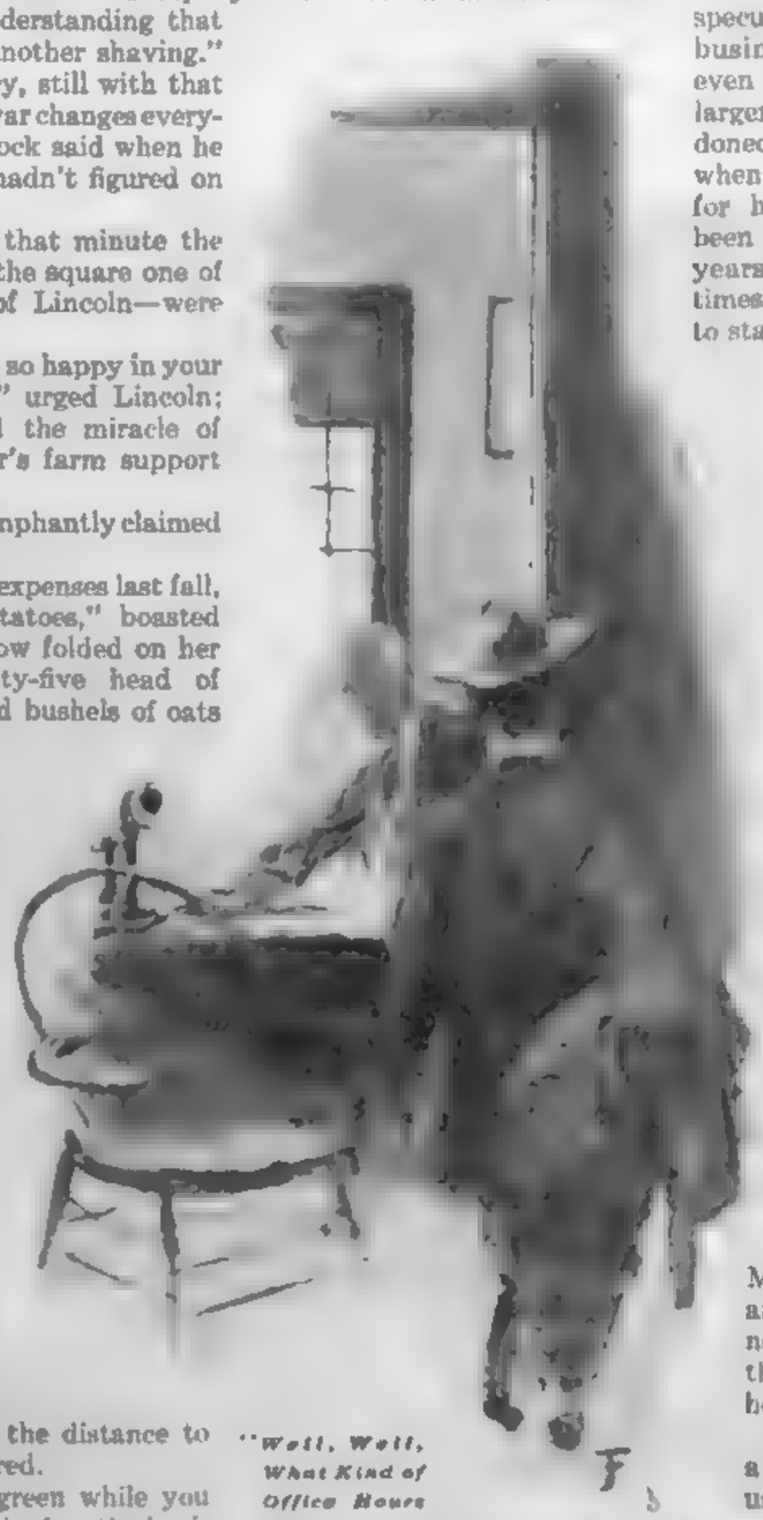
"And yield a profit!" triumphantly claimed his father.

"We sold, clear above all expenses last fall, a thousand bushels of potatoes," boasted Mary Kinley, her hands now folded on her matronly stomach, "twenty-five head of cattle, twenty-eight hundred bushels of oats and quite a bit of other produce. And, girls, I made a hundred and twenty-two dollars' profit on my poultry." She stopped and laughed. "Jim makes me pay for their feed."

"And she's not counting the purses I took at cattle, dog and horse shows; nor the winnings on my thoroughbreds round the racing circuit. I put the Beveridge stables out of business at Saratoga."

James Kinley, Esquire, was loud with enjoyment, and once more he looked fondly over his goodly estate, from the wooded boundaries on the west to the glint of blue waters in the distance to the east; then his face sobered.

"But I'll keep the farm green while you go Kaiser-killing, and I'll look after the business too."



"Well, Well, What Kind of Office Hours Do You Call This?" Hailed the New Boss, Looking Up With a Grin

"It's a different game from what it was when you left it, dad," suggested Frank, aware of a certain abnormal motionlessness in Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Lincoln, as they waited.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Jim Kinley easily. "A kitchen cabinet is a kitchen cabinet, and a dollar is a dollar, and your daddy always did have a knack for coaxing them together."

Of course. Both boys agreed to that with alacrity, but the alacrity was of the voice, and Lincoln stood up from his lounging over the back of the porch swing, where he had been holding the hand of his bride.

"But it isn't just straight manufacturing and selling any more, you know, dad. It's a matter of continuous financial juggling." Lincoln was the financier. He was so persuasive. "Nothing, dad, has changed so swiftly as modern methods of finance."

Sudden copper spots appeared in the bronze cheeks of the original Kinley.

"Look here," he demanded, "are you two cubs intimating that I can't swing the business, which I built from a tool chest and a dozen planks into a half-million-dollar company, which also yielded my half-million surplus?"

"Well, dad, I wouldn't put it that way," argued Frank, aware that his mother was viewing her sons with troubled speculation. "But it isn't the same business. Manufacturing, selling, even our output—are on so much larger scale. You see, dad, we abandoned practically all your old lines when we sensed the popular demand for higher-grade goods; and we've been so successful that in these five years we have expanded to four times the capitalization you left us to start with."

"Water!" snorted Jim Kinley. "I only count your four-time expansion as double, for there's almost a million dollars' worth of irrigation in your two-million-dollar corporation. It seems to me that all of modern business is a system of progressive kiting, and one of these days the kite will buck and come down on its nose."

"That's why modern business requires an expert flyer, who knows all the tricky habits of a kite," explained Lincoln seriously. "You have to gamble."

"They knew that in Pharaoh's time, to say nothing of Moses and Aaron," retorted his father. "Didn't I take my big jump in the commercial world by cornering that year's visible supply of white pine? It was make or break with me; and I made!"

"I peeled the potatoes mighty thin that year," said Mary Kinley, laughing softly; and the two Mrs. Kinleys of the new generation released some of their nervous tension by joining her in the laugh.

"But, dad, why set in to learn a game that only grew up with us?" asked Frank.

"Tell me this," said Jim Kinley, speaking very slowly while he

automatically stroked the curls of the tiny Mary: "If you didn't come out here to ask me to step into the harness again, what do you propose to do?"

His brow knotted and his lip straightened as he looked from one to the other of his sons and saw hesitation in them. His deep hurt turned to temper.

"Come on, now, out with it!" he blurted. "You've thrashed this over between you, and what's your proposition? What do you mean to break to me? Don't wait to word it kindly!"

"It's safety first, dad," stated Frank, as he watched Lincoln abstractedly peeling a strip of rattan from the porch swing. "We're not sure of coming back, you know; and there's only one way that we can see to make certain of our business' yielding a permanent income for our families. We have been offered the most advantageous merger ever proposed." The daughters-in-law stole breathless glances at each other. "Henry Grimshaw ——"

"What!"

The copper color had now flashed into Jim Kinley's temples and up under his white hair, and the hands of Mary Kinley were fluttering again.

"Grimshaw! Turn my factory at last into the maw of that old cormorant; after all these years! Why, dammit, don't you realize that for a quarter of a century my chief joy in life was to lick Grimshaw, and his sole object in life was to gobble up my business!"

"But, father ——"

"Not another word!" roared Jim Kinley, setting the tiny Mary on the floor so emphatically that her small shoes clicked, and the startled infant stood staring up at him with eyes that were saucerlike in their astonishment. "My business came to you as a sacred trust, and if you can't guard it against old Hank Grimshaw I'll guard it myself!"

"But, father ——"

"That's enough!" and Jim Kinley smacked his fist in his palm. At that instant the delayed wail of tiny Mary broke forth, and he paused to swing her to his shoulder. "I'll take care of your families, never fear. And I'll be at the office to-morrow morning to take charge!"

II

FRANK arrived at nine-thirty the next morning, with part of his equipment as a soldier under his arm, and was in a bustling hurry, but he stopped abruptly in the doorway. In his own office sat his father, bristling-browed and aggravatingly at home as he bored into the unlucky compiler of a "new-fangled" stock chart with the painful persistence of a Spanish inquisitor.

"Well, well, what kind of office hours do you call this?" hailed the new boss, looking up with a grin.

"Oh! You're here, dad!" remarked Frank inanely; then moved and hung up his hat and put his bundle in the clothes cupboard.

He looked uncertainly about the room, which was his no longer, and finally, feeling awkward and ill at ease, drew up a chair to the end of his own desk, where strangers sat.

"I see you've started right in. I—I had wanted to be here in time to explain things to you as they came up."

"Don't worry about it, Frank," said his father nonchalantly. "I've taken hold of the thing just as if you and Lincoln had walked out on me; and in a week I'll find out all there is to be found out." He turned to the puffy-eyed stockkeeper and shoved the chart at him. "Hereafter verify these stock reports with your own knowledge. Revise this and bring it back."

Frank's brow contracted in worry as the puffy-eyed young man went out in a perspiring blue funk, and he rubbed his stubby mustache vigorously with the front half of his forefinger.

"Aren't you afraid you'll disrupt the service, father?"

"My boy," and Jim Kinley chuckled as all his eye wrinkles squeezed together, "I expect to have merry hell round this plant for about a week, and feed 'em the sugar afterward. Where's Link?"

"Getting measured for his uniform."

A moment of silence ensued. Then:

"Do you want me to take up the hardwood situation with you, dad?"

"If you like. But I have ordered a detailed report."

"Of course." Frank rose with an impulse to exchange chairs with his father. He was uncomfortable at the end of the desk. He reached in a drawer and secured one of his own perfectos.

"Good morning, boss!" Lincoln stood in the doorway, twirling his lieutenant mustache. "I knew you were here. I detected the difference in the hum of the machinery."

"Notice This Also. Look Out Below!" And Suddenly He Pushed Both Cabinets Over the Edge of the Elevator Shaft

"He's more than here," stated Frank, with an unreasoning annoyance that he concealed with a laugh. "We might as well go to camp, Link. Dad doesn't even want us to tell him what's doing, let alone needing our advice."

"He'll have to listen to me," declared Link, his eyes twinkling with his father's twinkle.

He drew up a chair and sat in it comfortably, crossing his long legs and lighting a cigarette.

"Dad, we've a note due in the Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank on the seventeenth, and we'll have to arrange for a renewal."

"All right. How much?"

"Fifty thousand."

"How much are you clearing off?"

"None."

"Our business is growing so rapidly that we need the money in our expansion," supplemented Frank.

"It may take a little persuasion at the M. and M., however," resumed Lincoln, "for this will be the second renewal."

"A second renewal! That isn't sound business. It's a sure way to lose your credit."

"Old stuff," returned Lincoln airily. "Article One of the revised rules says that if you can use money a third time, or a fourth, to fast financial advantage, you take a trick; and the oftener the more. You see, dad, the whole system is built on the capitalization of proved futures."

"There's no such animal as a proved future!" roared Jim Kinley. "If modern finance is built on that basis you'll bite into it some day and find that everything inside the pretty pink pill is rotten. Why do you need this extension?"

"Link, the best way is to show dad the same dope we'll have to show the bank."

And Frank, reaching past his father, pressed the Number One button on the edge of his desk. Between the two men there sprang something unexpressed, an impulse on the part of Jim Kinley to stay that hand and press the button himself, and a determination on the part of Frank Kinley to perform that deed by force if necessary.

The black-haired young lady, who had been Mr. Frank's secretary but was already installed as Jim Kinley's "right-hand man," brought the "dope" from Mr. Lincoln's office as requested, and the three Kinleys reached for it simultaneously. The black-haired young lady hesitated for a moment, then laughingly laid the package of papers on the corner of the desk, as nearly as she could to the exact center of the three hands. Lincoln got it.

"You'll find that convincing, dad," said Frank. "It shows the steady increase in the volume of our business, month by month, and the need to retain that fifty thousand dollars to keep up with our operations."

Jim Kinley went over the documents very carefully, and they were, as the boys had put it, convincing.

"O. K. I'll take this up with the M. and M., though I never had much dealing with that bank. How did you boys come to change from the Colonial Traders'?"

"Don't look at me," laughed Frank. "I'm the inside man. Link's the money charmer."

"The Colonial was too conservative," explained Lincoln. "Old fashioned, you know. Suppose we go down and introduce you to the officers, dad."

"Thank you," accepted their father affably, for this was a socio-commercial service that he might find acceptable in smoothing the way to solid conversation, and he'd rather have his sons introduce him than anyone else, since they were such sons as could not but reflect credit on any father.

(Continued on Page 78)

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

III

PEGGY never knew anything of that journey from Esschen to Antwerp. All the time her heart and her thought were with Geoffrey—across the Border, free. If only Humbert Honest had not been so dreadfully penitent and efficient: if she had been held back but one day —— A trifle, this, after all; for Geoffrey was free!

The Germans in her carriage, tourists, come to see their new city of Antwerp, were aflame with curiosity and interest. The great stretches of barbed-wire entanglements on right and left along the border; the hacked and burned woodlands, with here and there a blackened pile of bricks where a country house had stood; the empty fields and empty roads and empty houses, which succeeded the border destruction; the great guns here and there, watched over by solitary figures in gray; the grotesque skeletons of overturned locomotives and cars; the grass-grown streets by the deserted quays, where dead ships thrust up rusty funnels; the pierced and shattered and crumbled houses in the shelled suburbs—this ruin and waste and desolation excited the deep compassion of these elderly commercial travelers, who had never been in any war zone until now.

"But, Otto, Monsieur and Madame Fargo are Neutrals, and I—I am Belgian"

They were very sorry that Belgium had not known her duty by Germany and had called down on herself such merited punishment. But the lesson had undoubtedly been learned. The good German Kultur and perfect German organization would lift up and improve these poor people and they would come to be grateful. They should share in the coming prosperity. Germans were generous. Yes; a German Antwerp would bring riches enough for all.

They were not smug hypocrites, these three simple, honest, German traveling salesmen. They believed all they said. That belief is what the world is in arms against.

Peggy heard none of it, saw nothing, and woke to her surroundings surprised to find the train in the beautiful central station at Antwerp.

The same dumb cowed crowd as at Esschen; the same rough examination, which never found anything—for who would go on such a journey with suspicious possessions?—the same somber, brooding shadow over human souls. But all was changed to Peggy, because she was changed. Geoffrey was safe. She had nothing to hide; nothing to fear. She wasted no time in idle sympathy, but blithely did things. She relieved overburdened mothers of children, ordered German soldiers about, and saw three large families, including two feather beds, through the barrier.

When at last she had time to think about herself she cheerfully explained away once more those men's clothes, soon to be given to some needy Belgian, and went, as directed, to a room for personal search. The woman searcher relaxed grim lips at the entrance of this vital, cheerful American girl, so obedient, so willing to undress if demanded, so careful to speak in German. She asked whether anything was concealed on the person, passed a formal hand over Peggy's chest and back, and nodded her head.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" said Peggy; and the girl smiled and remembered on the outward journey. Peggy was free of Belgium. She was surprised to find porters waiting at the head of the fine stairway leading to the Salle des Las Perdus—elderly Flemings, heavy-eyed, humble. She was more surprised at the effect of her sudden appearance. Their worn faces brightened; they smiled, all of them—human smiles, warm, grateful. She did not understand, but responded.

One took her suitcase and she followed, looking for the great bronze gates. They stood, though the English papers had filled columns about their removal. Sandbags outside, and guns projecting down the Avenue de Keyser, and a long queue of watching women, poorly dressed, dishevelled—some of these caught Peggy's eye; and then surely came the brightened face and welcoming smile. Peggy asked in French what they were waiting for.

"For those they have lost, madame. Sometimes one comes back. It is as from the dead."

Peggy stopped in midstreet and looked back. She understood something of the meaning of the dispersal of a people.

"Why do they smile at me?" she asked as she turned.

"Madame is American."

She began to understand the meaning of a nation's gratitude.

"Army headquarters?" she asked.

"The hotel, madame."

"I cannot go there."

Armed sentries paced, officers came and went in a stream. The porter glanced about.

"The pigs are everywhere," he muttered. "The others are just the same."

So she followed up the long corridor and was received by a uniformed Belgian porter as though such guests were usual. She proceeded just as she had planned—just as if Geoffrey were still in Belgium. The wording of her passport, the contents of her suitcase and the story she had told compelled that. She registered "Montgomery and Mrs. Fargo," took two rooms, and said that her husband might turn up at any moment. Upstairs, she tidied herself; then, laughing at thought of Geoffrey safe in Holland, she laid out his clothes as she had seen his valet lay them out. If the room should be searched in her absence there was proof of her story.

She went out in the early winter twilight to do the shopping necessary when a woman travels with a suitcase filled with a man's clothing. She turned the corner of the Avenue de Keyser and stood astonished, shocked. The wide boulevard was a brilliant flood of light, its sidewalks thronged, its street cars filled; its broad roadway somewhat empty, but enlivened by rushing automobiles, all in a reckless, careless hurry. Peggy thought of darkened London as a capital in mourning of nights for a sister city; and all the while that sister city was holding high revel. She had heard the Bruxellois called volatile and pleasure loving, and she knew that Antwerp loved masks and pageants; but this callous levity was beyond belief. She walked on in high scorn for a city to which her brother had so gladly offered his life.

Twenty yards' progress showed her that the people walked silently or spoke in hushed tones; that their eyes were downcast; that if they passed a German they swerved lest they touch a sleeve. The laughter, the chatter, all came from German soldiers. The distant general effect of a well-dressed crowd came from trim gray overcoats, with sharply contrasting black or mauve or magenta velvet collars, all worn by German officers, who were taller than the Belgians and conspicuous. The stores emitted their bright floods of light; but Peggy saw no one enter. The street cars were crowded with soldiers, and she heard afterward that soldiers paid no fares. She understood now—a sham brilliancy, organized, commanded; the proud city must make festival on its great avenue to cheer its conquerors.

She stopped often, pretending to look in at windows, but watching the people. Pausing thus, she saw a rare and exquisite face—that of a girl about her own age—a chiseled profile; a nose slightly aquiline; fine dark hair, brushed quaintly down from a middle parting and covering the ears. This grandmother's way suited the long oval face as none else would, Peggy thought. The girl was in dead black and slender to thinness, but extraordinarily graceful in the little gestures she made as she talked. She turned her head and Peggy looked into what seemed to her the most impressive and expressive eyes she had ever seen. They radiated so unique a personality that Peggy felt almost that they carried a direct message intended for her. They were dark and melancholy at the first glance, but the girl's lips trembled to a faint smile and the eyes seemed suddenly to come alertly alive.

She turned away. That vivid speaking glance expressed a nation's gratitude to the United States, of course. Peggy felt suddenly ashamed, and looked down at the Stars and Stripes in her lapel in silent apology.

She looked again at the little group. She saw an elderly granddame, gray-haired, haughty of head and dressed, like the girl, in deep mourning. And these two were talking and laughing with a tall blond German officer. Belgians walking past stared, and moved aside with somber glances and lowered brows. An elderly gentlewoman on the arm of an old aristocrat checked him directly in front of Peggy, and the couple turned their backs in a direct and ostentatious cut.

Their eyes swept over Peggy and their stony faces instantly softened. Peggy entered the store lest they should speak. She could not silently accept spoken tribute. She made her purchases, learned from a pale and lonely girl that the lights were compulsory, that no one came to buy except swaggering German officers, and that they had only autumn goods.

Going out she saw that a man was watching her intently through the doorway; a tallish man in a long, sumptuous fur coat, the collar of which was turned up so that only his nose and eyes were visible. The eyes—but she was used to strained eyes now; only these told her plainly that he meant to speak to her. She turned quickly, but instantly he was at her side.

"Pardon me," he began. He paused while two German officers passed.

Peggy was a little anxious. The man was American unmistakably; why should he have eyes like the Belgians, and why should his voice sound so weary, and why should he approach her in this guarded, suspicious way?

"I'll leave you at the next corner," he went on; "but please let me go that far. I am a stranger in Antwerp. I want the name and address of some Belgian, some important Belgian—a true Belgian. I must see him to-night."

Peggy paused and looked back.

"The consulate is there," she said, nodding across the street. "I saw the coat of arms."

The girl with the wonderful eyes and the old lady were close behind, and the girl came straight to her, holding out a hand. Her smile thrilled the astonished and alarmed Peggy.

"My dear Mrs. Fargo!" she said in French, in a voice that seemed to have the quality of love in it. "We have been searching for you. We have found you and you must come straight home with us."

Dumfounded, Peggy was conscious that the elder lady had greeted the stranger as Monsieur Fargo and was extending the same warm invitation.

"*Prenez garde!*" said the girl in a low voice, glancing into the roadway; and then she turned and welcomed Monsieur Fargo as an old friend.

The elderly lady now shook Peggy's hand and told her that marriage had not changed her a bit.

"*Pschutt!*" murmured the girl; and Peggy heard a voice from the curb and saw an automobile drawn up and that a young German officer had sprung out.

"My dear Yvonne," he said in German to the girl; "what luck! What are you doing here among this rabble?"

He bent over and kissed the elder lady's gloved hand.

"My old friends, Monsieur and Madame Fargo," said the girl—"Leutnant von Schmiedell. Americans, as you see."

"How jolly!" said the young officer gayly in English as he shook hands with the two. "Now you shall all come and dine with me at the hotel."

"Not I, Otto," the elder lady promptly declined; "your dinners are too bad." She glanced at the girl, who smiled and nodded. "If you wish, Yvonne, I will trust you to Madame Fargo."

"I should like it," said the girl softly; and her eyes rested for an instant on the young officer, who beamed delight.

"Very well. You shall send me home, Otto." She moved toward the car.

"Yes, yes, madame; that's it." The young officer helped her in and tucked a fur robe about her.

"I shall see you soon, Madame Fargo," she called out. "You and your husband are to come with Yvonne and stay with us. How glad we shall be!"

She beckoned imperiously to Peggy, who went to her, dazed. "These tyrant Germans make us keep early hours," she said, smiling at the young officer, who laughed cheerily. "Remember, you must bring Yvonne back by half past eight o'clock."

Did she, too, breathe *Prenez garde!* Peggy thought so, and that she had been summoned to hear that.

Madame waved and kissed her hand to Peggy; then the German soldier chauffeur drove off. Peggy turned; the young officer led the way with the girl; the American and Peggy dropped behind.

"Charming people," he said offhandedly; then he bent and whispered: "Don't be alarmed. I can fix it up—two ways. What if I disappear at the next corner?"

"Aren't they delightful?" she answered; then, lower: "Impossible! If you go I am investigated. I am English, with a false passport."

She felt his start as their arms touched in the crowd. He slipped his hand through her arm and held her firmly.

"French aviation corps," he murmured, bending over; "bombed aërodrome beyond Brussels last night and had to come down afterward."

Peggy quivered. He held her closer.

"Yes," he said; "fine old avenue and people good sports." Then: "I'm very sorry. I don't understand what's happened."

"Nor I."

"But it'll be all right. Remember, when they question you, stick to the cold truth."

"You must not give yourself up."

"Of course I can, and must. I shall be only a prisoner of war."

"With that coat on—is that true?"

He forced a laugh as they passed a knot of German officers, and Peggy joined in it and glanced about as though this was a casual stroll.

"I have the flying uniform underneath," he said.

"Your clothes are waiting—in your room."

"I have not shaved since yesterday."

"Your razor is on the dressing table."

"Foolhardy—I have no papers."

"I have your passport."

"This is no time for joking," he said, with the testy anger of a man almost done up.

"Nor for explanations," she answered. "My way is the only way."

"But this girl—who is she?"

"I don't know—a German spy, I think; but you and I can only carry on. You must do it."

"I will carry on," he answered.

"Right!" said Peggy cheerfully. They were turning the corner near by the hotel and fewer people were about.

She Laid Out Geoffrey's Clothes. If the Room Should be Searched There Was Proof of Her Story

"I am sorry," she said gravely, "that this was forced on me. I think—I hope that I should have done the same if I had had a chance to choose. I owe a debt to your flag and to you. You have fought for France and England. . . . Come, Monty!" She lifted her voice.

The other couple waited. The four went together into the hotel.

THE entrance lounge of the hotel was so narrow as to be hardly more than a hall. On each side were little tables and at each of these two or three German officers were seated, chatting, sipping beer, waiting for dinner. A lifting of heads; a few seconds of inquisitive silence; fifty pairs of focused eyes. Peggy, confronting all this with outward calm, was subconsciously proud of the airman. He was probably starving and certainly dead weary; yet the arm on which her hand still lingered was firm and his tired eyes swept over the hall with composure.

"Come, Monty!" she said in English. "You must hurry." She turned with him to the desk.

"Monsieur Fargo is found," she said to the clerk. "The key, please."

It was not on its hook and there was an instant's delay. Peggy was mad with impatience, for the place was steam-heated, and the airman's sumptuous turned-up fur collar seemed to shout that it half hid its wearer's face for special reasons.

She glanced about and saw that the laughing, mercurial young cosmopolite, this Leutnant von Schmiedell, was extraordinarily popular, and that the Belgian girl had several acquaintances among the officers. Some of these patted the lieutenant almost affectionately and addressed the girl with marked deference. Others passed, to catch her eye, and bent at the middle, recovering as though a hinged ramrod had been sharply straightened. With an eye trained to class distinctions, Peggy saw that only those of the highest caste were intimate with the young lieutenant, and she inferred that the girl was a member of an important Belgian family. She turned as the key was found.

"Pack everything, Monty," she ordered with emphasis, "everything in both rooms." She handed him her purse. "Lock the suitcase. The key is in the purse. Bring everything down. Then we can go straight off with mademoiselle."

The airman nodded. Peggy turned to the clerk, an elderly Belgian.

"I find that Monsieur Fargo has had no proper luncheon," she said. "Can you send up some bouillon and a biscuit? He can eat as he changes."

"But yes, madame. We are very short-handed; but for an American we do everything."

The hall porter, overhearing, nodded, and the two looked at her from the national grateful eyes.

"Gad!" muttered the airman. "You think of everything."

"Carry on," she murmured, "and trust the hall porter if the clothes don't fit."

He turned, and was in the elevator before the young lieutenant came up, breathless.

"I could not get him a cocktail—worse luck!" he cried. "But a gin and bitters—yes. Where is he?"

Peggy shook her head.

"No time," she said, smiling. "He will be late as it is. I said he must shave. You must not wait dinner for him."

She walked over with the officer to the girl. Oberst von und zu Borgheim was presented to her, and his iron cross hung like a pendulum, he bent over so far.

Oberleutnant von Bahrheit lost his monocle as he bowed. Peggy heard cheerful, unabashed compliments on the kindness of her supposed nation to these unhappy Belgians.

"You soften the hard fortune of war," said the general, stroking a bristly black mustache.

"You do a generous work," announced Oberleutnant von Bahrheit. "We are grateful. The Belgians are grateful. Some day, when all is over, the Belgians will understand us Germans and be grateful to us too. Is it not so, Mademoiselle Duberges?"

Peggy was relieved that, at least, she now knew the name of this girl.

"It is to be hoped so, Herr Oberleutnant," answered mademoiselle, nodding and darting a glance from her wonderful melancholy eyes.

"We Germans, Frau Fargo," the general said, "are misunderstood in many places—in your country, too, by some. But you will see our organization, and how we bring order and ——"

But their host came hustling. He had secured a table. It would be a bad dinner. There were no flowers. There were not half enough waiters. But it would be awfully jolly, nevertheless. They must come now. Monsieur Fargo would excuse their not waiting.

A hundred German officers half rose and bent as they entered the dining room, and the young lieutenant bowed right, left and center before he led the way to the one empty, distant table. Peggy had only one conscious thought as she took that enfiladed walk down the room. Would Geoffrey's clothes fit? A man, dead-tired, picking his way among tables where sat a hundred watching enemies! What if the sleeves should be two inches too short or too long?

The lieutenant pulled out her chair for her and she sat facing the room and the entrance. She was startled—the door seemed so far away; even an airman, jaded, half starved, might lose his nerve and bolt. She willed to forget him, and not to think back an hour or forward a minute. Her social training steeled her; helped her to outward ease; helped her to concentrate and listen. She quickly learned that Leutnant von Schmiedell's grandfather had been a secretary in the German Legation at Washington and had married an American woman; that his father, an attaché at London, had married an Englishwoman; that he had been at a public school in England and had visited relatives in Massachusetts. So his cosmopolitanism was accounted for. If only the girl would talk as freely about herself! But mademoiselle was content to smile and listen, and gave no clews.

Peggy topped the bits of American slang of which the lieutenant was boyishly proud, modeling her language on that of Humbert Honest. She explained in French to mademoiselle what it meant to "Put it over," and how "I should worry!" was to be understood. Laughter rang at that table, but nowhere else in the room; and many Germans watched, and some smiled sometimes. The lieutenant made no secret of the pleasure he felt at the sensation his impromptu dinner was creating. Impromptu? The trap had been skillfully hidden, but Peggy began to feel its pinch as it closed.

The lieutenant chided Mademoiselle Duberges for having gone to the Avenue de Keyser at the hour of the common people. He was nettled; slightly arrogant. She should not expose herself to such contamination.

"But I told you," said Mademoiselle Duberges, "I was looking for my friends."

Her eyes lingered on Peggy's with a tenderness so profound that Peggy felt a warm, pleasant glow. But the eyes swept on, and the young lieutenant held his spoon in midair, as he took a deep breath and sat for an instant as one under a spell. Which was this amazing actress deceiving? Peggy asked herself. The answer was obvious. Those wonderful smiles were sincere when they flashed on the young officer.

When he asked, with a little constraint, how Mademoiselle Duberges had known of the arrival of her friends, Peggy saw reproach in the expressive eyes and offended dignity in the upturned oval chin.

"You wrote to me, of course, Madame Fargo—didn't you?"

"If I had," Peggy answered, "would you have received the letter?"

A glance of triumph, a head held high and exclusion of the offending lieutenant from the conversation; this tiny quarrel seemed real to Peggy. The girl was so black a traitress to her people that she resented a charge of breaking a cruel German regulation that no Belgian should write a letter!

But the conversation from which the lieutenant was excluded required all Peggy's attention. A gush of enthusiastic words about that never-to-be-forgotten week in the Château of the Comtesse de Beaufort, near Blois—"When a friendship so charming to me, and I hope to you, dear Madame Fargo, was so deeply founded"—and as Peggy knew no such comtesse and had never been near Blois, her invention was taxed to the utmost. The memories she invented appeared to delight the Belgian girl, who recalled, in her turn, pleasant happenings that had never happened.

Peggy, not knowing the game, played it, nevertheless; and played it well. Mademoiselle laughed and showed a relenting spirit toward the officer. She turned to him.

"Clothilde, my maid, was with me at the château," she explained with condescension; "and so she knew Mademoiselle. She saw her go into the hotel to-day. She came home and told me. I rush to find a Monsieur and Madame Fargo have arrived. I describe her, beautiful, chic, with the air of distinction. Yes; it is she—my friend, who is married. She has gone out. So I search; and I find."

The lieutenant, humble, pleaded for forgiveness, and the couple were absorbed in one another for half a minute. Peggy had time to think. These two—this bubbling young officer and this girl in black—were in love with each other. He made no secret of it. His every glance told it. The inflection of his voice said it. And the girl—well, her exquisite simplicity was the product of an inherited and cultivated artifice, and so not easy to read; but Peggy read. And this young gentlewoman, a fine flower of Belgium's highest culture, had become an open renegade and a self-admitted traitress to her nation and her people through love for this German. She had not been content passively to side with her country's oppressors. She had sunk to espionage for them.

Peggy was sure now that she had been sought and captured by intention. How perfectly it had been managed! How beautifully done! There was a plain reason for such extreme care. An important American woman justly entitled to her country's protection, if treated as Peggy had been, had nothing to complain of; she would not even know she had been suspected. She would have denied mademoiselle's acquaintance; have told her she had made a mistake; would, no doubt, have been carefully cultivated by these two distinguished-looking Belgian women in deep mourning; and within an hour would have disclosed any secrets she might have to these representatives of a distressed and broken people. An effective trap; Peggy wasted no regrets for having walked into it. She had had no choice. It would be sprung as neatly, as quickly, as it had been set. The end would come quickly and courteously after dinner.

The airman and herself would be asked to enter an auto that they might go to the home of this affectionate and pressing hostess. But this hostess would not get into the car; and presently they would find themselves at headquarters. And then what? Prison for her—no more, Peggy thought. . . . But for him? She did not know whether a fur coat or a civilian suit changed a prisoner of war into a spy.

She attacked her fish with real hunger. She was safe for an hour. Dinner was assured for that day; the last decent meal, perhaps, for months! Waiters were so few and service so slow that half an hour had elapsed. Peggy glanced so often toward the distant door that the lieutenant chuckled.

"Herr Fargo," he said in German—all languages seemed the same to him—"is going to swagger. If he comes in evening clothes he will blind us. A starched shirt ——"

"He brought none," Peggy laughed; "but his bristly chin ——" She stopped short, for the airman had entered.

Her lips parted and her eyes widened as she saw him quietly bow right and left, while he calmly looked about the room. She watched his easy, deliberate progress with an exultant pride. Geoffrey himself could hardly do it better. Geoffrey would not have bowed; it was not the English custom. Geoff would have looked and acted as though there was no one else in the room. It was the English way. This American might not hope to approach the splendid English nonchalance; but he had a fine, simple dignity. As he came near she had a confused vision of eyes following him.

The uplifted faces of the German officers formed a composite picture for her and she was surprised at the complete absence of antagonism. When Geoffrey had walked like that, down a foreign dining room, she had been proud that foreigners were jealous and showed it. She was startled at the thought that this American's way might be better after all—but only among German officers.

As he came near she frankly watched his face, and her lips parted in a smile as conviction came that it matched his bearing. He saw and answered so gayly, so spontaneously, that Peggy thrilled to it, for it seemed to say that her mood was his; that this hour was theirs, anyhow—this dinner and this last chance to laugh. He paused by the lieutenant's side and apologized for his tardiness; and his eyes were bent down on her over the lieutenant's shoulder and looked straight into hers. They were deep and calm and steady, with the vision in them that the world has since come to know as that of the man who looks out at peril from above the clouds. Peggy felt as one fighting a forlorn hope to whom strong help unexpectedly comes.

"Did you find everything, Monty?" she asked; with a laugh so merryhearted that the lieutenant and the girl looked at each other and smiled.

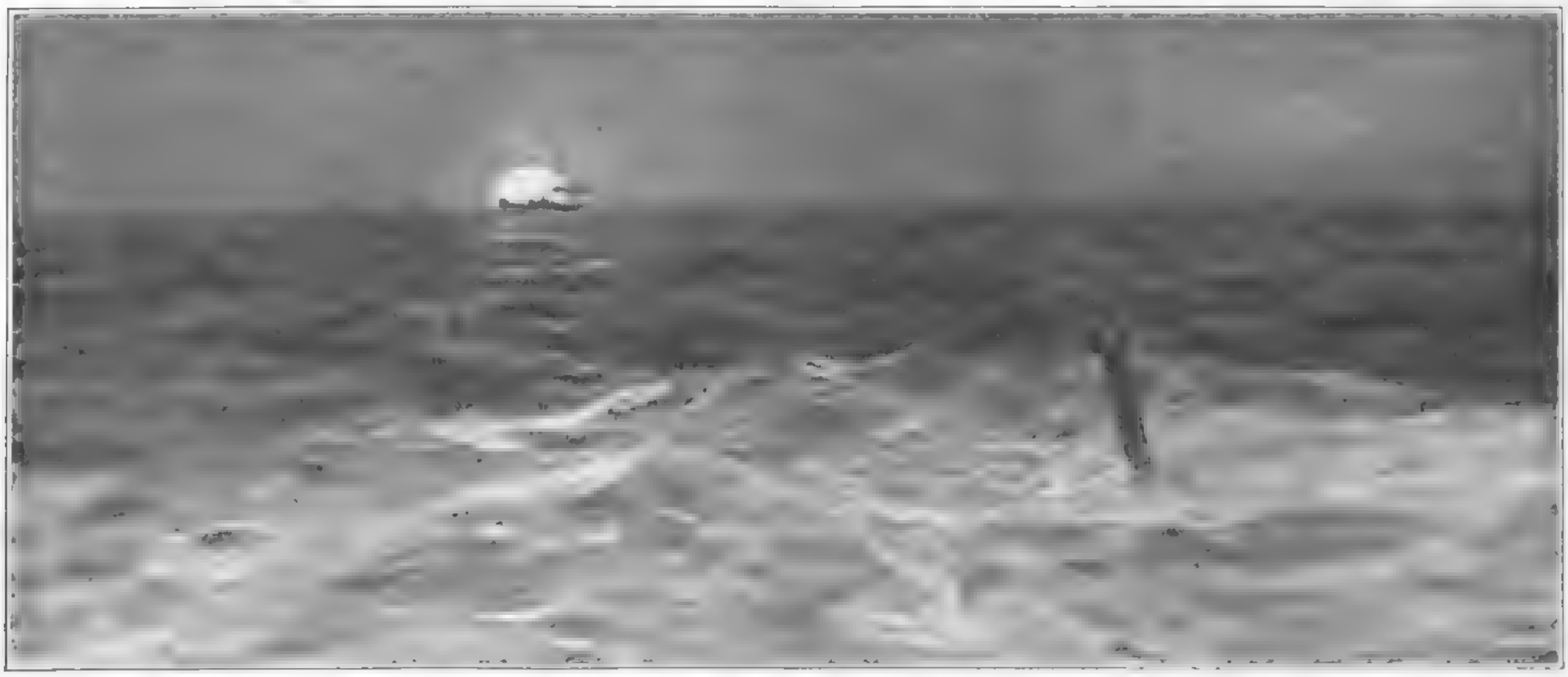
"Of course. You packed."

He took his seat and stretched out a hand for the bread beside his plate. Peggy thought the hand was trembling

(Continued on Page 61)

"Bombed Aërodrome Beyond Brussels Last Night and Had to Come Down Afterward"

TICKLISH WATERS



The Ship Would Blossom as a Black Target. What They Really Needed Was a Coat of Invisible Paint

A Tale of an Ocean Pussyfooter

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

VII

THE Poetess answered this inquiry by crashing over a wave mightier than any that had gone before. She seemed to stop dead in her tracks, like a man hit under the heart with sledge-hammer force.

Slim Williams stared aft; then blew a sharp double blast on his whistle.

"Call everybody out again," he said rapidly to the junior. "The starboard lifeboats are carrying away."

This was the last straw, surely! First to lose the convoy, and now, on the eve of entering the zone, the lifeboats! They were carried swung out from the ship's side, ready provisioned, the falls coiled in tubs, everything in order for running clear. They were cradled in wire gripes, which were fastened at one end to the davits and at the other to slip links on the deck, which could be kicked out at an instant's notice. So held, they could not fall out in ordinary weather; but they could, it seemed, be jolted out by a terrific sea coming slap up against their bottoms and capsizing the blocks from which they hung. Mr. Williams had caught sight of Number Nine dangling from one davit, her stern fairly in the water, and every item of gear emptied out of her. A figure in oils loomed over him.

"Get to it! Get to it!" cried the Old Man harshly. "What have you been—asleep? What do you think we carry those boats for—pleasure? Don't it ever occur to you to watch her to see if she's taking water? Don't it?"

"I tell you, sir ——"

"Don't you tell me nothing, because I don't want to hear nothing. Get aft to those boats!"

Turning away bitterly, with a sense of repressed personality, Mr. Williams heard the Old Man say, with equal bitterness:

"This is the first time I ever attempted to sail a ship with a crew of old women."

Of old women! So that was his estimate of them. Ah, the humiliation of good seamen being called old women for no fault of their own!

"She's a madhouse!" Mr. Williams muttered.

He made his way to the boat deck. Number Nine was banging like a tin pan against the Poetess' iron flank. The ship's company was gathered there.

"Cut her away!" said an authoritative voice. "We'll never in God's world get that boat inboard again, if I know anything at all—and I think I do; at least, I ought to; I've been to sea long enough. Here, what's this I've got hold of? It's dark as a pocket here. Ah, she's a hearse! Those gripes were no good. I said in port that patent was no good. If they had called for a survey of the ship, like I wanted them to —— But no; shove out! Shove out!" The voice of the sea lawyer failed him.

"Stop your yap and get the handy-billy," said Mr. Williams. "This strongback has cracked like a match."

The strongback, a heavy pine pole lashed to the davits and provided with two rope puddings or camel's backs, had served as a fender for the inboard bilge of the boat.

"What are you thinking of doing?" This was the voice of the chief officer.

The second mate, twined like an adder about the quivering davit, was gazing down profoundly. The ship leaned down on that side. He felt the cold breath of foam on his cheek.

"What is your idea?" the chief officer said again.

"Lead a wire here from the winch on the after deck."

"Winch it? Ah, I see!"

The chief officer spoke intelligently, like one who had been a seafarer in his time. He stood aloof; and the ship's funnel loomed over him at a weird angle, with a singing in its wires.

"I know one thing," he vouchsafed brusquely—"that patent is all right. There was nothing the matter with the way those gripes led. I know that. I saw to that myself."

His argument was that, in the first place, such an accident as the present couldn't have happened; but, in the second place, if it had happened, which to all appearances it had, then it must have been due to water coming up under the boat. There it was in a nutshell! Unless water had floated it free there was no way under heaven in which that block could have been capsized. If it was the water that had done it, then it was not the fault of the gripes, and by consequence not the fault of the chief officer, but of the inattention and bad seamanship of the officer on watch, who must have seen the waves making up, and who should have taken the usual precautions against the ocean's coming into the ship.

"It wouldn't have carried away without that block capsizing—I know that," he said again and again mournfully.

"Great guns! Never forget that it has carried away!" cried Slim Williams. "You are talking about it as if it was history."

A rain squall cut off further speech. As soon as he could talk against it, the chief officer called through the blackness:

"What are you doing there?"

"Hooking the handy-billy to that after davit. Now if I can get a bight of wire under the nose of the boat —— Ah, it's done! Heave away!"

Number Nine rose a little, hung just clear of the waves, stuck.

"Get more power on the winch."

A moment or two later they were shocked to see a vast plume of steam spring up suddenly from the after deck. What had happened? Had her boilers crumbled? Had she broken open amidships? Or perhaps this was her evil genius taking shape through steam. They were in a frame of mind to expect anything of her; in fact, the steam was coming from the winch. The man stationed there, in his eagerness to crowd on more power, had screwed the throttle off entirely. A faint cry from the bridge pierced the whistling steam:

"What is going on there?"

What, indeed, was going on there? "The mate will have to tell him," thought Slim Williams, who scarcely knew all that was going on. Nobody answered, in point of fact. Instead, the ship rolling heavily just then, they stood wavering, flinging out their arms to catch hold of something—anything—their heels scraping on the deck, which had grown as steep as the roof of a barn.

Mr. Williams collided with a massive figure in oilskins. Unseen by each other, though their noses were all but touching, these two grappled, reeled, slid to leeward, and had the good luck to fall against a davit instead of into the sea.

"Hearse!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Mr. Williams relaxed his grip. He had actually been holding the sea lawyer in that affectionate embrace.

The man at the winch had now restored power to it. Mr. Williams, crawling toward Number Nine, was in time to see it swung gently inboard by a parbuckling process; but—alas!—a mere carcass, the gliding ghost of a boat, retrieved from the jaws of a monster that had mangled it beyond recognition.

"Wrecked!" was the second mate's single exclamation as he bent low over it, passing his fingers along the crushed bilge.

He reflected rapidly that it was possible—but only just possible—to redistribute the ship's company among seven boats. On the heels of this calculation came a harsh cry from forward:

"There goes Number Seven."

Mr. Williams had caught a glimpse of the dark body of that boat sliding out of the gripes. He began to despair. How came two of them to go in quick succession? The elements were not so clever as all that. Some fiend in human shape was dancing among them, wearing down their strength, cutting the heart out of them by a gradual application of his deviltry to different parts of the ship's anatomy.

Colliding with the chief officer, he cried fiercely:

"Could you tell whether a sea came up under that boat?" Getting no answer, he clutched his arm and shrieked:

"Somebody here is working against us. Watch out!"

He flung himself at Number Seven with the frenzy of madness. Ropes were everywhere now. In the confusion they had tumbled the coiled falls out of the tubs. They were as thick as cobwebs in an attic. The men hooked their feet into treacherous bights and went sprawling. Furthermore, in the dark each man was forced to work on a system of his own, with its individual objective; and these separate systems worked the mutual undoing of each other.

"This boat is gone too," said an assured voice. "They've belayed this rope to a ventilator!"

"I tell you," said the chief officer drearily, "you'll never get anywhere until you give a pull on that forward guy."

Nobody paid any attention to him. Three or four of them had now got together on one rope and were surging back on it with mournful ululations. Mr. Williams caught a few random words:

"Who is that man on the rope ahead of you?" . . . "I don't know; one of the firemen, I think." . . . "What's he doing up here?" . . . "He'd better mind his own business, I say!"

"What's that?" cried the second mate. "You say, a strange hand?"

"Feel along here, sir."

A ringing yell put them from this purpose.

"Number Three is working loose!"

Number Three! That was the captain's own boat—an ark.

"Somebody here is cutting these boats loose!" cried Slim Williams in the direction of the bridge. "I think I had better show a light, sir, and count noses."

"Don't you dare to show a light! Corporal, put a bullet into the first man that shows a light. You act like a pack of damned innocents."

"I can't put my finger on him, sir, without a light."

"Don't you presume to tell me what you can do and what you can't do, sir. You'll do as I say, or I'll know the reason why! Can you understand that or will I have to talk plainer?"

After a moment of sullen silence the second mate replied "Yes, sir"—like a man loaded with chains.

"Then see that you do! I never saw such a damnable jumped-up jumbled proposition in all my going to sea. You're a licensed man. Don't you know how to make those boats fast? Don't you?"

"If I could see my hand before my face ——"

"Do you or don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir? Well then! Can't you do anything but stand there and say Yes, sir? What are you mooning there for, like a wooden man? If you know how to make the boats fast, make 'em fast! If you don't, come up here and make way for a better man."

"I tell you, sir ——"

"Don't you tell me nothing, sir. I will do all the telling on this packet. That's what I'm paid to do. Just stir round and get results. That's all I'll ask of you."

"Ah, don't tell him nothing!" . . . "Sink the ship on the old lunatic!" . . . "Wouldn't I like to meet that old madman face to face ashore once?"

Various voices assured the second mate that they would be with him in sympathy if he threw the old devil bodily into the sea.

The captain had planted himself on the binnacle platform on the flying bridge, "form upright, death under the breastbones, hell under the skull bones." Mr. Williams was forced to tilt back his head and nod and shout up to that black figure as if he were taking orders from some raging divinity. While making efforts to recapture the loosened boat he exchanged snatches of talk with the chief officer.

"He loves me like a Dutch uncle!"

"He don't mean it," said the chief officer in the accent of one having a clear insight into character owing to close intimacy. "He forgets it in ten minutes."

"He forgets it? All right! It's easy enough for him to forget it. Let him forget it. I don't forget it! I'm a sensitive man. Anything like that sinks in. I will lie awake for hours now and think over what I ought to have said to him. But, at the time, I wasn't there. I might as well admit it. I wasn't there. I was a wooden man, as he says."

"There was nothing for you to say. Not a thing! A man doesn't know what he can say these times."

"I'm not easy a minute having an Old Man like that up there. He's partly mad. You notice I tell him there's a spy here and he doesn't pay any attention to it—'Make 'em fast or I'll come down and do it!'"

"There's no spy here," said the chief officer. "He's right in that particular."

"What do you make of that, then?" Slim Williams thrust into his hand an end of cut rope. "That was the lashing round the davit here."

The chief officer cleared his throat and inquired cleverly: "Are you sure you didn't cut that yourself, by mistake?"

VIII

"SO HE is trying to hang this on me!" thought Slim Williams. "The Old Man has shown him how to be tough and he is going to be tough. All right! Let him take the consequences."

The boats safely lashed at length, he hurried into the chart room and slammed open the log book. He entered in the log, after his description of the series of accidents to the boats: "Strong wind. Rough sea." He paused, revolved his grimy fist, murmuring: "Strong wind. Rough sea. That will cover the mate. Ship rolling heavily."

His pencil hovered; but, in the end, the words did not go down. It might create evidence against himself. He might be asked why it was he hadn't kept the ocean out of the ship.

He slept uneasily and came on deck early. It was only to see in the distance the figure of his captain going about examining the broken boats. He dodged into his room again. He had grown self-conscious over his lapse of judgment. By this time everybody knew what an infernal mess he had made of it. The Old Man would probably choose his time to give him a bawling out in public; might be even now meditating the form this ought to take to provide the maximum of humiliation.

The news would travel fast. Beginning with humble sources, the accusation would seep and trickle here and there; would be caught up artfully, twisted, and made more monstrous than it was in truth. He could fancy the cheek of the pale steward bulging over this scandal; the discreet glow of his eyes accompanied by an arching of heavy brows. He affected to be a great seaman himself. Would he miss this chance to decry the seamanship of others by an exhibition of technical learning on his own part? Not likely.

Mr. Williams refrained from going down to breakfast. He was in the very fix that had resulted in the chief officer's almost starving himself before he could get sufficient grip on his nervous imaginings to come down to meals.

At nine o'clock, however, the sun shone for a few minutes, and he was forced to appear on the bridge to get his time sight. The Old Man followed him up. Waiting for the sun, his back turned, he could feel the eyes of that old madman burning on him. An old woman, was he? And why? For wanting to count noses; for trying to unearth treason.

As soon as he had shouted out his altitudes to the third mate, who stood taking time, he went into the chart room to work out a longitude. The Old Man followed him in there and, with a deep sigh, sank back on the divan. Slim Williams expected instant annihilation; his brain ceased to work, his pencil hung in the air, his thumb was shoved into the traverse tables. Without turning round, he could form a picture accurate enough for his purposes of the merciless expression on that sneering face. He picked up his books and stepped out of the chart room.

But there was no place where he could be safe from this tormenting presence or from the recollection of his fault. Alone in his room, he paused often to stare at the portrait of his father. He remembered what pride the stern old mariner had taken in handing his sextant to his son; hardly with a sense of relinquishing his own career, so firmly did he feel the younger man's destiny as but a continuation of his own. They were of a seagoing house.

Alone in His Room, He Paused Often to Stare at the Portrait of His Father

Slim Williams knew this perfectly. He would never be his own man ashore. To bar him from the seas would be to diminish him to nothing. They might as well invite him to live on another planet. Yet, if his license were to be taken from him, that would bar him; and whether or not he should retain it was probably a matter resting in the hands of this old fellow who had insulted him almost past bearing, and who was beginning now to haunt his dreams with threats of unpleasant consequences.

The afternoon of this day was marked by the passing of the Thinker. Mr. Williams, stationed at the hatch, his arms flung wide in signal to the winch, found himself face to face with that philosopher, who was being drawn out of his torture chamber with a bowline at his neck. Just so he had come on board.

As soon as his two long ears had come well out of the hatch opening he twirled in a complete circle, with slow dignity, as if to say: "See for yourself whether I have paid the penalty."

It was evident to every glance that he had. Nevertheless, the second mate, while superintending the job of ushering him over the side, murmured between his teeth: "Lucky mule!"

The Thinker, his hoofs deposited on the top of the horse stalls, paused for a last time, and seemed to be looking down upon the deep with contemplative eye.

"Let him go!" yelled the captain, glaring over the dodger on the bridge. "Somebody down there ought to be hit over the head with a cast-iron crowbar."

At sound of this voice the Thinker's knees bent under him; his back heaved up; he fell forward, and was gone.

"He used good judgment that time," muttered Mr. Williams.

On his return to the bridge he found the Old Man staring aft mistrustfully.

"I don't like to leave a thing like that in our wake," he said in a thin high voice, tweaking his nose at the same time. "We are close in now, and that might be just what they are looking for to set them on our trail."

"If my calculations are right we should make the light early in the morning, sir," said Mr. Williams.

"We are south of our line, you think, sir?"

"A trifle, perhaps."

"Ah. Well, the less we see between now and then, the better I shall be pleased."

"He is playing with me," thought Slim Williams, since the expected blow did not fall. "It will be worse for me in the end."

He laid this restraint of his captain to dependence on his navigating powers. As soon as they were in port he would sing a different tune, or perhaps even as soon as they sighted the light, for which they were beginning to look.

"I am going to show weak running lights to-night if this thick weather continues," the Old Man said. "It's getting where I'm more afraid of the traffic than I am of submarines; and I don't suppose you're any fonder than I am, Mr. Williams, of running into passing ships."

The captain gleamed as if he had uttered a ghastly pleasantry; and the second mate's spine went cold again. If he had needed proof of the captain's knowledge of his dereliction, here it was in good earnest. He looked forward with a consuming earnestness of gaze, trying to assemble his wits to that point of self-control where he might have some hope of launching a nonchalant reply. So earnest was this look that the Old Man, looking too, inquired anxiously:

"What do you see, sir?"

"Nothing, sir. I am just taking a general look round."

"Ah-h!"

The Old Man's relief became almost visible on the wings of a long exhalation. Mr. Williams observed that fleeting perturbation with wicked glee. His tormentor was not without his vulnerable points; he was, in fact, very susceptible to sound. The thump of a bale of hay tumbling out of a hatch, the tap of a wire, a yell, the sound of running feet—any of these was sufficient to cause the old fellow to suspend his fork in air at meals until somebody could provide him with an explanation. So now, when a vicious crack came from the after-gun platform, the commander of the armed guard said soothingly:

"I'm having a bullet put into that barrel that just floated past."

"Ah, that's quite right! Quite right. Anything can come wrapped up in these packages. A barrel, you say? It might have been a mine."

Mr. Williams was scarcely conscious of this interchange. One sentence of the Old Man's was set out in letters of fire against his eyelids: "I don't suppose you're any fonder than I am of running into passing ships." He knew, and said nothing. His was one of those mean natures that went about collecting evidence shred by shred, until in one awful quarter of an hour he could heap it all on the unfortunate head of his victim, demolishing him by the number rather than the seriousness of his shortcomings. He would accuse him of everything he had done or omitted to do until these things came to seem like parts of a general criminal stupidity.

The second mate stole into the mess room for supper only when he was sure that he could eat alone. Later, when he lay in his bunk, his mind was free to engage in imaginary contests with his captain. He pursued him through all the blazing signs of the zodiac, only to bring him to bay at last on the rim of the world. Tottering on that brink, the Old Man turned on him, stretching out a blood-red hand to seize him by the throat.

IX

SLIM WILLIAMS, opening his eyes, saw a crimson hand hovering near the edge of his bunk and faintly dispelling the gloom of his room. He was conscious that in the century preceding a voice had uttered something gently in his ear. A submarine attack? He listened. The ship was still whole, at any rate; her heart still beat.

He sat up and stared. Very slowly he perceived that this hand, swarming with brilliant light-red corpuscles, was the hand of the Greek quartermaster, pressed cautiously over the end of a flash light.

"One bell, sir."

Ah, that was it! He nodded and sank back into his bunk. This was the graveyard watch, by some denominated gravy-eyed, owing to the difficulty of getting and keeping one's eyes open at that hour of the night.

"Darkness; but no rain," quoth the Greek quartermaster.

Slim Williams, closing his eyes luxuriously, reflected that the rapid progress of man's love affairs with foreign women could be laid to the mysterious and poetical effects to which the use of broken language may give rise.

Half dreaming, he recollected that the presence of this man in his room had a meaning; he had come to summon him to assume a stern responsibility.

"All right! I'm awake."

The Greek withdrew.

The ship was black as a tomb, wet as a sponge. They were in the very thick of the war zone now. He looked outside a moment. A strong smell of burlap bore him back, but he could see nothing. The Poetess was swathed like a mummy; or perhaps was already in her winding sheet. The burlap hung from the boat deck and was meant to blanket any light that might escape from a smoky lantern which hung just outside the pantry on the deck below.

Slim Williams could never quite adapt himself to waking at this hour. Even without the haunting sense he had of being completely out of favor here, he would have felt weak, frail and cold. The vibrant hum and roar of the great ship forging into original blackness, on a course and at a speed unknown, half intimidated him. What might not have happened while he slept? What if he had lost his science, his seamanship, or only dreamed that he had ever had it!

Sometimes, standing only half awake, with the wind pouring into his face out of the vast dark, that "nothing beyond nothing" so fearful to primitive imaginations, he felt like the shard or shadow of a man hurled somewhere between heaven and hell. His brain was playing some queer trick upon him. This enterprise was too gigantic to be plausible; the situation in which he found himself too unstable, too shadowy, too strangely fashioned altogether. How could such a mechanism as this truly exist? And how could he be part of it? He felt like a chill ghost wafted forward on a cloud form.

Swayed by this feeling, floating over a like abyss, the mate had cried out, last trip, when they came to tell him that the ship would anchor in half an hour: "How in hell does that concern me?" Yet he and no other was the anchorer. He had simply got out of touch with himself for the time being. Hot coffee always chases away this topsy-turvydom.

The bridge was all astir when he arrived there. Sparks, the wireless operator, had thrown another bomb into their midst. Submarine warnings were coming fast now.

"What's this?" cried the Old Man, glaring at a yellow slip he had lowered into the light of the binnacle. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"A latitude and a longitude," said Sparks coolly.

"Who sends this wire?"

"The Roxana."

"It's beyond me. She don't mention being shelled, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Still, she says she's sighted a submarine. Now will you tell me, sir, why that submarine doesn't sink her?"

"I can't do it, sir."

"No; nor anybody else!"

"Unless it might be that the submarine is out of shells and is proceeding to her base."

"That won't hold water."

"Hardly, sir."

"Now my idea is that this Roxana has sighted something else—a whale or a tidewalker, as like as not."

"Quite likely, sir."

The Old Man clasped his hands behind him.

"Still, I can't put any dependence in that. A man would be a damn fool, sir, to assume that somebody else is a damn fool in waters like these. It may be just as he says. It may be that this Roxana isn't big enough game to waste his torpedoes on. He may have passed her up for us."

"That's the very thing I was thinking, sir."

Slim Williams looked sidewise at that imperturbable young man. He could never quite reconcile himself to acting on news received in this unnatural and all but miraculous fashion. And the man Sparks came to them with bad news only. A harbinger of woe! Day after day he sat in his little room amidships, surrounded with coils spitting blue flashes.

Slim Williams Brought His Fist Up With Wicked Force, and the Man Fell Kicking on the Plates

These flashes at night illuminated his round head, played about his brows, gave the place the look of a wizard's den; inhabited, however, by a wizard with a blooming cheek and an eternal Havana-filled cigar between his teeth. A picture of nonchalance! A dealer in invisibilities, shocks and prospects of sudden doom! But for him, the ocean might have been as empty as it seemed; without toils, terrorless, a tame blue round. This sphinxlike young man was not contented with it so. They had to thank him for peopling it with monsters. But could they be certain that he was not hoaxing them?

"Come this way, sir," the Old Man said heavily to Mr. Williams.

They went into the chart house together.

"See where you place this," said the captain, thrusting the yellow slip into his hands.

The second mate picked up the dividers and twirled them over the chart, pursing his lips the while.

"Seven miles north of us, captain; thirteen miles east," he said presently.

"Dead ahead, you might as well say."

"For all we know, sir."

"What do we know, sir? That's just the point. I wish you would tell me what we know. I feel as if I knew less than nothing at the present moment."

He bent to the chart and pondered the black-ruled latitudes. The chart, a vastly simplified world, presented no difficulties. As projected there, it was always calm, always dependable. Nothing is more immaculate than theory. And nothing was more likely than that one of these same black lines might see the end of them.

"I think we had better hold our course, sir," said Mr. Williams.

"You do? I want to know. I wish you would tell me by what process you reach that conclusion, sir? You've got a sub dead ahead of you."

"How do we know that, sir? We can't assume that the things are anchored."

"What kind of preachment is that? Anchored? Not very likely."

"Then we're as likely to run into it as away from it if we change our course. We don't know his course."

There was the rub. These things were everywhere and nowhere; now awash, now immersed; darting along like a school of pickerel, playful creatures variously equipped, able to hear under water no less than pick intelligence out of the air and blow ships into the clouds. Any chance wave might be fanged. As well try to dodge a bullet, or go to Egypt to escape a fate capable of traveling to Egypt too. The African lion attracts his prey by roaring with mouth close to the ground and setting all the jungle in a stir, the quality of his roar being such that no denizen can say from which direction it has come. So some run away from it and some run plump into it.

"So, as I say, I think we would average up all right to hold our course, sir," said the second mate, with passing reference to the lions of Africa.

The Old Man, as if influenced by their example, put his mouth down to the chart and roared:

"Average? You seem to forget this is a case of all or nothing. Take the bridge. I'll be up presently. You ought to be master of this ship."

Mortally wounded, the second mate left his captain's side and ascended to the flying bridge.

"How are you heading?" he inquired grimly of the third mate.

"North, 73 East," replied the State o' Mainer.

"We must be close in."

"He is going to take a cast of the lead at two o'clock."

"Yes. I suppose you know there's a submarine just ahead of us?"

"Yes."

"My idea is, ram it! I just told the Old Man to hold his course. It's sickening, jumping round here like a cat chasing its tail."

"What did he say?"

"Ordered me out of the chart room. . . . He's the most unreasonable man I ever sailed with!"

"No; he won't hear reason," said the third complacently. "Once his mind is made up, you could talk to him till hell was full of pink icicles for all the good it would do."

"He wouldn't give a dime to see me go over Niagara on a shingle. . . . Well, it's a black night, anyway."

"Yes, 'tis."

"She'll have to run her forefoot right over them or they won't see her."

"There's a moon later if these clouds break away."

"They won't break away," said Mr. Williams confidentially.

"No telling," said the third.

The Sphinx stood at their elbow again.

"Hot doings!" he said cryptically. Preternatural calm sat upon him, as always when a submarine was climbing up his back.

"We are getting ready to sink again, are we?" interjected the second disagreeably.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. Still, it's just as well to be prepared."

(Continued on Page 89)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.56. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

One Offset

THE Surgeon General's reports in July covered some two and a half million men, about half of them in France or en route. Some of them were then participating in the heavy fighting near the Marne, sleeping and eating any way they could. All these men were away from home, subject to a novel regimen. The death rate from disease among them was a trifle under two a year out of each thousand. For men of military age in civil life the death rate from disease is three times as high.

As more of our soldiers are subjected to the rigors of battle-line life, and during a longer period, this death rate may rise somewhat. But though science multiplies weapons of destruction, it also safeguards the soldier from other risks that were formerly as deadly as bullets.

For example, in the Mexican War the death rate from disease was at the rate of one hundred men a year out of every thousand. In the Civil War the rate in 1862 was forty out of a thousand, but next year it rose to sixty a thousand. The disease death rate in the Spanish-American War was twenty-five a thousand. In the Russo-Japanese War it was twenty a thousand—the lowest rate in an important and prolonged conflict until the present war.

This is a great offset to battle losses.

German Obduracy

THE German Government is piling up another liability for its subjects to liquidate. In dead and permanently disabled it has already spent, no doubt, two and a half million men. It has spent all of Germany's fine foreign trade—the solidest fruit of more than forty years' intense effort. It has spent an ever-increasing portion of the nation's industrial organization. In war debt it has heavily mortgaged a great stretch of German future. It has absolutely spent Germany's asset of good will.

It is now spending her prospects of rehabilitation. All these signs of the ruthless obstinacy of the German ruling class and of the inveterate subjection of the people to that class harden the hearts of Germany's antagonists. Every observing person knows that the attitude of the United States toward Germany is now notably different from what it was a year ago. The German is a much less amenable person than we supposed him. His error is more ingrained than we believed. A year ago the United States would have made peace with Germany on terms that events have taught us cannot be considered. We see now that stricter guarantees are necessary from a nation that seems determined to prosecute a war of domination, at whatever cost, to the bitter end. A nation that can reconcile Brest-Litovsk to the idea of a purely defensive war, and that persists in fighting to the last man on that program, is obviously too full of dynamite to be given complete liberty in its present state. If Germany, with the Russian and Rumanian treaties in one hand, persists in fighting to the last ditch, that odium will attach to her at the peace conference and afterward. Unequivocal and revolutionary signs of a change of heart will be necessary to remove it.

The good will is already gone. German rulers are supplanting it with an ill will which will be harder to overcome—at the peace conference and afterward—the longer the war lasts.

The Longest War

INSTEAD of that short war which nearly everybody predicted at the beginning of August, 1914, we have the longest big war of modern times. From Lexington to Yorktown was six and a half years, but there were long intervals of inactivity, and all the Revolutionary fighting would be only a skirmish nowadays. From Fort Sumter to Appomattox was a little less than four years, and it reduced one of the belligerents to virtual exhaustion. The Seven Years' War contained only four years and two months of real fighting. After the Battle of Torgau both sides were so nearly worn out that they could do little more than make gestures at each other until they signed an armistice the second year following.

If four years took all the fight out of Europe when the greatest battles engaged only a hundred and fifty thousand men on both sides, it is no wonder that those who saw the belligerents throwing millions into battle line at the beginning of August, 1914, predicted that the war must be short. But after more than four years, with perhaps thirty million casualties of all grades, and a hundred and fifty billion dollars expended, exhaustion is still indefinitely in the future.

Even such a jarring, ill-organized, impecunious, industrially backward state as Austria-Hungary can support warfare on this enormously destructive and prolonged scale. Ending a war among great powers by attrition means impoverishing the world; and modern conditions produce a sort of warfare in which, with anything like equality between the belligerents to begin with, a military decision is tremendously difficult. Any state, under the conditions of 1914, can let loose a force that actually threatens civilization.

This longest and most destructive war must be the last. Civilization must find means of reasonably insuring itself against such a danger. That is not a theory, but a condition. We say again that the League of Nations, already half in being, should take on more definite and enduring form. Steps to that end should be taken now.

Look Out!

THE American Bankers' Association states:

"Thousands of temporarily prosperous people without advice or knowledge of values are being gulled by unscrupulous promoters into purchasing worthless stocks and bonds aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars annually. These promoters are virtually robbing people of their savings. Many of them are taking Liberty Bonds in exchange for fake securities. The lowest estimate of the amount of these fake, bogus or worthless securities unloaded on the people during the past year is two hundred and fifty million dollars." The man who solicits you to exchange your Liberty Bond for an investment yielding greater returns is probably a swindler.

The man who promises you a big return on your money, with no risk of loss, is pretty certainly a swindler.

Do not deal with anybody whose reputation and responsibility are not vouched for by your local bank.

Suspicious-looking circulars and newspaper advertisements of investments should be brought to the attention of the Post-Office Department.

Domestic Trade

NINE billion dollars of foreign trade sounds tremendous; but it is a very small patch on the trade of the country. Bank clearings at a hundred and seventy-five leading cities are running at the rate of more than three hundred billion dollars a year. A great part of that represents payments for goods and services. But many such payments are made without passing through a clearing house—in places where there are no clearing houses and in clearing-house cities when checks are presented directly to the banks on which they are drawn.

An investigation by the American Bankers' Association shows that in a number of representative cities—not including the largest ones—the total payments made at or through banks, or total debits against bank accounts, were two and one-third times the total clearings. On that ratio payments made through banks at the hundred and seventy-five leading cities would be running at the rate of more than seven hundred billion dollars a year, and all payments throughout the country would be well toward a thousand billions a year.

Roughly speaking, that is the way we are handing round cash nowadays. In spite of war it requires a very determined man to be pessimistic about the United States.

The Issue

IT IS regrettable that circumstances forced—or made expedient—a compromise of the Harvester case. As the Attorney General points out, that case involved "the most fundamental issue that has arisen under the Sherman Act." The Government contends that every combination of competing businesses on a scale large enough to make a direct, substantial restriction of competition is unlawful—utterly regardless of whether any tangible ill effects whatever arise from the combination. The Harvester concern held that the Government must show some ill effect from the combination, as that it treated competitors unfairly, lowered prices to producers, raised prices to consumers, lowered wages, or the like.

We should have had the decision of the Supreme Court on that clear-cut issue, so that after a quarter of a century of litigation we might finally know what the Sherman Act means. The compromise leaves that question as open to speculation as ever.

Our Government, going on a theory of thirty years ago, holds that restriction of competition is always bad. The rest of the world, going on experience, holds that it is often good and often absolutely necessary for such a gigantic industrial task as meeting a world war. In practice the United States is going on that experience too.

Big Cities

THERE was a gathering not long ago to celebrate the opening of a new railway line—an addition to a system which when completed will comprise six hundred and twenty miles of track, or about enough to reach from Chicago to Vicksburg, and carry three billion passengers a year, which is nearly three times as many as are carried on all the steam railroads of the country put together.

This railway system mostly burrows through the rock and dirt beneath New York City, and at the gathering referred to the president of the company remarked: "There is every reason to believe that in ten years the city will have reached such a size that the traffic congestion of 1928 will be greater than that of 1918." In other words, a carrying capacity of three billion passengers a year is admittedly the merest stop-gap.

That is one indication of the inconvenience which attends piling several million people on a very restricted area in such wise that a great part of them have to travel some miles daily from their homes to their work.

Big cities merely happen. The world is getting into a way of questioning mere happenings that produce ill results, and of forethinking and planning on a scale and with a daring hitherto unknown. Time is coming when cities will conform to a plan as comprehensive and intelligent as the plan of a modern factory—to get light, ventilation, open spaces, and at the same time save haulage.

Idealistic

THE Bolsheviki undertook to ruin all other classes in Russia for the benefit of the working class. With the destructive side of the program they succeeded pretty well; but what sort of paradise for workingmen they erected out of the mess is indicated by a brief statement in a recent number of the Monthly Labor Review, published by the Department of Labor at Washington.

A little table of figures compiled from reports of the Moscow Labor Exchange and Central Arbitration Board shows a great rise in wages from July, 1914, to August, 1917—carpenters, for example, from one dollar a day to four dollars and thirty cents. Another little table, from the Moscow municipal statistical office, compares prices of common food articles in August, 1914, and August, 1917. The Review's conclusion is as follows:

"On an average wages in the occupations included in the preceding table increased five hundred and fifteen per cent. During the same period, however, the average increase in prices of the principal foodstuffs amounted to five hundred and sixty-six per cent. Consequently the workmen of Moscow had greater difficulty in meeting the cost of living in August, 1917, with their greatly increased wages, than they had in July, 1914."

The losses are real. The gains are all in stage money.

The Golden Silence of the Silver Screen—By Rob Wagner

BURGLARS are not the only lads who use the device of anonymuty to hide behind—authors also have a sense of decency. But instead of using an alias we call it a nom de plume. I have operated under three distinct names other than my real one—each sponsoring a certain grade of literary output; and for years I systematically loaded up the magazines with belles-lettres of varying degrees of demerit.

My finest endeavor—or, as we say in the canning business, my excelsior brand—was published under the name of Kerry Gower. Leicester Loomis and Bohunkas kept the pot boiling, but it was Kerry who made the money. In the Shade of the Sweltering Pine had one of the biggest sales in the history of publishing, for it took several years and nine editions to satisfy the earnest seekers of this literary pearl.

In authoring nothing succeeds like excess. The great advantage of a best seller is the four ways one may play it from the ace with no additional effort. I first sold the Sweltering Pine thing to a magazine for six cents a word; then came the book, with delightful royalties; next, a dramaticker made it into a play, which brought me a further unearned increment; and then, darned if I didn't turn round and sell the movie rights for three thousand dollars!

There is always a thrill awaiting a writer when he first sees his stuff in print. What will the illustrations be like, and will it be featured or run among the ads? The book appears, and the binding whets one's curiosity; but in both cases the contents remain as written by the author. Real surprise awaits the story's dramatic presentation, for many changes are necessary in adapting it for the stage. But of all the sporting propositions in the great cosmic gamble the most exciting is the first night's screen production of one's literary child.

Allan Anderson went with me to witness the film première of In the Shade of the Sweltering Pine. For five reels we sat spellbound at the legerdemain of this extraordinary new art. What strange things can happen to a story that goes in on paper and comes out on celluloid! Scene after scene was enacted that was immensely interesting because of its unexpectedness. It is true I recognized a few of the characters, but their values had changed considerably. A rather inconspicuous lad in my book had become the hero of the film play; the plot was—but why go on? We were witnessing a new work of art that was but remotely connected with my poor old endeavor.

"Well, Kerry," whispered my sympathetic side partner, "there isn't anything left of your story but the pine."

"No," said I; "and that's a redwood."

Now the question is: If the movie people didn't like my tale, why did they pay me three thousand dollars for it?

A Clock and a Door Will Suggest Magnificence

The Short Life of the Photoplay

NATURALLY I blew up; I felt that my art had been outraged. So I sat down and wrote an insulting letter to the Filmart Motion Picture Company, and sent a magnificent indignation to the Authors' League, which ultimately appeared with its other thunderous philippics agin the photoplay hounds.

In due time I received an answer from the studio responsible for my bruised and battered feelings. It said:

Dear Mr. Gower: When we buy a story we buy raw material that has to be made over to fit a new art form. Until you fellows learn our technic, you must expect extraordinary changes. It is too bad the authors are mostly in the East while we are all out here. If you'll drop in on us sometime, I'll tell you why we bought *your* story. You will be amused—and maybe flattered! Cordially yours, CHARLES MILLS.

Title—Three Years Later: A splendid figure in riding breeches is discovered sitting at a mahogany desk, surrounded by an atmosphere of culture and learning. It is the Filmart director of production, one Arthur Ames, and he is busily engaged in writing an article on the strange technic of the photo-drama, with which he hopes to square off many prejudices of American authors submitting stories and scenarios to motion-picture companies—studio statistics roughly estimate their number at one hundred million.

The alert reader has no doubt guessed the joke. Yes, it's me, as we say in the telephone. Kerry Gower, the well-known short-story writer, has dropped his alias and is now shamelessly working in the pictures, under the name his parents hung on him. The riding breeches require an explanation. Curious as it may seem, they are the unofficial uniform of my profession. Moving-picture directors are the fellows who have made putties horseless.

However, when I answered that invitation to drop in at the Filmart three years ago I did not walk right into the position of director of production. At Mills' suggestion I began at the bottom, and if there is anything lower in this game than the job of extra man it would be immoral. From that I was sent to the laboratory; then as an assistant in camera work; next the scenario department; in fact, I went through the whole works before I was intrusted with production.

Three years have taught me a lot, and given me the enthusiasm for this tale. If it had been ten, no doubt I should lack courage to attempt it.

Naturally my first question upon arriving at the Filmart was why it had bought In the Shade of the Sweltering Pine, and had failed to preserve even its arboreal verity.

"Ames," said Charles Mills, "I have an outrageous confession to make to you. We did not buy your story. It was not a moving-picture tale. Frankly we bought the title and your name, and then built a good photoplay, using as much of your stuff as we dared!

"You understand, of course," he went on, "that we couldn't make pictures if they didn't sell. They are fearfully expensive things, and we have to be reasonably sure of our market before we undertake a big production. Now the buyers of our wares are a curious bunch of tradesmen who know box-office values to a penny. So suppose we go to the proprietor of the Cellulodian and say: 'Bill, we have a perfectly wonderful story and we want you to book it for such and such a week.' He will look at us like a codfish and sniff: 'Rub your wonderful story in your hair, old man; I've quit gambling. But there's one thing I do know: Little Mary will fill my dump for the week you mention, so I'm going to book her.'

"And you can't blame the exhibitor for his caution either, for he faces a tough psychological problem, and here it is: When you write a book it goes on the stand with the usual advertising, and if popular its sales gain month by month, until in a year or so it becomes a best seller, making money for you and the publisher. A fellow writes a play and if successful it runs a year in New York, and with this momentum it goes on the road to further financial triumphs. In both cases success is cumulative. But—and here is a point the writers and dramatists do not understand—comparatively speaking, the photoplay is an ephemeral thing—in most cases a matter of only a few weeks. So its success must be immediate or it is likely to fail entirely. Therefore its box-office value depends largely upon its advance pulling qualities. The stars always draw, for their fans will go to see them in anything; a dramatized book that has been read by a million people will also guarantee advance attendances; and then there are several directors whose names are sufficient to attract the fans irrespective of the story.

"And that is why the studios frankly and shamelessly buy names and titles. They at least have the momentum of previous popularity that will guarantee a full house on the openings; and if the story is good we can keep the people coming for a week, and maybe more

"A book or a play may not begin to show popularity for months; by that time our film is back on the shelves. Occasionally a good story by an unknown author, and without a star, goes over, but not often enough to justify our taking many chances."

This all sounded dreadfully wrong to me, but after three years in the business I have come to see that it is only too true—as deplorable as it may seem.

I know just how distressed my fellow writers will be to learn that without the use of million-dollar decoys their immortal works won't draw a corporal's guard. It is humiliating to think they need a Bessie Flopit to pull them over, but if any of you will tell us how to beat the game you will perform a wonderful service We should like nothing better than to stress the story, but unless it is written by a famous writer failure would be certain. We all like personalities; also we are culturally enhungered, and being unable to keep up our reading we grab a chance to see on the screen the works of a famous author. "Say, Min, this here Ibsen has a play on down at the Royal called The Doll's House. They say it's highbrow roughhouse; we orter see it."

Pulling Power of Highbrow Roughhouse

SO IT'S name and fame we must depend on to get the villagers in, but of course we couldn't hold them for even the best star if we shot a series of bad plays; so after all the story is tremendously important. So much so in fact that if we buy famous novels that are good literature but poor cinema material we have to provide a story that will be commensurate with the fame of the book.

Only last year we paid ten thousand dollars for the photoplay rights of a famous best seller with such poor moving-picture construction that it cost another five thousand dollars to write a worthy continuity, for it took a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year man three months' work to do it justice. So you see the translation from a book or a play to the film is not the offhand little job that most people suppose. Of the three technics I am firmly convinced that ours of the photoplay is the most intricate and complex, and this article is written in the hope that it may explain it and thus make clear to writers and readers why great changes have to be made.

Before splashing into unfamiliar waters of photoplay construction I must tell about direction of production, for it is in this office that the most violent changes are ordered. And it is I—Arthur Ames—who draw the heaviest mail of anybody at the studios, and it consists mostly of brickbats. "Why do you this?" "For heaven's sake, man, don't you know——?" "Say, are there no brains in the movie business?" "I was shocked to see——" and so forth and so on. Just like the ones I used to write myself.

"Arthur," said my wife one day when she was particularly indignant, "I want you to write an article explaining this thing once and for all—or I'll do it myself."

"Very well," said I. "But you'll have to prepare for the counter-attack, as I am really too busy changing ammunition to fit our guns to do any of the fighting." Besides I was afraid if she wrote it she would tell more than she orter.

First of all, like the writers, we also have several brands for our wares, which we put out under different labels. The big-star productions, which have such tremendous pulling power that we can afford to spend huge sums in making them, cost as much as two hundred thousand dollars, rarely less than seventy-five thousand. Next we have the stars of the second magnitude, upon which we spend perhaps half those sums. And finally we make the regular five-reel features for about twenty-five thousand dollars each, adding another twenty-five thousand for advertising, for with that ever-present need of advance pulling power we must create popularity for our marionettes.

When we buy a story the first problem of the director of production is to decide whom it is for. "Don't you think it would be fine for Bessie Flopit?"

"Yes," I reply, "but it would cost too much for her. We'll have to give it to Vivian Vane."

Next I must decide who will be the best director for Vivian for that particular tale, and then who will write the most sympathetic continuity for the chosen director. Next, the costs of building sets, transportation to locations, and salaries of casts must be figured.

All these things enter into the work of translating the accepted story or play into our needs and possibilities. For instance, last fall we bought a story for Tom Sentous, but when we got round to producing it I suddenly realized that the scenes were laid in Alaska. By this time the snow was all gone in the mountains, and if we had been unable to change the story it would have been on our hands for another year. Upon rereading the scenario I found that its moving-picture merit lay in its situations and characterizations, and the locale did not matter, so the atmosphere was changed to Arizona, and instead of the big punch occurring in a blizzard the dastardly deed was committed in a desert sand storm.

I have no doubt, when the author attends its film première down in Louisville, he will go right through the ceiling, but he is the only one who will know the difference, and I can assure him now that in this case at least his art has not suffered enough to hurt.

Mutilated Masterpieces

ANOTHER rather indifferent story came to me a while ago called His Family Crest. The point of the tale was built round a fellow's sense of honor, and the author brought it out in an eight-oared boat race. As that is a still-water sport we should have had to go a thousand miles or more to make the scene, so I found it convenient to have Claude justify the motto in the family crest by his honorable heroics in a polo game. The noise of this exploding author will be heard for miles.

Authors often frame up scenes quite beyond our finances, yet they are so essential to the story we cannot disregard them. We made a picture last year of a log jam, but the only reason we could accomplish the difficult feat was our fortunate possession of some logging stuff from an educational film, which we spliced in with some close-ups of the hero turning the wheel at the sluice gate.

Some time ago our Eastern office bought the rights to a best seller for five thousand dollars, but I saw that the story would be ruined if we attempted to change its New York atmosphere. Consequently we still have it.

Filming at the Front

All Nature Is Our Stage

The Pueblo Indians Furnish Us With Real Locations

So you see we do have some conscience.

Recently we have been in communication with the author of a play which we will call The Corn-Fed Vamp. Reports show that the diet of these birds is immaterial, for this one has been an enormous success in New York City, where vamping is one of the seven arts. Furthermore our ferrets there insist that the play will screen splendidly, and local successes have convinced the dietary dramatist he has a wonderful property, so he is asking twenty-five thousand dollars for the photoplay rights!

Unfortunately for this chap New York does not set film values, for the rural boobs do not know or care what the metropolis thinks. Broadway may be mad over our ascetic vampire, but the chances are the lady has never been heard of in Bird Center or Joliet. Not until she has become known in the remotest corner of the country will she be able to nick us for twenty-five thousand—and that will take many road companies several years in the jungle; with always the chance that the benighted provinces may not share New York's enthusiasm.

"But why in the name of heaven," writes a prodigious author, "do you have to mutilate every story you accept?" I'll admit that many literary classics have not been glorified when translated to the screen by erstwhile gas fitters, but if changing a story to make it intelligible as a photoplay is mutilation, then I will state very bluntly that it has to be done.

Translating Art

WHEN we think that music, drama, painting, poetry, sculpture and architecture are as old as civilization and in all past history no new art has made its appearance, it is difficult to believe that this phenomenon has taken place. Yet thoughtful critics have declared the photoplay is a new and distinct art form.

In changing from one art to another the result is bound to be largely the work of the translator, who, if he is to do the work justice, must be an artist equal to his task. Dante's Inferno—which is quoted from, but rarely read—would be familiar to only a few academic scholars had it not been for Gustave Doré, who, happening along centuries after the work was written, illustrated the great classic. In this the translator was also a great artist, and though Dante would have been surprised at the later artist's visualization of his writings, no doubt he would have been pleased.

Translate music into pictures and what is the result? The motif of a musical score is announced as the storm. Each of the two thousand auditors conjures a mental picture out of his own experience—no two of which are alike—and none like the storm in the author's mind when he wrote the motif.

I am willing to wager a dollar to the hole in the doughnut there was nobody more surprised than Burne-Jones when he read the poem Kipling made from his picture, The Vampire. And it is doubtful if either of them would have uttered his artistry had he foreseen the horde of vamps it loosed upon a world already too sinful.

Had the simple-minded Millet lived he would have been amazed at the social significance Markham gave to his peasant picture, The Man With the Hoe. It is the same with the photoplay made from another's story or drama. If the translator is a high-grade artist the translation may

(Continued on Page 70)

A Real Non-Skid, Proved by 10 Years

The first effective rubber non-skid tread was the Republic Staggard Studs you now know so well.

It was designed by Republic engineers and patented ten years ago.

Since its appearance, almost countless non-skid devices have come forth.

But ten years of experience have served only to prove that Staggard Studs do afford *maximum grip with minimum friction*.

The shape and the size and the position of Republic Staggard Studs all are calculated to reduce road resistance and increase road traction.

No other tread is so scientifically built to hold the road.

The Staggard Studs are the scientific solution of the skid problem.

The tire rolls easily on the rounded studs, which are always in line with the direction of travel.

This means maintained momentum with least power—a really important fuel economy.

Though the studs roll freely, they stubbornly resist side-slip and skid.

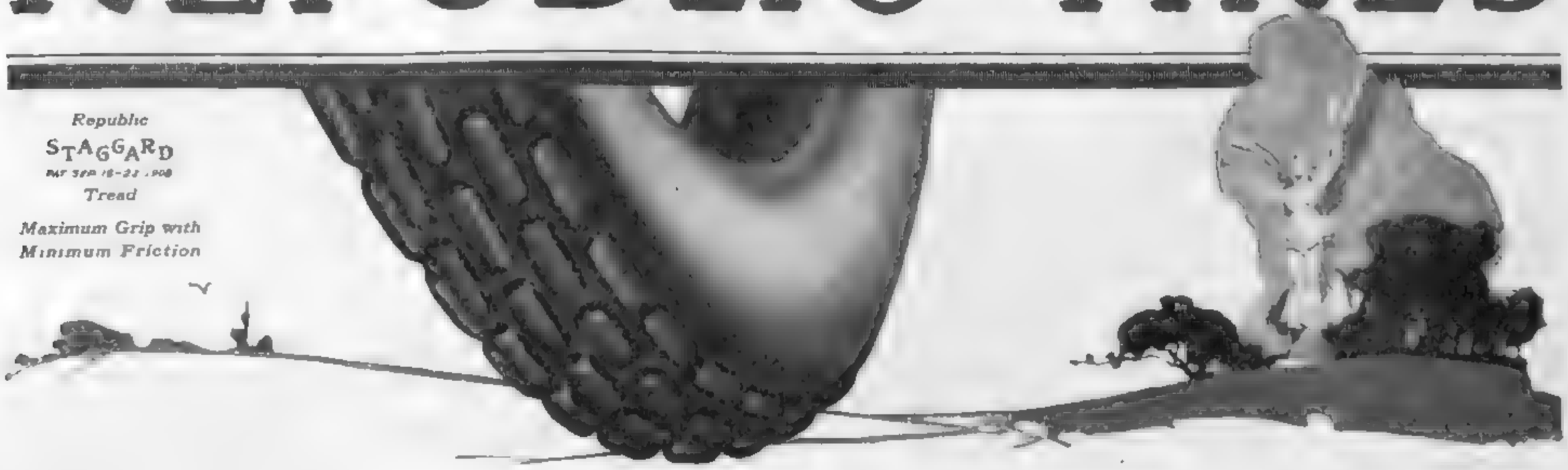
These sturdy Staggard Studs last longer, as Republic Tires themselves last longer, because they are made by the Prödium Process.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation

Youngstown, Ohio

REPUBLIC TIRES



BUCK PRIVATES

By Maude Radford Warren

A Detachment of American Engineers at Religious Services in Belleau Wood Just Before Going Forward to the Front Lines

IN THAT week I saw them change from beginners to veterans—the soldiers in that particular village where the Y. M. C. A. hut that we called The Frontier sat right in the third lines. For some days the Y work had been a little difficult because the boys had resented being "held off the Germans" as they put it. What they had longed for had not yet come to pass.

Very true, the French who had been teaching us to handle our sector had withdrawn and left us to our own devices. But our soldiers had then expected their high officers to give them leave to attack at once and freely.

Scores of them had leaned on the Y counters and explained with wide gestures just what would occur: We were to batter down a certain two villages, one of which both French and Germans are trying to keep wrapped up in cotton wool! This would take place appropriately on the Fourth of July, or at the latest on the fourteenth, the day of the French national celebration. After that we would march to the Rhine, and "show the Germans what it was like."

And none of all that had happened. The one big raid the soldiers had undertaken had come to nothing. They had marched forty strong to No Man's Land, had lain down all night close to the enemy's wires, and had returned; nothing else. During the time since there had been merely the usual turns in the trenches, the usual reconnaissances and nightly patrols—"but not even a respectable raid!"

I remember with especial vividness the day of the change from gloom to excitement. I was sitting on the steps of the Y hut. Far away I could hear the French battery, in a new position now, sending shells at the enemy. Details of soldiers were plodding their way up and down the roads, intent upon this and that business created for them by officers who know the importance of keeping them busy. It is surprising how many different things these boys have learned to do and to do well. In front of the billet at my left the major's orderly was currying his horse; the veterinary surgeon was doctoring the sick cow of an anxious old civilian; two boys were cleaning their rifles; a third was mending his blouse; a fourth was washing out his socks.

The Rankest of the Rank and File

JUST opposite me, sheltered by the cunning camouflage over the kitchen, was an interesting group. Under the rules of the Y we are not allowed to show favoritism, but it is inevitable that one learns to know some boys better than others. Over there were those I knew best—all except Alack of the dreamy look and the wandering foot. There was big dark Jimmie with a dancing madness in his eyes; blue-eyed Billy, the runner from Wisconsin; Jerry with the warm heart and the chip ever ready to fly to his shoulder;. Mickie, sulky and defiant and stubborn, for whom and with whom and to whom one somehow wanted to do something. They were all watching Jimmie operating on his shirt.

As I rose Jimmie beckoned welcomingly:

"Come on over!" he said hospitably. "Being a lady you can shudder the critters out of the seams with your refined feelings. Ah, quick! quick! There's two kiting off to the northwest! Look at 'em running! Gee, they're like racehorses on a track! Ten to one on grayback! My colors on him! Come on, grayback! Attaboy! Attaboy! Trot-a-trot! Trot-a-trot!"

Jimmie seared "grayback" into eternity.

"Where," he prayed, "may his ghost ha'nt the ghost of Von Bissing until what time the Kaiser turns up to roast in hell."

Jimmie was ironing the life out of cooties. The soldiers are supposed to leave them in the trenches, receiving fresh clothes when they come out. But cooties are as tenacious as Germans.—Jimmie says that in this billet they march home ahead of the boys and meet them, meet them in the e-e-ven-ening when the bloom is on the rye. Jimmie's squad corporal said that he was getting to have quite a patriarchal feeling toward his cooties.

All the boys were standing except blue-eyed Billy, who was lounging on the high box where the cook is accustomed to cut the bread; he was evidently in a brown study. Once I saw him slip his hand under his gas mask—which we have to wear at the *alerte* here—and touch a certain inside pocket. I knew well enough that a letter lay there. Of all the soldiers in the billets Billy was the only one who had not shared in the prevailing gloom. Now he looked up at me and smiled.

"What would your friends think if they could see you?" he said. "Wouldn't they feel shocked and crawly if they knew that you were associated with a lot of cootie-breeding buck privates?"

It was the first time I had heard the expression.

"What's a buck private?" I asked.

Jimmie looked at me reproachfully as a teacher whose pupil has failed him.

"That's an old word—buck private," he admonished. "If it was 'hard-boiled pug,' now, which is about the same thing, or 'dog-robber,' you might be excused. But not to know buck private!"

"A buck private," Billy told me, "is just a common or garden private; not a first-class private; nothing so distinguished as a corporal or sergeant, to say nothing of a real officer with a cute little gold or silver bar on his cap and shoulders. A buck private is just the rest of us who 'also ran.' No; I don't like that expression in wartime. We're just the Marthas - No; I don't like that expression, for a man's a man for all that. We're just ——"

"We're the rankest of the rank and file," put in Jimmie.

"We're the dubs," said Mickie; "the ones that are not yet first-class privates and most of us never will be."

"Not if we get cramps, certainly," murmured Jerry, which was an allusion to the fact that Mickie had asked to be excused from the only patrol for which he had been chosen on the score of severe pain in his "tummy."

"Nothing's lower than a buck private," said Jimmie; "but take it from me, we're the birds that are going to make the Kaiser think he'd rather be even the ex-Czar of Russia."

"Yes, we are; when?" queried a sarcastic voice. "If those darn guys at headquarters ——"

"Oh, gee!" said someone on the outskirts. "Don't start knocking the staff officers. I'd want to listen, and I've work to do this morning. I'm only a buck private, so I gotta work for the little old U. S."

"Say, ma'am," queried Billy, "do you think they are training us to be the shock troops? Some men say so."

If I had half expected a derisive murmur to greet this I was disappointed. The boys looked at me seriously. I remembered what a Canadian veteran of twenty-two had said to me in hospital two years ago:

"You know, we chaps called ourselves the Fighting Fifth before ever we crossed the seas. We were dead sure when we got over that the war would end."

Open Shop and Nothing for Sale

BLESSED young egotists who thought they were to be made the shock troops! Conscious of their strength but not of their limitations; serene in a naïve sense of power that will hasten the end of the war! Half of me saw all this, but the other half really felt as the boys did. Why should not our division be given the honor of being made the shock troops? Maybe we had been chosen to come to this sector because big fighting is intended here.

"Why not?" I said. "Meantime, I'm going back to the Y to tack up the other rumors."

We had a fashion, which we had borrowed from some Y workers, of posting whatever rumors we heard that might have a grain of truth in them. Then we could laugh at them all the more heartily when their absurdity was revealed. None of our rumors ever came true. This day I tacked up: [1] "General Pershing is so impressed with the efficiency and talent of this division that he is coming here personally to review it." [2] "A boche plane, capable of bearing fifty passengers—spies—was brought down yesterday in the neighborhood of H ——"

This sort of thing amuses the boys, and it is part of our function to distract their minds whenever we can.

On this morning the hut was open, though we had for the moment nothing on the shelves. But we always keep open, since selling is the least important part of our work. The boys want the tobacco and figs and cookies and preserves, but they want the hut background and us even more. A few boys came in to write letters home; a few more to play

(Continued on Page 26)

Now he's a man!

Whether back at college, at school, or at work—he has set for himself a man's standard.

On the clothes question he has accepted the judgment of his older brothers—*he wears Styleplus.*

—he wants the Styleplus manly style

—he wants the Styleplus certainty of wear

—he wants to know he is getting 100% value for his money—in justice to himself—in justice to his war-time duty to spend wisely.

Styleplus are America's exceptional clothing value—style, quality and price considered.

The exceptional values are made possible by our large-volume production in each grade. This reduces manufacturing costs and puts more value into the clothes.

Models attractive to men of every age and taste.

Two grades in Styleplus suits: $25 and $30.

Three grades in Styleplus overcoats: $25, $30 and $35.

Each grade one price the nation over. Each grade is an exceptional value at the price.

Try on a suit today at the local Styleplus Store. Be stylish and thrifty *both!*

Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes
$25 AND $30
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"Each grade one price the nation over"

Copyright 1918
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

Trade Mark Registered

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 24)

cards and checkers. There was a lad with a pair of field glasses which he wanted us to forward to his father "in case anything happened." So far, luckily, we have had no need to use the address he gave. There was a boy who wanted a check cashed; another who asked us to buy him a razor in B ——; another who wanted us to choose a present for his best girl; still another who wanted to know if we could remember the second verse of Shelley's Skylark. They come to us for all sorts of things, from buying a watch to writing a love letter.

As I sat on the steps of the Y mending a rent in Jerry's blouse I saw Aleck come tearing up the muddy road. We knew his coming meant something; he had been in the trenches the night before. He entered the hut, and some forty of us crowded round him. If we were indoors the top sergeant could not bother us about congregating in the open.

"Shoot!" cried Jimmie. "Did you get a boche?"

So far our particular battalion had taken no prisoners. We deplored the fact that we had never been told to get some, but we were always hoping to come across them.

Things the Censor Reads

"DAH!" snorted Aleck. "There was one shot out in No Man's Land this morning. One of them nervous new guys was firing at waving grass and got this boche by mistake. Now he's swelling over it as if he had really seen him. The boche was a fellow from Frankfort, it seems; looks enough like the post-office clerk at home to be his brother."

"You run all the way here to talk about him?" inquired Jimmie.

"Say, you don't have to listen, you know," argued Aleck.

They are such youngsters! Aleck would have gone off without telling us what we wanted to know if two or three of the boys had not hustled and kicked Jimmie and otherwise subdued him.

"What I was going to say," Aleck continued, "was that I saw the captain go into the chaplain's billet and I sort of hung round, kind of thinking I might hear something—not to eavesdrop, you understand ——"

Oh, we understood, all right; we'd have forgiven him anything if he'd heard something that mattered.

"Well," continued Aleck, "I saw the captain give the chaplain a letter, and he said: 'Of course, nothing will happen to me, old man, but in case it should ——'"

"Gee!" came an awed, delighted whisper. "That means something, sure!"

They looked at one another smilingly. It was as if every one of them had just received some especial piece of good fortune.

"All the same," croaked Jerry, "us guys haven't heard a word ——"

"Oh, say," offered Billy, "I heard something I meant to tell you but I had my mind on something else ——"

Jimmie flashed me a look of humorous irritated comprehension. Jimmie and Billy had been friends since Billy's parentless childhood; in billets and trenches they were bunkies and Jimmie knew all about that letter Billy treasured.. Yet as I met Jimmie's glance I thought it showed something more than irritation, something akin to grief.

"It was this," went on Billy: "I heard the top sergeant telling the corp of our squad that the reason why we've done nothing for ten days is that a big thing was planned about that long ago. All our officers had the dope; picked buck privates were chosen for the different jobs, and the whole thing was plotted out to the last detail. We were to work in cahoots with two companies of the battalion that holds the sector at our right. Well, they're still brigaded with the French, and the plans were carried up to the French commandant for approval. He left them locked up in his desk when he went to supper. When he came back they were still there but he knew they'd been tampered with; he's one wise guy, they say. So we've just let Heinie expect us to try to pull off something, and we've gone on sitting still."

I could tell by the faces of his auditors that they were forgiving the powers that be.

"We'll let it pass this time," said Jimmie; "but staff officers must not presume; this mustn't happen again. I bet you we'll pull off something with about two minutes' warning to us fellows that do the job. I'm off to soft-soap the lieut. so if anything is on I'll be let in."

The chaplain was picking his way toward the Y hut. Many a mother and wife and sweetheart has cause to bless that gentle-faced, strong-voiced, kind-hearted man. He meets the boys on their own level, can talk their slang, does not reprove them openly if they forget and swear, sings with them and prays with them. I have often seen him toward twilight holding them for an hour with a monologue of humorous chat; and to interest a group for that long at the Front means far more than it ever would at home. I went to meet him and saw that his pocket was bulging with letters he had to censor. "Well, it's in again," he remarked; "ten letters this time."

"It" was a figure of speech a private had evolved in a letter to his sweetheart. It was said that the officer who censored the letter admired it and used it in a letter to his fiancée. The original maker, meantime, lent it to an inarticulate friend whom he was helping in amorous composition. The inarticulate friend had admiringly got it by heart and taught it to the members of his squad. Rumor had it that one or two of the men had taken on best girls just for the sake of working it off. The chaplain and I had agreed that it was nothing to write home about. Here it is: "My heart's love for you is as deep as the sea, and each separate wave carries an embrace or a loving thought."

"Can't account for it," said the chaplain; "most of the men that use it are the sort that at home would be writing: 'Gee, kid, you're some baby!' Most of them never saw the sea till they got on it to come here, and you may guess what they said about it at that time. And now they pick up this secondhand figure of speech. Can you account for it?"

Well, I thought I could. Wasn't it just a form of idealization? These soldier boys appreciate home and the people they love as they never did before. To say "Gee, kid, you're some baby!" might mean all a young lover means when he's making love at home, but over here he has the impulse to mean and say something bigger than he ever has before; he feels incapable of coping with the emotion and he turns with a very praiseworthy humility to what he considers poetry, which he believes can speak better than he can.

"Here," said the chaplain, "is Aleck's latest effusion, directed to his mother but meant for me:

"*Dear Mother:* I don't want to get into trouble with the censor so I shall merely tell you that I am well and I am here. I was there; I am now here. [Oh, you censor!] To get from there to here I proceeded along a route of which I may not speak and in a direction of which I may not speak, and by a means of transportation which it is perhaps better not to mention. I may, however, go so far as to say that at certain stages of our progress we proceeded by putting one foot in front of the other, raising it and then repeating the process with the other foot.

"This part of the country seems to consist of earth underfoot and the sky overhead. There are trees which I may say have green leaves, and at certain times of the day the sun casts a shadow. I am feeling like a three-year-old. We are all doing fine. We are all hard-boiled, including the chaplain, who is our censor. [Oh, you censor!]

"With love,

"ALECK.

"P. S. What I said the night I left still goes."

The chaplain and I smiled wistfully over that P. S. We knew well enough that there the real letter lay. "I've O.K.'d it and signed it 'Censor-Chaplain,'" he said. "I hope it will make his mother laugh. And look here," he added. "Will you get the word to Jimmie that I am now censoring his letters, and not his lieutenant?"

We both fell into gales of laughter. Jimmie and his lieutenant and his lieutenant's fiancée all went to school together, and with the democracy of childhood called each other by their Christian names. The fiancée's people had always had money, the lieutenant's father acquired it, and Jimmie's mother lost hers. The fiancée went to a finishing school, the lieutenant went to college—and Jimmie graduated from high school to a garage.

The lieutenant, with perhaps imperfect wisdom, was fearful that Jimmie would call him by his Christian name in front of the rest of the platoon. Jimmie, whom only chance keeps from being a lieutenant, has his own pride, and also a fiendish passion for teasing. He has taken his revenge by writing ardent love letters to the lieutenant's fiancée, which the lieutenant has to censor. As there is no military information in the letters there is no reason for not posting them. I dare say the lieutenant has held them back long enough to write explanations and directions to his lady. But those of us in the secret decidedly think that Jimmie has scored.

An Engaged Man's Complaint

THE censor's duty is usually tedious. He is generally a kind-hearted officer who does not care to go over letters intended for someone else. He understands well enough that the specter of a censor is likely to suppress a soldier's ardor to write. Therefore, he trains his eye to skip the private parts of a letter and to scrutinize closely only material that would rank as military information, inexpedient to send overseas. As a rule he is very careful of the feelings both of the soldiers and of the recipients of the letters. I know a censor—a chaplain—who keeps over his desk a poster of a pretty girl represented as looking with amazed indignant eyes at an "opened by censor" letter and exclaiming, "Well, the nerve of some people!"

It is only occasionally that a censor becomes interested in the personal part of a letter, as when some buck private who has not even got to the front lines writes a vivid account of a battle in which he has shared and complains that the machine-gun fire breaks his rest! Or when a young bridegroom writes: "Girlie, I certainly do wish I was with you to-night. The shells are flying round this dugout and it makes me feel that I miss you, Girlie, and would certainly like to be with you to-night." Or when an engaged man writes: "I don't seem to be getting many letters from you, kid, and I notice I have not had any at all since you got my insurance policy!"

Our chaplain moved toward the group under the kitchen camouflage.

"Boys," he said, "there was a German soldier killed last night in No Man's Land. A little fellow from Frankfort. I'm going to preach a funeral sermon over him in the Lutheran church pretty soon, and if any of you want to come and do honor to a dead enemy who we must believe was brave, I'll be glad to have you. It isn't obligatory. I'm going to try to talk in German!"

A Group of Officers of a Heroic Battalion After Their Tour of Duty Had Ended and They Were About to Start Back to Rest Billets

(Continued on Page 53)

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMP
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

My favorite poet — and Cigar!

FROM boyhood up I've been a great admirer of the Scottish bard. And that reminds me that my favorite cigar is also Robert Burns.

The fact is, years ago, I chanced to hear of a cigar —a *mild* cigar (that adjective, please note!) called Robert Burns.

Thought I, "If Robert Burns cigar is like the man he's named for, I must introduce myself."

Well—talk about good luck! 'Twas Robert Burns' own kindly self translated literally into Havana and Sumatra leaf—

The full Havana filler that gives this moderate cigar its welcome zest—the neutral wrapper of Sumatra to temper that Havana, making it agreeably mild.

I fancy I can almost hear the broad Scotch burr of Robert Burns the First, a-saying, "Aye, mon—a fine, braw Havana o' a bonny savor—a verra guid cigar!"

Have you tried one lately?

Rob't Burns

10¢ and 2 *for* 25¢

Little Bobbie

Remember Little Bobbie, a small cigar but very high in quality, 6c.

DEALERS: If your distributor does not carry Robert Burns, write us.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC. 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE APPLE TREE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

SHACK CROWLEY found it first the day his ball lodged in a tangle of young shoots that had leafed out high in a crotch among the branches. It was one of those gnarled, picturesque apple trees that sprawl spiderwise in old hillside orchards, where the old stock has run to seed, where the stone boundaries have toppled over and cattle graze at will in the undergrowth.

Sweet fern, sedge and yarrow had stepped across the stone wall to mingle democratically with the turf; picturesque wild thorn had encroached, etching its bizarre silhouettes on the mountainside, and nobody ever troubled to climb up into the old apple tree and harvest the half dozen wizened ruddy globes it bore each autumn. "Darn bundle of crows' nests," Shack had called it, legging up the bark impatiently for the lost ball.

Mark and Ferris stood down at the foot while Shack thrust an arm shoulder deep into the little forest of mingled dead and living shoots.

And then Shack found it.

He ran his hand along the bark and found the cleft, where the living tree, like lips, pressed close about the dark cold metal. There was only a long narrow rim of its blade left, buried deep in the embrace of the guardian tree; the wood had rotted off long ago. It took all three boys to decipher its meaning, peering down into the rusted trove.

"It's a scythe, or a part of one," Mark pronounced.

"Gee-whiz, it's growed fast in the old tree. I wonder now why did somebody leave it hang here?"

Ferris was all for cutting the tree down to get at the heart of the mystery, but Mark thought otherwise.

"Don't seem like it could be an accident. Folks don't forget and leave a good tool hangin' in a tree for years. Somebody must have seen it; seen it often, too, while it was growin' in like that. That was a good tree. They must have gathered the apples an' seen it every year."

If there was anybody in the neighborhood who could tell them about it, it would quite likely be old Granny Blagdon in the hollow, who knew everything that had happened — and much that hadn't—in that neighborhood. So, on that still Sunday afternoon, the boys, forgetting their ball, had walked down in their Sunday clothes to the little weathered gray house in the hollow.

And Granny Blagdon—with old-fashioned horn spectacles and red woolen wristers—received them in her dark little parlor where the stuffed owl was; and the stove, tied up now in flowered calico; and the Holy Bible; and the albums, and the missionary keepsakes from Palestine.

Granny was as old and crumbly as Miss Havisham's wedding cake, and the boys eyed her with respectful disfavor, with the slight revulsion that wholesome youth feels for the superannuated human. Also they had to drink hot unpalatable tea which Granny brewed from dried catnip, but they bore it all for the sake of the story which they got.

Granny knew all about the scythe in the apple tree and she gave of her knowledge freely, restlessly excavating in her aged shell of ear with the head of an old brass pin she took out of her black shoulder shawl while she talked.

It was an old-time cinema Granny unrolled for them—set fifty-seven years earlier in the same green hills the boys knew.

"They wasn't no trains then, you know—none that come up here. An' they wasn't no ottermobeels," Granny sniffed. "They wasn't nothin' to drive on but dugways, an' you couldn't drive on them winters 'cause of the heavy snow, nor springs 'cause of the freshets, an' it took most all summer to pick the stuns outen them, so folks lived mostly to theirselves. We hadn't no tellyphuns o' course, and most of us didn't have even lamps. We run our own candles, and knit our stockin's and wove up our own flax and wool. An' made our shoes. They was a cobble outfit to most farms. An' we had to go down to Windsor fur mail, an' the roads bein' rough it was often irregular, and so we didn't get the papers every time—just so often—an' news was mostly mouth to mouth, like when the menfolks drove down to the mill or town meetin' or when the travelin' preacher came an' we got the chancet to go to church."

So much for the chronology of Granny's scenario, back in the "good old days." The gist of it all we can give as the boys heard it in her little stale parlor, and we can play it through in our mind's eye in its proper setting of distant purple hills, green-and-gold valley flats and little winding river.

There were young men on the hill farms in those days. The city had not begun its call, nor the post-war restlessness evinced itself. Youngsters of good pioneer stock were content to work and play at home; to wring their sustenance from the rocky soil; to clear the native woodland; marry, settle down.

"All Here Now. One, Two, Three; But Three's fur Luck, Rosy. I'm Comin' Back, I've Got a Feelin'"

Such a young fellow was Fletcher Caley. A big, full-muscled, auburn-headed, blue-eyed chap, who at husking bee or barn raising always excelled at the standing and running high jumps, at hefting the heavy weights or shinning up the pole, so popular then—a real man's man, handy with ax or plow or musket; but a woman's man, too, by reason of the twink in his blue eye and the quirk in his smile.

And one woman at least looked on him and found him good. And this was Sally Eyde, visiting at Saler's Farm. At any rate Fletcher was the only boy she let kiss her playing snap-out that first evening, and after that it was, as Granny said, "touch an' go, just touch an' go"—whatever Granny meant by that.

At any rate Fletcher and Sally married, and Fletcher bought a piece of land on the hillside, and cleared and planted it, and built him a house and set out garden and orchard. And in due time came little Fletcher. And Granny—who wasn't Granny then, of course—went up to chore for them.

"I never see no happier people," she sighed, "than them two. Jest to see their eyes on each other!"

And it seemed they would settle there, rooted peaceably to the soil they had made their own. Fletcher grew older, browner, with a crisp curling beard. Sally was smart and comely, a good manager.

But about that time a strange tension made itself felt in the hills—the rumor of war, of secession far in the South. It was almost a whisper at first, a mouth-to-mouth legend, but it grew. At the mill men talked in knots, pounced greedily on the meager little news sheets that came in from the outside world.

"You know there never was no better sperrit than you find in the hills. Hill boys is like eagles."

And Fletcher was one of these. Granny remembered well how they had talked it over together evenings after work was done.

"If they's a war I've got to go, Sally," Fletcher would say and put his head down in his hands.

"I know," Sally would say, but her lip would tremble.

"'Tain't that I want to go, but I must," her husband would say. "I feel it in me somehow. A man would want to."

"Perhaps they won't be a war," she would comfort both of them. But Sally leaned on a broken reed.

There came the warm April day when Bud Larrimore, white and sweating, came pelting up the dugway, hell for leather, on his raddle-gaited mare.

They were all in the upper orchard, where Fletcher was clearing out some brush with his bush scythe. Sally had carried the baby up with a basket of luncheon, and Granny had followed on some forgotten errand.

Bud broke his news:

"They got it posted up on Windsor Town Hall. The war's begun an' the President's askin' for volunteers."

On this Fletcher whistled a little and looked at Sally. Then: "I may's well go," he said.

He went to the fence and got his coat and put it on, then he looked at his scythe, and suddenly he laughed and hung it up in the crotch of the tree. "I'm a-goin' to leave you here jest fur luck. Sally, don't you take it down till I come back."

And he kissed her then and there and went into the house and got his carpetbag.

It didn't take twenty minutes.

They all stood at the top of the hill path and watched him go.

"He weren't but twenty-five years, an' straight as an Indian," sighed Granny.

Once he looked back and waved to Sally with the baby in her arms. You can build this reel yourself—with a dark-eyed shapely Sally in a sprigged calico, full skirted, with a row of tiny buttons down the front of her basque, and two little wings of hair drawn smooth over her ears, and a Fletcher in bagging homespun trousers tucked into his old shoes—a bearded, bronzed, rather shaggy old-fashioned Fletcher, turning once to smile back at his family.

Granny sighed again. "An' that's how the old scy' come to be in the apple tree."

"But why didn't they take it down when he came back?"

Granny leaned to stroke the lazy Maltese that rubbed her leg.

"'Cause he didn't never come back, boy. He died in the Andersonville prison in sixty-four; so Sally left the scy' like it was, an' when your pa's folks took over the land at her death it was all growed in an' forgotten. I guess nobody but me an' Sally ever did 'member it much."

The boys had thanked her and tiptoed away, Ferris and Shack breaking bounds presently after their restraint with noisy whoops and frank forgetfulness.

But Mark didn't forget. He went up into the old orchard and stared long and earnestly at the tree. Something of that outworn drama touched his spirit. The fire and feeling that belonged to those dim dead humans who had stood beneath its branches with agony in their hearts stirred the boy's imagination. They had been like the tree itself, living and sentient, and war like the scythe steel had touched them, clung to their flesh. They had had to accept it, letting it into their fibers, growing to it.

To Mark the tree took on a new and strange significance. It came to offer him a species of companionship, and presently he fell into the way of going up on the slope where it grew, in free hours, and thinking out the problems that were his, under it. What he was to do about the farm. And about Ferris. And about Roselle. It was not strange that Mark should do this, for he was old for his years, folks said; the steadier of the Hallam boys—the thinking one.

There had been no time since he was nine years old when he had not had to think about things; about Ferris chiefly, because of his promise to Maw.

Mark would never forget the night he had talked to Maw for the last time—the night Maw went out.

There had been a blossom snow earlier in the evening when a keen wind had come out of the west with rifling fingers and loosened myriads of silvery petals from the ranks of apple trees on the hillside. Anyone who has been in the apple country when such a thing happens will know what the blossom storm means, when the air is full of whirling flakes—a fairyland of fragrant petaled snow.

At three, when Aunt Keturah had come in to wake him, the wind had died down and the torn blooms flaked the grass like pieces of silver where the lamplight sent its gleam from the windows.

Young as he was Mark had known at once why Aunt Keturah came to summon him, and as he pulled on his little trousers with trembling hands and a queer tight choking in his throat he looked out of his window at the petals on the grass and was suddenly glad. If Maw had to go it was best it should be on such a night, into such a dark blue and silver loveliness that smelled so divine.

Somehow, vaguely, the boy felt there was a poetic fitness about it; the real Maw belonged out there. Not the one they saw with the material eye; always a little tired, a

(Continued on Page 30)

320,000,000 ACRES OF FOOD — *Corn*, 3,000,000,000 bushels; *Wheat*, 1,000,000,000 bushels; *Oats*, 1,500,000,000 bushels; *Rye*, 50,000,000 bushels; *Garden Produce*, Millions of Tons—This is the crop estimate of Uncle Sam for the current year!

"*There is now a Fisk Tire for every motor vehicle that rolls.*"

CROPS, crops for the Allies, crops to feed our millions! *They* must be fed—*we* must be fed!

CROPS must be harvested on time. Crops must be moved on time. Railroads are carrying their maximum load.

MOTOR TRUCKS, like a mighty giant, today take up this tremendous burden.

TIME is a big factor.

DEPENDABLE TIRES for trucks are a vital necessity. Fisk Tires *are* dependable—security against interrupted service.

WHEN you need Solid Tires—buy Fisk.

FISK SOLID TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

little ailing, a little bent over, a little cross with too much work; not the Maw of daily usage, a Maw in gray calico and man's shoes carrying pails of milk or pigs' feed or endlessly cooking and scrubbing; but a sweeter, happier, rested Maw who lived inside this commonplace habitation. The Maw of a Sunday afternoon, say, who put a little scent on her Sabbath bodice and, holding you, sheepish and awkward under your length of leg, rocked you a little on the front porch and told you stories out of her girlhood—of the lamb with the broken leg she had nursed once; of going to the mill with Pop and watching the greedy hopper; of the day the turkey walked into the little red schoolhouse and teacher had said "Please be seated"; of hunts for blackberries or snakes' eggs; of the time the old ram had chased her down in Bixby hollow; and what the sky meant when it looked like it did to-day; and what old Bolivar the Indian said about the clouds; and could he guess this riddle: What goes up and down and never touches the ground?

All this with here and there a little thread of strangely young laughter, until you felt passionately as you snuggled warm and close against her thin loving body what a privilege it would be to know and play with the little girl Maw had been; until you felt, almost, that you could find her yet; that if there was ever time—just a little more time—you would see her looking at you straight out of Maw's eyes.

But there never had been much time. There isn't on a farm. Now, however, all time was to be Maw's.

Aunt Keturah had hurried him and seven-year-old Ferris downstairs, across the disordered kitchen to the first-floor chamber where Maw slept, and all at once Mark found his hand held by Maw's cool, strangely softened hand. It seemed to pull at his a little.

"Mark," she had said, "you're my big boy—Maw's man. You'll—you'll mind out fur things, won't ye? Ferris, little brother, you'll mind fur him, won't ye? Good boy. Mark—kiss—Maw."

He had bent to kiss Maw's cold thin lips.

"I'll watch out fur him, Maw," he had said huskily.

Ferris had kissed her then, too, all rosy and flushed and still in his nightgown. And Maw looked at them. But presently she had shut her eyes, and suddenly she seemed to grow little, and curl up like a little tired child going off to sleep. She flung out one arm with a queer little sighing sound. And Mark knew without even looking at her face.

Aunt Keturah had brought them back into the kitchen. It looked so queer, so ugly. There were dishes still on the table; the lamp shade was tilted crooked and clothes lay round on chairs. You could tell that Maw had left the kitchen. And suddenly Mark was glad that she was done with kitchens. It would be a sin to cry her back to a place like that when she might spread her wings and go free.

But Ferris was crying loudly.

"There, there, you God-blessed angel!" Aunt Keturah hushed him. "There, there! It wants its mother, poor boy. Auntie'll get it a cooky."

She had taken Ferris in her arms and got him two giant molasses cookies. And Ferris' tears stopped directly and he crammed his mouth full of cooky. That was like Ferris—to stop his sorrow with cake.

"You want a cooky, too, Mark, poor boy?" the old aunt questioned.

But Mark did not feel like molasses cooky, he said.

He sat down, little and old and quiet, in one of the big chairs; and stared over at Ferris being comforted in the aunt's arms. That was like Ferris too—always to be comforted. He was so beautiful you couldn't help it. Ferris' hair was so golden, his cheeks so round and rosy, his eyes so blue and bright—you couldn't help admiring him more than you would a person who was dark and plain. Everybody liked Ferris the better; only Maw had "made" of them alike.

The last of the cooky eaten, Ferris whimpered again, and Mark, suddenly roused to a sense of duty, went over to him and slipped an arm about his neck.

"Don't ye cry, Ferris," he said. "You and me'll have lots of fun! You wait an' see! Lots of fun, Ferris! I'll help ye."

He had tried to keep his promise to Maw. As the boys mounted to adolescence Mark like a grave little father paced Ferris in his work or play. Uncle Sime, the old aunt's husband, looked after the farm, but the boys had their tasks, a growing routine of duties. It was Mark mostly who kept Ferris at his; his hand that often finished his brother's lightly undertaken task. For Ferris was one of the glad spirits of earth; he loved to play, to gambol like a lamb on a green hillside. He was forever at some blithe caper, some ingenious frolic that took his mind from his work.

But if Ferris' furrow was never quite straight, or he never found quite all the eggs he was sent to hunt, or he stopped in his sawing to build fantastic shapes out of his partially sawed cordwood, you managed somehow to forgive him just for the mettle of him—the fun, the laughter, the good spirits that were Ferris', and the grace and comeliness he owned. You couldn't get angry at Ferris; it was all you could do to disapprove—even Mark with his steadier mind.

"Come on, Ferris, an' finish your plantin'," Mark would cry as the two put in buckwheat in the upper quarter; then he would laugh himself, half vexedly, at Ferris, the joyous waster of time, throwing out both arms, crowing like a rooster, giving an imitation of the Baptist preacher or a shillaber from one of the little circuses that came down to Windsor town, clapping his hands, dancing up and down like a faun—laugh, and do more than half Ferris' stent for him.

"It's Mark does the work an' Ferris is all fur playin', but if he ain't the beatenest," Uncle Sime would laugh, and Aunt Keturah would join him.

They would be sitting of a summer evening under the grape arbor near the pump, and Ferris, with a burnt-cork mustache and an old hat of Uncle Sime's, would be giving an extemporaneous monologue; a quack doctor selling a new remedy for Uncle Sime's rheumatism perhaps. And the old aunt and uncle would go speechless and crimson with amusement, and Mark would laugh until his sides hurt.

Not that Ferris could only play. He was wild as a hawk, and afraid of nothing. It was Ferris who faced Abner Pulletts' fear-maddened bull and drove it off the Cox children homeward bound from school; it was Ferris who could ride bareback and whooping on Salty, the bay stallion, that snorted and saw red at anyone else's approach.

Ferris was no coward; he was not afraid to leap into the brush behind the bark wagons and risk bite of rattlesnake; nor to dive and swim down below the falls behind Hooper's Eddy. In fact, when a danger lurked Ferris was always eager; it was only the humdrum, the enduring task that annoyed him. He was created for the spectacular, the crucial moment; and lacking surfeit of these he whiled away his hours like a glad grasshopper, always with an approving audience.

And after a while a new pair of eyes looked out of it at him. For Roselle came to live with them.

Mark was fourteen years old and had taken the horses out to water, when he saw the strangers drive into the yard. They were Luke Weller, a man from over at Pilotsville, and a little girl.

Uncle Sime came up with his fork in hand, and Mark edging near caught it all.

The little girl—she was ten years old—was of distant kin to Uncle Sime. She had belonged over near Pilotsville, too, but her folks were all dead, and there was no home for her to turn to. So the poor master had sent her over to Uncle Sime with Luke Weller, to see if anything could be done about her before she went to the county home or was farmed out for her board.

It seemed a pity that such a nice little girl, shy and quiet, sitting there in the Weller buggy with her small belongings knotted into a blue-and-white handkerchief, should have to fill a pauper's shoes.

Mark had pulled at Uncle Sime's coat, meaning to tell him to keep her, but Uncle Sime had anticipated him. He calc'lated she could stay and help Ket. Ket was getting old and they'd let the girl help with some of the chores, and be glad to have her.

"She'll make out her keep—easy," Luke Weller said, and he lifted her to the ground, bundle and all.

She was a pretty little thing. Rosy brown with big gray eyes, dark curly hair and a small, rather pathetic button of a mouth. She had on a faded little red calico dress, outgrown and showing unmistakable trace of nether garments. And she clutched at her bundle now with frightened determination.

Mark had gone up to her kindly.

"Don't ye be skairt," he said gently; "you'll have lots of fun if you stay here. I know where's a lark's nest with the eggs all in. I can show you. What's your name?"

"Roselle May Dickett," she answered tightly.

Then the tension left her suddenly. She seemed to soften all over. She thrust one finger into the corner of her mouth and smiled a little. The smile was just over Mark's shoulder, and he turned and saw Ferris coming out of the wood yard.

Ferris outdid himself that evening. He had sent away ten cents a while ago for a little book of magic tricks. He performed some now in the kitchen.

He took a penknife and stuck tiny pieces of paper to one side of the blade. And when he had said "Hey! Presto!" and turned the knife over three times the bits of paper had moved to the other side of the blade. It was miraculous—and mysteriously maddening. And the little girl Roselle had clapped and laughed the loudest of any.

"Now, you—your turn," she pointed at Mark.

But Mark couldn't do tricks.

"I like Ferris the best," the little Roselle said calmly.

It was very obvious in the days that followed. Where Ferris went on pleasure bent, there the little Roselle tagged patiently at his heels. Or when he wrought at some of his farm tasks she was not far distant.

As she grew older a restraint fell on her appropriate to her years; but you knew by the look in her eyes or the sound of her voice when she spoke to Ferris the godling she thought him.

The years were kind to the little Roselle. She grew sapling tall and lithe, with soft young curves in her slim figure and the contour of her throat and cheeks. She was capable and kindly, and full of sweet little feminine

(Continued on Page 33)

"'Nuff?" He Panted. "You've Got Enough? Then I Licked You, Didn't I? You Give Over?"

These Buildings all have Roofs that can be *forgotten* for 20 years!

THE owners of thousands of buildings scattered all over the United States (a few of which are illustrated herewith) have received from us a Surety Bond which guarantees their roofs *against leaks, wear and maintenance cost for 20 years.*

Of course, Barrett Specification Roofs do not need this guaranty to make them wear and last. The fact that most of the important buildings in the United States have the Barrett Specification type of roof proves that.

We issue this Surety Bond Guaranty merely as a means of impressing upon you our confidence in Barrett Specification Roofs. The guaranty is your assurance that you have on your building a roof that will need no attention and will give you complete, unqualified satisfaction for twenty years at least, *and probably much longer.*

All you need to do to have such a roof is to incorporate in your building specification this sentence: "The roof shall be laid according to The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, and the contractors shall obtain for us the Barrett 20-Year Guaranty Bond."

There is no charge for this Bond. It is obtainable on any roof of fifty squares or larger in the U. S. or Canada in towns of 25,000 or more, and in smaller places where our inspection service is available.

It will be issued to reputable roofing contractors, approved by us, who use the materials specified and who will agree to examination and approval by our inspectors.

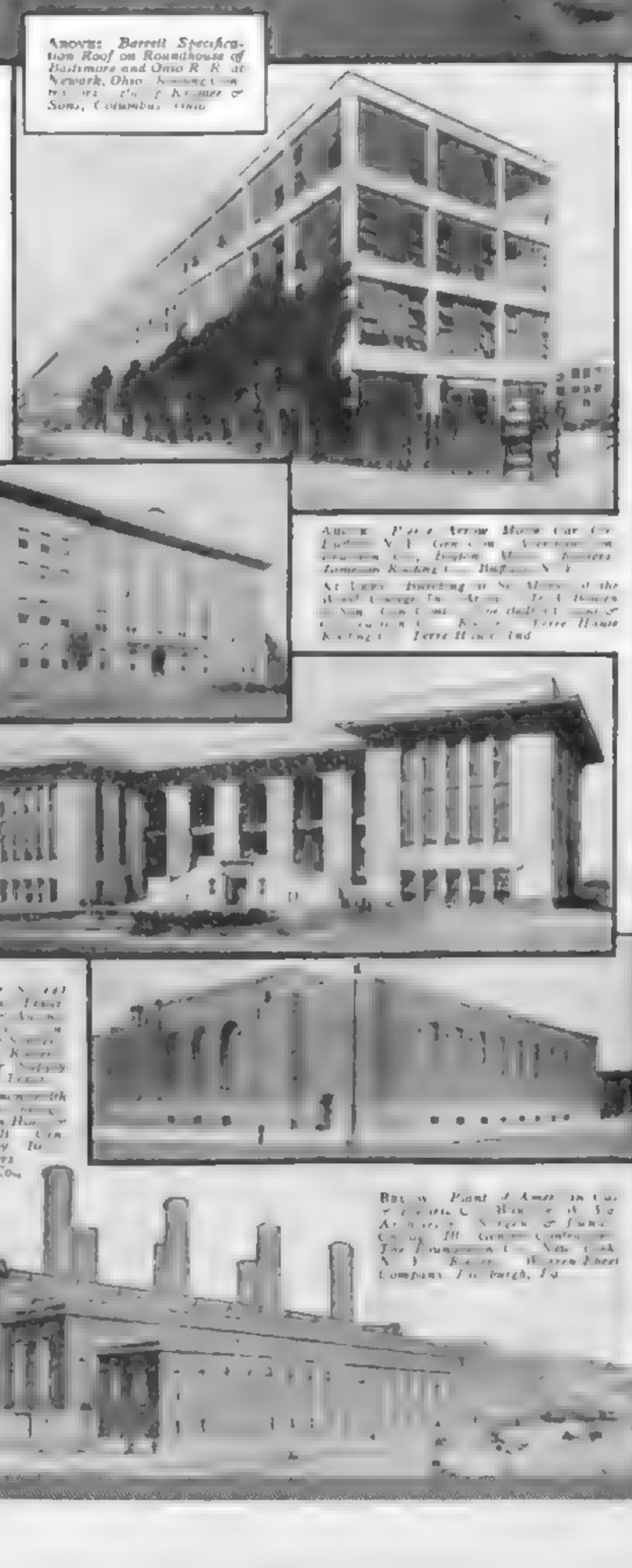
Barrett Specification Roofs cost less per year of service than any other kind; they take the base rate of fire insurance; in fact, any way you look at it, a Barrett Specification Roof is the best roofing made for permanent buildings.

A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City
Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
Atlanta Duluth Milwaukee Bangor Washington Johnstown Lebanon Youngstown
Toledo Columbus Richmond Latrobe Bethlehem Lazarus Buffalo Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



Are you one of the thousands of men and women who know the immeasurable satisfaction that comes with each succeeding purchase of

True Shape
HOSIERY

Have you experienced its shimmering softness, its sturdy strength, its trim style?

Are you among those who congratulate themselves on its remarkable appearance as it comes back week after week from the laundry and realize that built-in quality such as this deserves its price?

Or do you buy just hosiery?

True Shape Hosiery — men's pure silk, 75c up other grades in silk isle as low as 40c Women's silk lisle, 50c up fibre silk, 85c up, pure silk $1 15 to $1 75. Ask your dealer for True Shape If he hasn't it, write us and we will tell you of one who can supply you

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.
Philadelphia

Wherever you are you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on this trade-mark on each pair

TRUE SHAPE

© T. S. H. CO., 1918

(Continued from Page 30)

vanities about her thick curling hair and the shape of her small tanned hands.

And Mark, watching her coming up a sunny slope with the boys' lunch during harvest time, thought she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen, like a young high-stepping filly, with her fine little airs and head-tossings. Aunt Ket could ill have spared Roselle by now, but hardest of all it would have gone for Mark, though the boy did not realize it, if she had left.

He had grown to man's stature, a strong, broad-shouldered, sturdy lad, with "a good head," folks said, and a patient and abiding faith in his destiny as a tiller of the soil and harvester of its crops. There was nothing spectacular about Mark, but you could count on him. That was something.

With Ferris—well, that was different. Ferris with the growing years had chafed under the home bonds. When he was free of his farm work he went down into Windsor town and sat with the boys at the pool room or at Effey's lunch room, telling stories, smoking, concocting wild schemes for adventure. Sometimes he announced boldly he was going West. And at these times Roselle would lift her head from her sewing and look at him curiously.

Roselle sewed a great deal of late—odd pieces of fancy-work, fragments of white muslin. Once Mark, sitting by her under the grape arbor, reached over a clumsy hand and touched the thing she held.

"Why're you always sewin' now, Rosy?"

She had laughed a little and blushed, her long lashes touching her cheeks. "Oh, a girl's got to sew a little—fur her chest sometime."

"Her chest?"

"Yes"—she bent a little lower—"to use when she gets married. Or if she don't. I'm just fillin' it a little now and then. I got some pillowcases and tablecloths and two sofa pillows and some doilies. Just little trashes."

"An' this? This a sofa pillow too?"

But Roselle had snatched her work away sharply.

"Mark, that ain't nice! You had ought to know better."

And Mark guessed he had touched some intimate maidenly garment with sacrilegious hand. The whole thing thrilled him strangely, his cheek burned and he could not look at Roselle for a minute.

He got up and walked away awkwardly and presently climbed to the old south orchard and the gnarled apple tree with the scythe healed into it. Six years had passed since he had learned its story, made it the silent partner of many a mood. Instinctively he went to it now, torn by queer emotion.

Roselle—Roselle was fixing things to get married with; was thinking of marriage. With whom? The answer was so obvious as to be banal, yet to the boy of twenty sitting on the hill slope as the evening crept up to him it brought a strange and poignant unhappiness.

Roselle would want to marry Ferris, surely; but did Ferris reciprocate her feeling?

There was no gainsaying. Ferris liked Roselle, but was it more than a brotherly feeling, a light-hearted casual touch, an outflung impulse to give pleasure? Ferris was fond of Roselle, but he often found fault with her too; even before Mark, who could see no fault at all. This was because of the "stylish" girls he met down at Windsor village, of course.

"That's a funny-looking dress," Ferris would say not unkindly to Roselle. "I guess mebbe you don't get the right patterns. It's too full in the skirt—miles. The Windsor girls don't wear 'em so."

And Roselle would take her shears and lop out a breadth or two in secret and presently emerge in something more nearly approximating the styles in Windsor.

Or he would mention hair—the way Lily Converse and Hattie Snyder fixed theirs.

"Kinda in two little cakes, one on each ear."

And Roselle would brush her thick soft hair out of its lovely curl and passionately comb it into two little cakes, one over each ear.

But Ferris was not always so carping. He brought Roselle gifts—once a little talking machine on her birthday, another time a handsome postcard album. And there were all his little playful whimseys over her—as on the Sunday he announced he would "sweeten Rosy."

"As if she ain't sweet enough," Mark's heart had answered sternly.

But Ferris had his will. He got out Aunt Ket's case of extracts and performed his absurd rite over Roselle. He had put vanilla on her cheek, and rosewater on her lips, and lemon essence in her hair, and a dash of cinnamon on each little hand. And you could see—oh, you could see in the girl's eyes—the way she lifted her face to Ferris.

Mark, brooding silently on the hillside, remembered it all, and wondered. For it had seemed just play to Ferris. And it wasn't any way to make it less play for Roselle to show him so plain she cared. Ferris was like that, if he could get a thing easy. But perhaps Roselle didn't care, not really. He might be mistaken. And then in that case perhaps——

He was to know very shortly just how things stood. He took Aunt Ket and Roselle down to the Memorial Day exercises in town. They were all very stiff and shining-looking in their best raiment, with that awkward misfit look against the wild green beauty of their background that Sunday clothes give to the countryman.

Mark, who had a certain rugged beauty and harmony of line in his simple working clothes, was savagely proper in choking collar, fiercely tan shoes, and near-fashionable tailoring. Aunt Ket was lost in a barbaric mail-order omelet of a hat; and Roselle, a thing of wild loveliness in milking dress, was lovely still, yet amazing, in her terrible concoction of ruffles, ribbons and beads. Their hands, tanned and soil-familiar, the bronze of their wind-kissed throats cried out against these stifling conventions, but they sat up there erect and happy as Mark drove old Whippet down the hill road to town.

The village square was full of sunlight and people. There was a great row of horse chestnuts here in fading flower, and under their sweeping branches stood a wooden platform with a few yards of bunting on its face, a row of chairs atop, a small table with a stone-china pitcher.

Mark threaded his way to a bench near the front, deposited Aunt Ket and Roselle safely and went back to put up Whippet. All about him on his way out were bright alien faces, the bustling pleasant mob of Windsor folks; but when he came back a silence had fallen, the seats were all occupied, the play was on, and Mark found a post where he could stand against the trunk of a tree and observe.

They were coming—the little celebrative procession—village band, minister, high-school principal, ranks of school children bearing little flags, and nine old men with the little banner, Franklin Fyer Post, G. A. R.

They passed so near Mark he could have touched them. He had never seen such old men, nor such proud men; furiously proud with their bronze buttons and their scars of time and war.

The band was playing The Girl I Left Behind Me facetiously, and it was both pathetic and terrible to see the way the old war horses straightened their feeble shoulders, swung their coat tails. Even blind old Johnny Dole permitted his crutches to strut as they bore his legless body along. Heroes, heroes all, Mark thought. For a moment the boy's imagination was caught. He saw them before Time had disfigured them—with bodies like his and Ferris', Like Fletcher Caley. Blue-coated, lithe, singing their way into battle. Were these old codgers exalted now because they felt the shades of early comrades marched with them, hand on shoulder? If Fletcher Caley had lived he, too, would have belonged to the Franklin Fyer Post. Was Fletcher Caley here to-day—that straight, strong, duty-proud man who had left his mark up on the hillside? Wasn't it better perhaps to go out full tide in your strength and youth than to live on and on and on, a sort of human afterglow?

All these thoughts, shapeless, vague, surged into Mark's mind. He was more possessed than he realized, more colored than he knew by the thought of Fletcher Caley and his apple tree.

But now he realized the little pageant had got to the platform and was seated. There was Minister Brady offering the invocation, and the high-school principal—after the singing of Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean—introducing the speaker of the day, "Assemblyman Milt Lewis, one who . . . one who . . . " And there was Assemblyman Milt himself, looking like a crow in his black tail coat, with his hysteric Adam's apple, with lifted hands beginning to let the eagle scream with phrases of "the spirit of democracy," "the beacon light of history," "Freedom's starry emblem"—as though it was talk that mattered, and not lives. Lives and examples. Like Fletcher Caley's.

Mark's eyes moved over the crowd until he found Roselle. The sun shone on her copper-brown hair and on the tiny pink horse-chestnut flowers that clung to its soft meshes. Roselle wasn't listening to Assemblyman Milt either. She had her head turned in another direction. He followed it and saw Ferris, Ferris sitting on the opposite side of the square with a strange girl, a town-bred sophisticated girl. They were laughing and talking together. Then Roselle turned her head, and Mark read the unhappiness in her eyes.

As though he could ever mean anything to Roselle! Only a brother, Ferris' brother. He clenched his hands suddenly. But Ferris shouldn't go on this way, he'd got to do something—show one way or another. He'd make him; not go on letting Roselle eat out her heart.

But there was no need of his interference. They drove home rather silently, Roselle lost in her own thoughts, Aunt Ket chastened because of a Frankfurter sandwich she'd "up an' et, an' it nigh burned a hole to me stummick."

It was dusk before Mark, finished with his chores, went up the hill to his old favorite post. But he stopped abruptly before he reached it. The evening sky was pale and sweet, pricked with tiny stars. The old apple tree sprawled black and lacelike against it. And Mark saw that it was not alone to-night. Two figures were there, very close together—a shape in white that was Roselle and a darker figure.

He had come so close he could catch even their words in the stillness.

"I love you, Rosy. You're my girl, ain't you? My sweet, pretty girl." It was Ferris' voice. "I'm going to marry you some day."

And Mark saw her answer. He turned away blindly and plunged farther up the hill. Here in the shelter of an old wall he flung face downward, relief, misery in his breast.

It was dark when he came back. Aunt Ket was waiting up to chide him.

"Where ye ben?" she demanded. "They's all to bed long ago." She stopped. "Rosy," she added, "she tells me her an' Ferris is promised."

"That so?" Mark managed mechanically.

For three years the tide of life flowed in its accustomed channel. The little farm knew its crop rotation, its peaceful cycle of planting, harvesting, hibernating. Roselle wore a little ring on her finger with a red stone in it, moved

Mark Took Aunt Ket and Roselle Down to the Memorial Day Exercises in Town

with a new and womanly graciousness. Old Uncle Sime was gathered to his fathers and the two brothers bore with their inheritance unaided.

It was not a bad inheritance as the spirit of modern farming came into their lives. Mark was progressive and took papers, he studied soils and phosphates, and he learned to wring the utmost yield from each rod of his hill clearing. Ferris went in for more showy, more decorative touches. He would have run to the highfaluting if permitted, and his quick restless mind grasped eagerly at any new contrivance, new accessory, whether tested or not. There were times when he cried out against farming at all, when he was all for selling the farm and going to the city to try his luck.

"But what could you do?" Mark would ask.

Ferris didn't know exactly. He had vague ideas of finding something that paid big, but that didn't involve much effort.

There were times when he forsook the farm for spells and undertook new fields of endeavor in Windsor and near-by villages. He had tried his hand at many things—clerking in Jessby's General Store; assisting Lou Fallows the auctioneer at his sales—a great success, Ferris, in this rôle with his glib and humorous phrases; working as agent for an illustrated seven-volume set of Ante-Bellum American Statesmen—and weary farmwives with a little butter-and-egg money under the mattress listened to Ferris' jokes, looked at his bonny eyes and bought thereof.

But nothing ever held Ferris long. There was forever something wrong with his employer or his equipment or the inadequacy of his pay, and he was presently back helping Mark farm—an ultra-smart young farmer making hay with a *cabochon* quartz-emerald on his third finger, ignoring the time-honored galluses and blue jeans for the modish belt and pale-hued near-flannel trousers.

On Sundays Ferris was very smart indeed, wearing shepherd checks and wondrous ties with socks to match, and driving out Roselle behind Whippet.

"We ought to have a car," Ferris complained one Sunday evening. "Most everybody has cars nowadays. We could get one too." He named an inexpensive trusty make.

"I dunno," Mark said slowly. "Would you like it, Rosy?"

There was the war on over the water, and the cost of living was going up. People with a farm—just a small farm—had to think a bit of ways and means. But the girl's eyes brightened, her color deepened, and so Mark took out some of their carefully hoarded savings, and presently the car was in their midst—a magnificent glittering creation of brass and glass and satiny black lacquer.

And Ferris forgot Whippet now, forgot the farm and all other claims, and burned up the miles over the country roads in the first wild exhilaration.

"Don't seem like Ferris was made to settle down," Aunt Ket complained. "I'm half a mind he won't never be ready to marry Roselle."

"He's full young yet," defended Mark; but in his heart he shared her feeling.

Ferris seemed no nearer being ready to marry than he had been two, three years ago. Young fellows who got engaged thereabouts, who had passed their majority and owned land besides, made an effort to settle down, arrange their lives. And Ferris wasn't doing it.

"Mebbe it's that it's my fault. I don't look after him right. I could have helped more," Mark thought, remembering his promise to his mother.

And he tried to talk things over with Ferris, as he had done a dozen times before.

This time the two were at work sawing up a tree in the hill pasture. And Ferris answered Mark differently. Before he had always laughed or put him off, saying, "Plenty of time, old parson, plenty of time," but to-day Ferris loosed his end of the crosscut saw and looked at Mark significantly.

"I've got a mind to do something you haven't thought about."

"What's that?"

Ferris answered indirectly.

"Jim Cluett's going to Europe to fight in this war. He went over to Canada last week and joined to the Princess Pat's Regiment."

"Jim Cluett's people is Canada folks," Mark straightened. "There's no call for Americans mixing up—yet."

"Darn lot of fun," Ferris answered. "I—I'd as lieves go as anything."

Mark had tightened his lips and frowned at him thoughtfully. Just like Ferris, going off at a tangent that way—starting on a scheme like this for fun. Fun!

"Your place's here. You got Roselle, an' a good chance to make a fine living. Trouble is you don't stick to nothing, Ferris. You wouldn't stick to that. 'Tain't our war anyhow"

"Maybe—not yet; but say, anyhow, why'n't you get you a job down to church at Windsor slammin' and hollerin' at people?" Ferris had shrugged good temperedly.

"'Tain't that I want to slam an' holler. I want to see you take hold and do well by yourself."

"An' somebody else," Ferris had laughed slyly, and the blood had poured into Mark's ears.

But he had thought over Ferris' words later; and especially the part about Jim Cluett.

The thing had a sudden fascination for him. But then, Jim Cluett had had good reason—it was his country, or his pa's, that had gone to war. If a fellow's own country got into it he'd want to go, of course. He'd feel it in him somehow that a man would want to! With a faint shock Mark realized he had borrowed those words, out of the past, out of another man's mouth. It was the old, long-dead Fletcher Caley speaking; and he knew suddenly how Fletcher Caley had felt. Then he pondered the possibilities of its ever being his country's war. Not unlikely, for it had shaved pretty close a number of times; and if it became so—

A sudden light fell on Mark. Why, if it did, it was the way out all round. He would go, and give over the farm to Ferris. With Roselle to work for and the entire responsibility, it must make a new man of Ferris. Perhaps it was all that was needed—to go it on his own. And he'd let him go it—if it ever came to war.

For all that fall and winter Ferris did very well, and Mark had high hope of him. And for all that fall and winter Vulcan clanged and wrought at his forge, making the implements of war against the time when Mars should send for them.

It was a late winter and spring of turbulent excitement. There came at last the day when it touched apogee. Mark got the word down in town. He carried it home with him, carried it up into the orchard to Fletcher Caley's tree. He touched the bark with his hand.

"We're goin' to war, an' I'm goin' to do like you; I've got your feelin's. I'm goin'."

The old tree gave no answer, but the young man seemed to feel that he was not alone; someone, some presence stood at his hand. Oh, he knew how the other man had felt—the impassioned longing to set wrongs aright, to stand up and play a man's part, the personal obligation.

He knew other things as well. His throat constricted as he thought of the change it meant, the broadening horizon, life, the taste of travel. He looked out over the hills, the quiet valley, and thrilled. He could not have the woman he loved, but he would have this instead—the big adventure! Duty—duty and the wish marched hand in hand. There only remained to tell the others.

He told Ferris that afternoon. He got him to walk up to the old apple tree.

"I want to speak to you; got some things to talk over, Ferris."

"I, too," said Ferris, but Mark scarcely heeded.

He broke his news directly.

"Far's I can make out a man had ought to do it; a man that's got no reason to stay back. An' this way the place is yours. I'll make my share over. You can get married any time then, an' work it yourself."

Ferris had stopped him with a passionate gesture.

"Who's thinkin' of marryin' at a time like this? An' what kind of a farmer do I make?"

"It's what you've been aimin' for. Now's the chance."

"Well, I ain't takin' it. I'm goin' to war myself."

The thing caught Mark squarely. He spoke sharply.

"I'm the oldest. It's my right to do this. You got others to think of—Roselle."

"Roselle! That's all you think of. Pity she ain't never thought of you!" Ferris sneered.

Mark held himself.

"Yes, pity she didn't—fur me," he said quietly. "But she's thought o' you instead. An' now you must think of her—her future an' yours. They's two of us, and only one's needed at home. One can do the soldiering. I'm the oldest."

"I tell you I'm going. It's the big fun all right, an' I'm in for it."

"Fun! That's all you think of. It's a man's duty he must do. Your real one's here."

"Aw, shut up, Mark! Who says it's only the fun? Can't I have a go at the rest? I'd like a lick at the dirty Germans."

"But Roselle ——"

"Roselle again! She can wait. Won't hurt her none. I don't care if it does."

"Then you lied to her, promisin' to marry her when you can. Now you got the chance an' you won't. Just a plain liar, after all."

"You say that to me ——"

Both young men had flung to their feet, and Ferris' face was suddenly crimson, his hands clenched.

"I won't take no talk like that."

"I've give over an' I've give over, but I don't give over on this," said Mark. "I'm oldest an' I'm the one that goes. If you're any good ——"

"Tryin' to live my life for me, damn old preacher!"

"You'll do it, I tell you! I'm goin'. An' you stay. You've fooled enough ——"

"See you in hell first!"

They faced each other, tense, silent a moment; then Mark, his face white, slipped out of his coat, with trembling fingers.

"That case, then, we'll try it out between us. We'll fight it out. I won't give over, an' we'll make it the best man goes. I'm not sure but a thrashin'd be what you need."

Ferris was out of his coat already, and in his shirt sleeves. He came for his brother lightly, intrepidly, his bright head low. He was the taller, the lighter built, but sinewy and nervy. Mark was thicker, more solid, less agile. He braced his heels now against Ferris' rush, a mist before his eyes.

It had faded out—the whole hillscape, the cloudless sky above, Fletcher Caley's tree. Only through the mist he knew it was there, keeping watch. If he was to have his chance—ever—he must take it now, under its boughs.

A sudden hate against Ferris surged into his heart. Trifler, rifler, the one who wasted, who dallied without real purpose. He flung out a parrying arm against Ferris' impact, struck blindly with clenched fist, closed in.

They writhed and scuffled together. The earth was torn beneath their feet, then suddenly they were on the ground itself rolling over and over, close-welded, thrashing, kicking, digging for toe hold, with straining impact. Their faces were close, their sobbing breaths in each other's face.

It was sweet to fight. Almost it seemed they had always wanted it; almost it seemed the fact of their kinship lent a sweet savor to their fury. It was no longer an ordinary fight; a muscle test for superiority. It was a fight to kill. It had the passionate agony of all civil contest—each was part of the other and fought with a reflex hate.

Mark realized first.

"My God! My brother!"

It was a formless tag, a moment's piercing thought through the black mist in his brain.

His brother and he—fighting! Like two animals, two enemies. Cain and Abel. God in heaven! And Maw—Maw looking down, mebbe. Why, he could kill Ferris. Even now—yes, now—legs intertwined, his knee crushing Ferris' flank, his crushing lock grip on throat. He could feel the leaping pulse in Ferris' bare neck, he could choke him; only to close his strong fingers slowly. And Maw looking down! His promise!

Suddenly he let go, softened all over. He knew Ferris had freed himself, had flung him off, was raining blows on his undefended face and chest.

Mark flung out his arms spread-eagle fashion.

"I give over," he sobbed.

It was his brother bending above him, his face swollen, bruised.

"'Nuff?" he panted. "You've got enough? Then I licked you, didn't I? You give over?"

"I give over," said Mark slowly. "You—you can go, Ferris."

Ferris enlisted with the marines. They made a little celebration of it all, and Ferris had a whim of his own. He took them to Fletcher Caley's tree.

(Concluded on Page 36)

Ingersoll Radiolite Pocket Strap Watch $3.00

INGERSOLL RADIOLITES are glowing the time on the wrists of most of our soldiers and sailors. Now we introduce a brand new convenience for active men:—The pocket Strap Watch with trim, tough Khaki strap.

This strap pins under the flap of the breast pocket of blouse and shirt or side pocket of the overcoat. Strap and watch are both out of sight, but the time is instantly available—just a flip of the thumb and wrist. A great cold weather convenience when big overcoat sleeves and heavy gloves hide the wrist watch.

The movement of the Ingersoll Radiolite is sturdily constructed to withstand the shock and jar that would knock out a delicately adjusted jeweled watch. Soldiers concede that Ingersoll Radiolites have the finest luminous dials in the world: real radium in the substance on the hands and numerals is the reason. Sold everywhere complete $3.00. Canada $3.35.

Ingersollite

the little spark you see in the dark

CHAPTER I

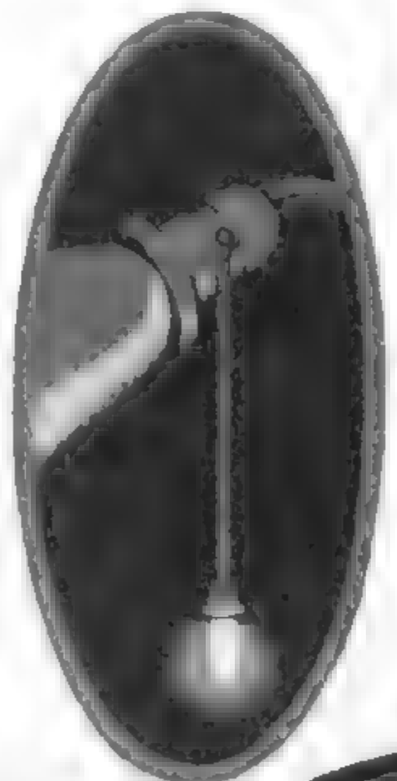
Night! Pitch dark. You open the door and enter the house. Timidly you grope forward, raise your arm and feel for the light chain. Bang! Your knee hits the chair. You mutter "Tut—tut," etc.

CHAPTER II

Same room. Same darkness. You see a bright spark glow through the gloom. It's an Ingersollite on the light chain. You pull on the light. No groping, no colliding, no "tut—tutting."

The Ingersollite is a little unbreakable glass tube containing the same substance that makes the hands and numerals of the Ingersoll Radiolite glow the time through the dark. You can see its spark across the widest room, and its luminosity lasts for years.

Easy to attach. Can be used on Key Switches also. If your dealer doesn't sell them, send us his name and we will supply you. Price 25c. In Canada, 35c.



Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
315 Fourth Ave. New York
Chicago San Francisco Montreal

In the Dark

Two lights that never go out

Ingersoll Radiolite

Tells Time in the Dark

(Concluded from Page 34)

"I'm a mind to hang my scythe here too. An' don't you pick it off till I'm back again."

They had promised. Somehow Ferris had taken on a new glamour in their eyes. He seemed quieter, more chastened these last days. He took Roselle out for a long drive the day before he left. She came back, her eyes pink and swollen, and Ferris was very tender with her. He kissed her before them all as he helped her out of the car. Even Mark. Mark and Ferris had had a long talk before the parting.

"I want to feel I got it straight, Mark," Ferris said. "If I—if things had gone your way—if you'd thrashed me—well, I wouldn't of kicked. We made it that way—best man goes. I want to feel it's all right."

"Oh—you licked me all right," Mark answered.

"Way I looked at it," Ferris went on, "everybody wants a chance at a big thing like this. I'm—well, I'm not so steady. You know it yourself. Mebbe when I've done all this an' got it out of my blood I'll come back an' settle down to beat the cars. Marry Roselle and run the farm fine as a fiddle. You're right, Mark, Rosy's a fine girl; it ain't that I don't know that, but I want to get into things an' mix. An' I ain't afraid o' any Dutchman alive nor any o' their damn guns."

"I know you're not," said Mark; and he spoke sincerely.

No one ever had cause to call Ferris a coward. Mark looked at his brother now, and visioned him in khaki, fighting in the very thick of it. Ferris would be at home, brave and impulsive. Yes, he would admit that. It was this Ferris that would make the good soldier; better perhaps than he himself. But he did not let his mind rest on himself.

In the end he wrung Ferris' hand with hearty good-by. It was a queer thing—this blood link. It made you go amuck with hate and horror when you fought against your kin; and equally it melted you when you parted.

After Ferris left Mark had his moment of meditation in the old orchard.

"So that's that," he said with a long breath. "I'll pitch right in and work. I s'pose you can serve on the land too; papers says so. And somebody's got to stay here. Anyhow, I won't see any fightin', I guess."

He spoke apologetically, almost as though to ears that could hear and heed. But then, he often did so up here on the hill.

It was a long year.

It is strange what a hole one person's going can make. Ferris had been away before for intervals, but never with this sense of finality, with this sense of some portentous and impending destiny overhanging them. It was different going to war. It wasn't just human. It introduced an alien, an unexpected and unnatural quality into one's living.

It would all come upon Mark suddenly when at his ordinary duties and he would lay down his bridle or his oat measure with a sense of unreality, as of being about to wake.

And he would think "I am dreaming this. Nobody's gone to war. There isn't any war. It hasn't happened. I'll wake up and find the old ways—the sane ways again."

Then he would shake himself and realize he had not dreamed. He would have to readjust his values as he did a dozen times a day, and pick up his bridle or his oat measure and go on.

That was what it meant to people who stayed. Picking up the usual little things and going on. But after a while the little family fitted into the unreality and presently accepted it.

It was strange now that Ferris had gone how Mark came out. Always a little eclipsed in the past he entered quietly into a domain of his own. There was no one to laugh him down with blithe jest or call attention to his failings with careless good nature. He had a place to hold and he held it. He was the man of the house and the protector, and his women realized it. In a dozen quiet ways Aunt Ket ministered to him, and even Roselle. Roselle was frankly glad to see him when he came in from work. They were not so gay as before, Mark realized, but they were not unhappy.

At first he had fancied Roselle might grieve; but she had a courage of her own, fine and true, and she carried her head up in the air. It was pride of course—pride for Ferris.

There were letters from him to talk over at first, in the months before he went to France. But after that there were other things. Problems of farming or housekeeping—little humdrum details that filled their lives—they fell to sharing. There were times when they were quite light-hearted. Mark would bring a joke or a story up from town, and Roselle would laugh just as she always had, throwing back her head with that quick shutting of her eyelids so that the silky lashes joined and you caught only a sweet gleam like a star between. Sweetness was the chief thing you felt about Roselle. She would be a sweet sister—surely. His sister.

Sometimes Roselle and Mark took walks together, long careless rambles, with pleasant intimate silences in them; sometimes they sat on a hillside and talked. Mark found himself talking in a new way—a shy unfolding of his ideas, plans for life, what he meant to do for her and Ferris when Ferris came home, how he would be their neighbor always and look after them!

"Ferris would need that," Roselle had said once. "Ferris is different. There's nobody like him in the world."

She had added the last sentence after a moment's pause; and Mark had agreed.

He told her other things. About the Caleys, Sally and Fletcher, and how Sally, too, had had a man to wait for.

"But he didn't come back," Roselle said.

"You can't go by that. Ferris'll come back," Mark reassured.

"Yes—he must do that," Roselle said; but it struck him she was strangely calm.

Mark told her more than he realized—about his wishes regarding the war, his desire to serve.

"Your chance may come, Mark," Roselle said; and she laid her hand over his a moment.

Perhaps it was the touch of her that loosened the guard on his tongue.

"I had my chance, but I didn't take it, Rosy." And he told more of that fight under the apple tree, only the surface of which she had penetrated. "I could have licked him. Why, I could have killed him—but—I let him go."

"That would be like you, Mark," she said, and added: "But it was best perhaps that Ferris should go. It may take the restlessness out of him."

It was to do all that; or perhaps it was to loose the warm fever in his blood, the restless energy he possessed, into some other ether, out beyond.

Mark was down in Windsor buying supplies when a man ran out of the village printing office with a copy of the ink-damp biweekly in his hand.

He thrust the limp paper on Mark with vague gesture of compassion, horror.

"Just off the press—not mailed out yet. Saw you; thought you'd want to know."

It stared at Mark from the front column—the black-and-white week's casualty list; a notice three days late from the big dailies.

EXPEDITIONARY FORCES OVERSEAS
KILLED IN ACTION
MARINE CORPS
Gunnery Sergeant Ferris Hallam
Silver Brook, Blank County, New York

Mark knew his hands were shaking, felt his arm supported. "There now; give you a leg up to your wagon, Mark. Want I should get someone to drive you home?"

"I can drive myself," said Mark in a thin remote voice.

He got home after years.

They were at the doorway looking for him. When they saw his face they winced as though they had been struck.

"Ferris!"

"He's dead," said Mark.

He took off his hat and stumbled mechanically into the sitting room to his accustomed chair. Suddenly the tension broke. He put his head down on the table and cried with harsh racking sobs.

"I sent him to it. I let him do it. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord God! Oh, Maw! An' I only meant to do right—an' now—I sent him to it."

Afterward he remembered that it was Roselle who had tried to comfort him—Roselle, who ought to have been chief mourner, white of face and wet of eye, but who could put aside her loss before his remorse.

In the next two weeks they heard more about it. There were letters from overseas, and they learned how things had stood.

Ferris had been killed while sticking to his gun in a hot-pressed corner at Belleau Wood. The whole gun crew had stuck to the last bitter minute and Ferris' name and those of the others had received mention in the official recommendations for bravery.

So Ferris had his "big fun" and passed on, and the farm on the hill should know him no more.

A queer restlessness possessed Mark now. He burned to break his ties and fling away too. It was not alone for its own sake he wanted to go, but he had a guilty sense that he owed it to Roselle, to his brother, to take his chance as well. Ferris had faced danger while he sat safe at home.

True, someone had had to stay with the farm, and Ferris hadn't wanted to do that; but he might have forced him, and so saved his future; Roselle's.

Mark's cheek grew lean and his eyes hollow over it. But there seemed no way to break his bonds. Even the draft missed him, and there seemed no chance to throw off his shackles of corn and buckwheat and potatoes.

But in the end they were broken. It was down in the little town that he got his chance. He came home, his shoes white with dust, and gave his tidings to the women waiting at the supper table.

"Met Lou Caton to-day. He's sent back from his cantonment with flatfoot. He wants to go in for farmin' an' he'll take this one on half shares. There'd be enough for you, at that."

"You goin' off too?" Aunt Ket laid down her fork.

"I've got the call to go," said Mark quietly.

Roselle did not speak until the old aunt left the table. She sat looking at him across the cloth, strangely for a little, her eyes soft and shining.

Then "Mark," she said, "I wanted you to know—it's a lot different having you do it; to me."

He looked at her, and she hesitated.

"You see, with Ferris here, an' all, I—I never just saw you. Sounds funny, don't it, livin' here in the same house, growin' up? But—when we were by ourselves—oh, well ——" Suddenly she broke off. "I—I didn't realize myself till the day we heard about Ferris. Then I thought if it had of ben you ——"

She buried her face in her apron and began to cry, but Mark was beside her, ruthlessly knocking over a chair, pushing aside cups and plates.

"Rosy, do you mean you care? Me! Why, I never thought! You—you like me? Me, Rosy?"

"How could a girl help it if a boy's so kind an' lovin' an'—an' suffers so, Mark?"

She looked up at him, and the incredible had happened.

He had the girl he loved in his arms, he was kissing her soft cheek, her lips; she willed it so.

"Rosy!" he said. "Oh, little Rosy!"

It was just a week later that the third scythe was hung in the apple tree.

"All here now. One, two, three," said Mark gravely; "but three's fur luck, Rosy. I'm comin' back, I've got a feelin'; an' when I do it'll be the end of war, and we'll cut down the old tree and bury the scythes."

He had a premonition that he spoke the truth, a sudden confidence that he was to return, carry on the burdens of life. Two others had gone from this hill, never to come back.

"But I'm coming"—the words were in Mark's heart—"one of us is to finish it."

He carried this confidence to the last moment here, and out into the new life that waited him; as that ghost of long ago, Fletcher Caley, had done, as his brother had done also, Mark went down the hill, his women watching him. At the last Roselle had clung to him, kissed him good-by.

"But I'm proud of you, Mark—proud of you," she said. "Only you must come back. Must—come—back!"

"I'm coming," he said sturdily; and he seemed to gather assurance, as though the impalpable shades of those others, who could perhaps pierce the future, stood by him and approved.

He went down the hill then. At the foot of the path he looked back again and saw Roselle waving after him. And suddenly he could not see. Then he squared his shoulders and threw back his head.

"Three's fur luck," he said doggedly, and signaled his good-by.

He looked back only once after that. His vision was very clear then—Roselle was just a little blur of white, but up behind her on the hill he saw plainly the etched contours of the apple tree.

It was the last thing he saw clearly before he turned out to his new life.

'Nobby Cord' for Trucks

In The Thick of It

"Gasoline saved Verdun", said Marshal Joffre, hero of the Marne.

And good cars with good tires have played a conspicuous part in Allied successes ever since.

United States Tires are good tires.

Both in the thick of the fray over there,—and at the important task of speeding war work over here, they are showing the out-and-out dependability that made them such marked favorites in times of peace.

There are five separate treads for passenger cars and light delivery work—the only complete line of tires built by any one manufacturer.

There is the famous 'Royal Cord', the 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'—a type of tire for every driving need.

Also the 'Nobby Cord', the pioneer heavy-duty pneumatic, and for slower, heavier work the Solid Truck Tire, leader in its class.

No matter what car you drive or what roads you travel United States Tires offer you a type of tire exactly suited to your own individual use.

We suggest a talk with our nearest Sales and Service Depot dealer.

He will gladly help you select the tires you need.

Also tires for bicycles, motorcycles and airplanes

United States Tires are Good Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US RUBBER SYSTEM

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

By DAVID LAWRENCE

THIS is a story of lies. Its theme is falsehood. Its characters are multifold, its plot multiloquence—the palaver and prattle of a million tongues loosed on topics of distant war. To the gullible and the guileless, to the innocent and the credulous, to the babblers and the gossips—this tale of systematized prevarication is respectfully dedicated. They who cannot offhand satisfy themselves of the truth shall at least know the stuff of untruth. Conversations overheard, happenings partly fact and partly fancy, plausible rumors of accident and casually developed yarns of disaster, studied canards and factitious alarms drawn from the limitless realm of the human imagination—these are sometimes the product of a confusing censorship, but most often the grenades of a tortuous enemy. The one we can redress by substituting truth and enforcing authenticity; the other we can resist by labeling untruths and punishing their authors.

Lying is never easy to combat, no matter how or by whom practiced, because it can have beginnings in natural as well as unnatural causes. Rumors are afloat in time of peace as well as in time of war. Strange and often circumstantial stories of things that never happened, of deeds that never were done and words that never were spoken are emphatically attributed to "the very man who saw it" or "heard it" or "did it." Whisperings and slanders are foreign to no group or groups of people—they are the language of polyglot neighborhoods and multifarious minds. Coincidence and sometimes uncanny cleverness play a part in the spread of untruth. To understand the war lie it is necessary to know the peace lie—the peculiar routes that rumor and report are wont to travel.

Smoke Where There's No Fire

THERE'S the practice, for instance, of stock-jobbing. The market rises or drops on rumor and report. What matters it that no basis for them ever is found. The lie is planted—and somebody wins and somebody loses. To trace the exaggerations and perversions that go over brokers' wires in a single day would occupy the whole detective force of the country—and they might or might not discover the rumor factory. Political candidacies breed libels and misstatement. Campaigns against the religion or creed or character of an aspirant for elective honors are carried on by word of mouth. Many a man has been defeated for office who had the support of every newspaper in his city. Many a man has won despite the opposition of every journal of importance in his community, small or large. It is the personal opinion, the mouth-to-mouth report that makes or breaks a cause or a candidate. And as long as tongues can wag and ears can hear, this will be so. Which means that to undo the damage of a war lie it is not sufficient that the untruth be published, but that those who read or hear it shall not permit themselves or their acquaintances to be innocent carriers of the poison.

Long before the European War broke out we used to have interesting encounters in Washington with the nation-wide lie. The reputations of men high in the Government were constantly being damaged, while they themselves were helpless to arrest or correct these vicious impressions. People would talk—and people would believe—and the villainous opponents who spread the tales would smilingly offer "proof." Our national capital has been and probably always will be a hotbed of gossip. And that's why it is still customary for the purveyor of war lies to whisper that he "heard it in Washington."

Probably the most sensational rumor, if not the oldest of importance, that occurs and recurs is that "the President has been assassinated." It happens with all Presidents and at all times. One night in June a few years ago Boston queried Washington over the wires as to the truth of a report that the President had been killed in an automobile accident. A Cincinnati newspaper a few minutes later claimed to have heard that the Chief Executive had been shot. Chicago telegraphed the same.

To the editors in the press-association office where the telegrams came it was no new experience. But as a matter of form they telephoned to the reporters on duty at the White House day and night—and back came the word:

"The President is in conference with two senators. The Secretary of State has just left him."

Not only was the President in the White House, but he hadn't even been out motoring—his automobile hadn't been shoved off the road by a reckless driver or subjected to any other delay or mishap. Where there's smoke, there's fire, is an old saying, but these rumors and reports about our Presidents rarely have in them a whiff of truth. Just why four or five widely separated cities should report a circumstantial story that the President of the United States is injured when he isn't even out of the White House is something nobody has ever been able to explain satisfactorily. Some people have suggested that the purpose of the authors is to affect the stock market. Others have thought that telegraphers' errors or facetious messages exchanged over the wires by student operators have been responsible for the mischief. But no one has ever traced these rumors successfully, and that's precisely why campaigns of mendacity about so large and many-sided a proposition as war can be conducted with the connivance of only a few confederates and the assistance of thousands of unwitting conductors.

Our experience is not novel. England and France have gone through the same thing. There are, for example, some people in Great Britain to-day who are convinced that Lord Kitchener was never drowned, that he was exiled by his political opponents or that he is now a captive of the Germans—as if Berlin wouldn't have boasted of such a feat long ago. Absurd tales without number, of which this is only a sample, have been spread through all the Allied countries.

Sometimes the war lie can be traced to Germany and sometimes it cannot. Here is one that was made in Germany and before we knew it had been spread throughout our country so that an official denial had to be obtained from General Pershing himself. It began thus in a German wireless report issued by a foreign news agency and carelessly reprinted by many American newspapers:

"A strong movement for the establishment of an army composed of negroes is on foot in America, according to trustworthy information. They expect a doubly beneficial effect from this plan—the Allies will get liberal assistance without white citizens being sacrifices, and America will rid herself of the greater part of her undesirable colored citizens."

Not long afterward when negro troops were actually on the firing line the negro communities in the United States were alive with stories that the colored troops were being exposed to more danger than the whites and that discrimination was being practiced. Secretary Baker sent General Pershing a summary of these rumors and the commander in chief of our expeditionary forces cabled back this reply:

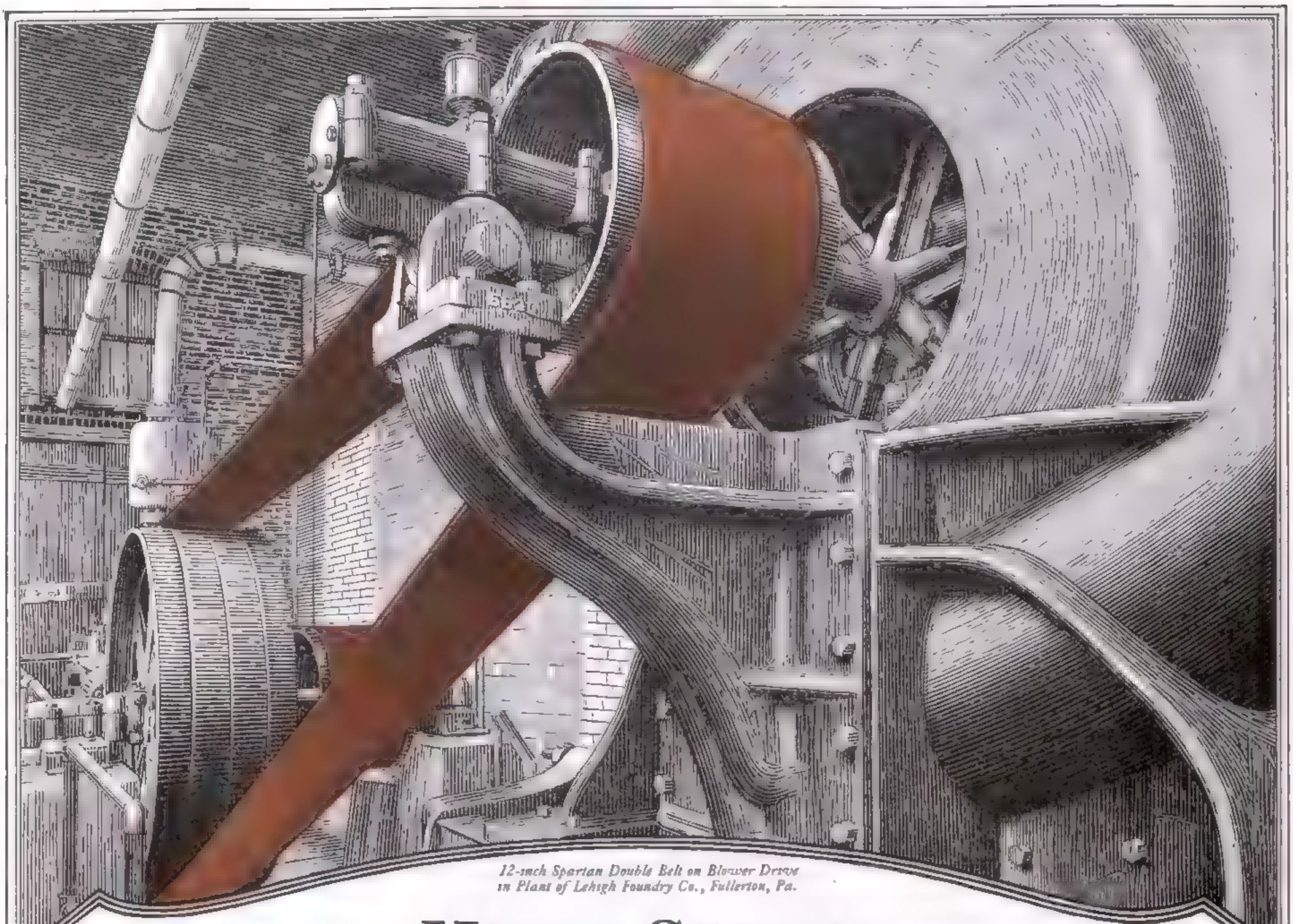
War Lies Made in Germany

"THE stories probably invented by German agents that colored soldiers in France are always placed in most dangerous positions and sacrificed to save white soldiers, that when wounded they are left on the ground to die without medical attention, and so on, are absolutely false.

"The following are the losses as reported up to June eighteenth in the four colored combatant regiments now in France: The 369th Infantry—died of wounds, 8; died of disease, 8; severely wounded, 2. The 370th Infantry—died of wounds, none; died of disease, 3; severely wounded, none. The 371st Infantry—died of wounds, none; died of disease, 8; severely wounded, none. The 372d Infantry—died of wounds, none; died of disease, 3; severely wounded, none. These figures show conclusively that negro troops have not thus far occupied positions as dangerous as those occupied by white troops and that their physical condition is excellent. Colored troops in trenches have been particularly fortunate, as one regiment had been there a month before any losses were suffered. This was almost unheard of on the Western Front.

"The exploits of two colored infantrymen some weeks ago in repelling a much larger German patrol, killing and wounding several Germans and winning the *croix de guerre* by their gallantry, has aroused a fine spirit of emulation throughout the colored troops, all of whom are looking forward to more active service. The only regret expressed by colored troops is that they are not given more dangerous work to do. They are especially amused at the most dangerous positions and all are desirous of having more active service than has been permitted them thus far. I cannot commend too highly the spirit shown among the colored combat troops, who exhibit a fine capacity for quick training and eagerness for most dangerous work."

(Continued on Page 41)



12-inch Spartan Double Belt on Blower Drive in Plant of Lehigh Foundry Co., Fullerton, Pa.

HIGH SPEED

The demand on belts varies enormously. Some must loaf along with light loads; some run slowly and some run quickly with heavy loads; and some must contend with trying conditions like steam, or fumes, or exposure to air.

For each and every set of power requirements, the Graton & Knight Standardized Series leather belting presents a belt made specifically for this purpose.

Blower belts that rush along a mile a minute must have great elasticity, high surface traction and must stand up under trying conditions. For this exacting work, the Graton & Knight Spartan Belt, with its wonderful elasticity and pulley-grip, is ideal. It resists conditions of exposure, heat, steam, chemical fumes that cause most belts to disintegrate.

It is a fine example of the benefit of Standardization applied in belt making. Write for book on Standardization.

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MANUFACTURING CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Packing and Specialties

Branches and Distributors in all Principal Cities

GRATON AND KNIGHT

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series

LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

THE MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA calls the attention of every coal user to this important letter—and to the Answer

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION
BUREAU OF CONSERVATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 5, 1918.

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO
6-C

H. C. J. Stover, Secretary,
Insulating Materials Trade Associations,
Bulletin Bldg.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank your Associations for their most cordial offer of cooperation with this Administration in its conservation work. The utmost economy and efficiency by all consumers in the use of coal and fuel oil is absolutely necessary if the country is to maintain its war activities at top speed throughout the struggle and we must find means of stopping the many and large preventable losses in the burning of these fuels.

The Fuel Administration realizes that bare piping is one of the most easily preventable causes of these losses and that adequate insulating covering for them is essential to the conservation of our all too scant fuel production. We are asking that all consumers, both domestic and industrial, provide sufficient insulation for exposed hot surfaces and we feel that it is the duty of every one to see that this request is carried out to the fullest possible extent.

The most effective means of cooperation by your Associations is for them to bring this message home to the coal consumers of the country. That will be a real and important service toward the winning of this war.

Very truly yours,

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

H. B. Hayes.

Director of Conservation.

The Answer is —

85% MAGNESIA
UNIVERSAL COAL SAVER

It is imperative that you do not neglect this important question of Fuel Saving. The fullest available information will be gladly placed at your service by this Association. Submit us your problems or write us for the illuminating treatise on Heat Saving, entitled "Let 85% Magnesia Defend Your Steam".

To Engineers and Architects, a copy of the new specification of the Magnesia Association, compiled and endorsed by the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh University, will also be sent free, on request.

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, 721 BULLETIN BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

George D. Crabbs, The Philip Carey Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Alvin M. Ehret, Ehret Magnesia Mfg. Co., Valley Forge, Pa.
J. R. Swift, The Franklin Mfg. Co., Franklin, Pa.
R. V. Mattison, Jr., Keasbey & Mattison Co., Ambler, Pa.

(Continued from Page 38)

It was the same in 1898. The Smoked Yankees, as the Spaniards called them, complained that they did not have a fair chance—that the white man selfishly refused them as good opportunities to get shot as he enjoyed himself. But the German propagandist prefers to spread the idea of wanton sacrifice, hoping thereby to discourage enlistment and to introduce reluctance as an offset to the eagerness with which negroes generally respond when they are apprised of the democracy of color on the Western Front.

That war lie could be traced to Germany. Many cannot. Nor is it especially important always how a lie originates. It is the effect with which we must deal—not always the point of origin. The Government would waste millions of dollars trying to discover the source of many rumors that it knows are being maliciously spread. Rather is it occupied with checking their distribution and undoing the damage, though the Government of course always appreciates and welcomes information disclosing the source of the mischief. But as a matter of fact most of the war lies originate right in these United States, and bona-fide Americans are their authors—sometimes innocently, frequently as the result of war-stimulated imaginations.

Casualties furnish an instance in point. American troops are more and more heavily engaged as time passes. Common sense tells the average man that in large military movements such as those in which we recently have been engaged casualties are bound to be larger than those we experienced in the raids and patrols of the early spring. The War Department unfortunately didn't handle its casualty lists expeditiously. Too long a time was permitted to elapse before definite figures were available. General Pershing cabled that you can't count killed and wounded so easily when the Americans and French are mixed up and are on different parts of the line. But no matter how long it takes to learn the exact number of our losses, no rumor or report that isn't officially announced should be believed, for the simple reason that just as fast as anything authentic reaches the United States it is given to the press and flashed over the country. Nothing is withheld at the source. The Government isn't afraid to tell the truth, and not a correspondent in Washington has had any doubt from the first that the utmost frankness was being shown by our officials in dealing with casualties. Put your trust, therefore, only in official announcements.

Generally speaking, we are inclined to attribute too much genius to the German General Staff, especially its propaganda divisions. It is absurd to suppose that Berlin maintains such close communication with the United States that a set of lies can be turned loose overnight on our people like the spraying water from a garden hose. It is not from Berlin, but from the German sympathizers still at large in the United States that most war lies emanate. Their general desire is to embarrass our Government. Each considers that, however small his contribution, he is doing something for the Fatherland in spreading confusion, discomfort or disunity. As a German it is his duty, he thinks, to do his part. That may be small, but the sum total of all those parts when contributed by a hundred thousand German sympathizers may make a whole of no inconsiderable size and take effect in retarded construction at a shipyard, an aeroplane factory or a munitions plant.

The Famous Sweater Story

THE damage can be measured among the many scores of millions of our people whose support is so necessary to the maintenance of the Army and Navy. The Government, for instance, has been issuing appeals for nurses, each state to furnish a certain quota. Out in the Northwest German sympathizers defeated our Government's efforts by carefully whispering tales concerning the immorality of our troops abroad and by pointing out the alleged dangers to young women of good character. Indeed, the Federal Grand Jury in New York went so far as to indict a woman for repeating the following statement:

"It is a matter of common knowledge that two hundred beds have been reserved in Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York City, for Red Cross nurses who were returning from France and expected immediate confinement."

The woman finally admitted under oath that she had been misinformed. Judge Hand warned the public that the spread of such statements would in the future lead to severe punishment. Incidentally the same grand jury denounced the spread of a story to the effect that "two Red Cross nurses are alleged to have returned to New York from France with their hands and tongues cut off." A woman speaker at a Liberty Loan rally told that yarn with the idea of stimulating subscriptions. The grand jury deplored "this tendency shown by the public in general to give ear to and repeat stories and reports of a sensational nature and character affecting the American Red Cross and its nurses. Such stories and reports not only interfere with recruiting for nurses' service abroad but they have a tendency to create public distrust for the Red Cross. They are detrimental to the many activities it is carrying on to alleviate the unspeakable conditions due to the war."

Thus it will be seen how unfounded rumor and gossip do harm. Throughout many sections of the country the same rumor has been moving—all with the deliberate purpose of preventing young women from enlisting as nurses. After all, morality is an individual matter, but the discipline in the United States Army abroad is something that might well be emulated by the police of our own cities and towns. I have it on the authority of Raymond B. Fosdick, the chairman of the War Department's commission on training-camp activities, himself a social worker of renown, who has just made a special investigation of our expeditionary forces in France, that moral conditions are excellent. He said he only wished the same degree of perfection could be obtained among civilians in the United States itself. So if you hear terrible tales of the goings-on of our troops abroad you can put it down at once as false. For it is even more to the military interest of our Government to keep the morals of our troops and nurses above par than it is to the social workers, scores of whom have been invited by the Government to apply their experience and knowledge of such problems for the benefit of good health and decency in our overseas army.

General Pershing is particularly watchful of the conduct of his men, and one American soldier has been executed as an example to the others for his assault on a French girl. Of course, this has been twisted by the Germans into "thousands of cases," but the fact is considerable publicity was given that one case in order that there might be no others. And at present writing no further offenses of that character have occurred.

Perhaps the now famous sweater story has caused more trouble than any of the other war lies. It has been told and retold in many forms. Letters aplenty have come to nearly every Red Cross chapter in the country, and the mark of the German propagandist is indelibly stamped on the whole business. Most of these rumors were about misappropriation of donations or mismanagement, but nearly seventy-five per cent of them were identical. From Georgia to Wisconsin and from California to Massachusetts came the same cock-and-bull story. Here is one of the communications:

"I will cite a few incidents that have come to my ears and which I know are true. A lady in Albany . . . had a son in one of the camps . . . for whom she knitted a sweater, and on the persuasion of her friends sent it through the Red Cross, which was also going to send some things. She wrote her son that she was sending it through this channel, and after waiting several weeks and not receiving it he wrote his mother, who went to the Red Cross headquarters to investigate. . . . One of the ladies insisted it had been sent, and became very disagreeable . . . when the mother said to her, 'I think that is my sweater you have on. . . . If that is my sweater, I can prove it.' . . . She had knit the collar double, and between had inserted a ten-dollar bill, writing to her son how to find it. . . . She ripped out a few stitches, and sure enough, there was the bill; which, of course, proved it was her sweater."

Rumor and Gossip as German Allies

HOW absurd that was anybody could discover for himself or herself by trying to send a sweater or anything else through the Red Cross to any specially designated person in the Army or Navy. The Red Cross doesn't run a parcel post or express business. It can't stop to send the particular sweater that Tom Jones' mother knitted for him to Tom Jones in far-off France or anywhere else. It aims to get sweaters and other material in bulk, and distributes them wherever the need occurs.

If any sensible mother wanted to send money to her son she wouldn't take such a roundabout way to do it. She could send a post-office money order or check or registered letter with money or bills in it. And certainly no employee of the Red Cross would be openly wearing a man's gray sweater stolen from the supply. Anyway, the Red Cross officials investigated. They encountered "I heard" and "Somebody told my sister" and "She heard at a dinner party" and similar explanations that didn't bring the officials any closer to the source than they were before they began. And in every city in which the same story cropped up the investigations were equally fruitless. Under the laws of probability one such case might have occurred, but that it was a uniform practice and was going on in a dozen different cities at the same time is improbable on its face.

Moreover, the tales have varied. Sometimes the famous bill has been concealed in the toe of a sock. Sometimes the sweater is for sale in a department store. Sometimes it is averred that a sailor actually had to buy his sweater. The last was carefully investigated. After an indefatigable search the sailor was found. He had really written home that six dollars had been deducted from his pay to cover the cost of a sweater. When he was located this is what he said:

"Why, the fact is, I made a wrong guess. You see when I got that sweater I had already overdrawn my equipment allowance, and when I was docked six dollars next pay day I just naturally supposed that the shortage was due to a charge for the sweater. . . . Yes, I admit I hadn't ought to have told that story before I found out the truth of it. I'm awfully sorry."

Mistakes will be made—and some hand-to-mouth soldiers have sold their sweaters to secondhand dealers who have peddled them to other soldiers. Irregularity of funds among relief organizations occurs now and then, as our newspaper reports of prosecutions reveal, but that a large organization like the American Red Cross is engaged in such a nation-wide conspiracy is too absurd for belief, and the spread of the notion is unquestionably one of the ways the German sympathizer has hit upon to interfere with the Red Cross campaign for millions of dollars. The Berlin Foreign Office didn't have to cable to its agents in America to start lies of that sort. What more effective way to cripple a campaign for funds than to cry "graft"? And that's what the German sympathizers promptly thought of and will do again if a credulous public pays heed to such lies.

But who else would shout "graft"? That other class, worse than the pro-German, known as the Tightwads, who

always like to have some glib excuse for not digging into their jeans. Why give money, they argue, to a spendthrift organization? No, sir-ree! And they pass the tale on to their friends as pious reason for their failure to subscribe.

So when anyone solemnly tells you that So-and-So had a letter from a cousin in France who had to pay two dollars for his left sock; when you hear of graft in the wool supply or of wasted money and materials in the Red Cross—as a loyal American make the teller of the tale tell you the name and address of that cousin in France and then report the whole business to the Department of Justice in Washington.

There's no way to prevent people from making and selling sweaters of the same type as are produced by the Red Cross—or socks or mufflers, either. But should they use the name or the emblem of the Red Cross in connection with such sales they can be promptly prosecuted.

Our Food Administration has had trouble with the rumor makers too. What more natural than the effort of enemy agents or friends to interfere with the conservation of food? Conservation depended for its success on public opinion—therefore the German laid plans to poison public opinion.

The first story was that of the alleged confiscation of canned foods by supposed government agents traveling from house to house. The rumor persisted in widely separated parts of the country. Truth there was to the appeal of the Army to the tomato-packing industry for a percentage of last year's pack, but somebody of German inclination who was in the tomato business undoubtedly set the story going. Numerous tips were received, but the culprits never were located.

The most insistent and far-reaching propaganda is the ground-glass story. This has been reported from different parts of the country at the same time, and affects various articles of food. At first it was peanut butter and canned tomatoes that brought most complaints, then peanut candy, chocolate and chocolate candy. No glass was ever found in these products upon investigation, but individual cases were probably due to natural causes when sand was mistaken for glass or when adulterants were used in a few samples of chocolate products. But there is no doubt that broken glass was deliberately "planted" in one or more loaves of bread in some communities by one baker to put the other out of business. Reports of two such cases were verified. And what a business rival might think of doing, a German sympathizer might similarly seek to do if only for the purpose of spreading terror in his city.

Other Silly Lies Nailed

There seems little doubt, too, that the published stories of glass in bread led to a new crop of accident fakers. It is said that many bakers have hushed up complaints of this character by the payment of money to prevent publicity. Carelessness in handling certain foodstuffs or a fractured electric-light bulb has been thought accountable for the presence of fine bits of glass here and there, but actually few cases of successful activity on the part of enemy agents have ever been discovered. The idea evidently was to cause unrest and discomfort by spreading the story instead of actually putting the glass into bread—an obviously impractical stunt that could only mean the prompt punishment of the baker and his employees. But the ground-glass story, instead of doing much damage, turned out beneficially, for it impressed upon manufacturers all over the country the necessity for more careful methods in handling their products; and there probably is more caution in the making of our foods to-day than there ever was in time of peace—trade names are too valuable to be risked by the discovery of occasional bits of glass or other foreign substances.

War lies are almost as numerous as the people who tell them. There are hundreds of variations of the same tale traveling round the country, being passed from mouth to mouth by loyal Americans as well as propagandists. Some typical falsehoods were:

"That Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, was found guilty of treason and sent to Fort Leavenworth, stood up against a wall and shot."

Government agents worked hard to discover the origin and purpose of this lie, but to little avail. The most plausible explanation is that the Germans who started it hoped to rouse the Catholics of the nation by making them believe one of their number had been persecuted or that an effort was being made to stir up feeling against the war among Irishmen in this country. Mr. Tumulty and his friends were quite amused over the story when it first reached the White House, but when it was reported from practically every city of importance in the United States an investigation was ordered. Indeed, some prominent persons who didn't credit it passed it along, nevertheless, in letters to the White House, and President Wilson himself reiterated in one communication not only his absolute faith in and affection for his private secretary, but denounced the mischief makers who started the tale.

"That tobacco collected for the men overseas is not given to them until they have paid from fifty cents to two dollars and a half for it."

Many of our newspapers have been gathering tobacco for the soldiers and they have looked into this and found it absolutely untrue in every respect.

"That no soldier or sailor after he leaves American soil is permitted to write home."

This lie did not get very far because hundreds of thousands of families on this side of the Atlantic soon began to receive mail from the other side. Delays may occur in transportation or delivery, but there is no restriction whatsoever on the privilege of anybody in the United States Army or Navy to write home. The censors read the mail and delete military information, but do not interfere with personal expression.

Mysterious Microbes

"That all the money invested in Liberty Bonds by men, women and children in the United States will be lost."

Liberty Bonds are backed by the finances of the United States, and whenever money so invested is "lost" this Government will have collapsed, and so will everything else.

"That schools in towns at or near training camps are to be closed because the girls are all to become mothers."

Towns in the neighborhood of any camp site are picked by rumor mongers for this canard. Investigators in every case reported discovered no evidence to back up the charge. The morals of the men in the training camps have been far better than those of the same number of men in civilian communities. The schools have never been interfered with in the vicinity of the camps for any such reason.

"That the Government is going to confiscate all property, paying the owners for it and then compelling them to purchase Liberty Bonds with the money."

People in certain parts of Missouri were frightened by this fabrication. But the United States has means of financing this war without seizing any man's property. The Government is anxious that everybody who can afford it shall buy Liberty Bonds, but there is to be no confiscation of property or compulsion about it.

"That the United States is soon to begin starving everybody who signs the food pledge."

This propaganda was troublesome at first, but it soon became evident that the pledge cards were entirely voluntary measures.

"That thousands of men are deserting from the National Army cantonments and that hundreds already have been shot."

Army officers and newspaper correspondents at the various cantonments testify to the spirit of patriotism of the drafted men; it is excellent. Desertions are negligible.

"That German spies in the printing office have injected bacteria of one form or another into Liberty Bonds, which in the course of a few months leaves a dirty gray piece of paper, crumbling at the slightest touch."

Because of this lie farmers in certain parts of Illinois were afraid to invest in Liberty Bonds. Federal agents never found any spies in the printing office; nor have anybody's bonds been reported to have faded or crumbled after nearly a year's circulation.

"That some 150,000 Japanese and 50,000 Germans are massed in Mexico waiting the word to start an attack on the United States."

There are probably not more than fifteen to twenty thousand Germans and Japanese all told in Mexico to-day. Nothing has occurred to make our Government in Washington believe the Japanese in Mexico are aligned with the Germans. The latter, of course, would undoubtedly like to cause trouble, but the American boundary line is well guarded.

"That all our wheat is shipped to England to make whisky."

Unquestionably this lie is of enemy origin. It made its appearance simultaneously in many parts of the country and was obviously an attempt to cause the prohibitionists in the United States, of which there are a great number, to interfere with food conservation. No exports have been made for such purpose—and furthermore distilling of liquor during the war has been prohibited both in this country and in Great Britain.

"That fifteen to eighteen aviators are killed every day at the aviation fields."

This story is circulated with the purpose of causing anxiety to the many mothers and fathers whose sons are now or will be in the aviation service. Accidents there are, but the War Department makes public daily the exact number, together with the names and addresses of the men on the nation's roll of honor.

"That our soldiers write messages home underneath the stamps of their letters and frequently advise their parents ahead of time to steam off the stamps to discover the truth."

In Connecticut it was told and retold that underneath the stamp one woman found a message from her son saying, "Coming home; both legs off." This story of the message under the stamp is a favorite. It was popular among the Copperheads during our Civil War. German agents have spread it in many forms. There is no reason why any of our soldiers in France should use a stamp, as mail is carried free of postage. There is no reason why he should conceal his injury. The military censorship doesn't prohibit sending such information in letters. The whole story is part of the campaign to prove that the Government withholds the truth and that terrible disasters have occurred and are occurring of which the public is kept in constant ignorance.

Germany has tried the same tactics in other countries—by spreading untruth she has endeavored to prove that the Entente governments did not tell the truth. Unfortunately the errors of censorship abroad aided the Germans in their campaign. Our own Government for that reason has absolutely pledged itself to give out as soon as verified every bit of news concerning mishaps to our soldiers and sailors, and to give it out just as rapidly as it reaches our Government. So important do the hundreds of Washington correspondents regard this pledge that when there is a delay of ten or fifteen minutes or an hour in issuing the report of an accident or sinking they raise a fuss about it and matters are expedited.

More Trouble Breeders

The public is constantly represented in Washington by the most inquisitive lot of reporters that could be gathered together—for they have a constituency from coast to coast to satisfy and represent, and there is no law on the statute books that can prevent them from telling the truth. They respect the wishes of the Government and await official announcements rather than send out fragmentary reports, but they would not wait long if any policy of suppression were tried. In fact the atmosphere in official Washington is such to-day that on the receipt of news concerning an accident or a large casualty list suppression is never considered, but every effort made to give it out. The thought of officials is to give the news out accurately and comprehensively—expression, not suppression.

Here is another favorite piece of fiction:

"A woman was notified that her husband was returning on a certain ship. She went to the pier expecting to see him walking down to meet her. A huge basket was brought down from the ship. In it was her husband, without arms or legs. The woman went crazy at once."

This story was first circulated in England in 1914 and was invented to persecute with horrible forebodings the relatives of men at the Front. Disabled soldiers are not returned in baskets. They are placed in convalescent hospitals abroad and given artificial limbs so that by the time they are ready for the overseas journey they have learned to use them.

New York City was troubled with the following rumor:

"That the reason the Government gives our soldiers the opportunity to sign their names on postcards before sailing for France—these postcards to be mailed to relatives and friends—is to cover the sinking of American transports, which is said to happen frequently and with great loss of life."

Our troops have been going across the Atlantic by the hundreds of thousands every month, and less than five hundred had been lost up to August first. The Germans themselves admit their failure to interfere with the transport of our army of more than a million. Before going aboard ships at Atlantic ports the soldiers are allowed to write cards to friends and relatives announcing their safe arrival on the other side. The cards, however, are held by the post office at the embarkation point until the War Department receives a cable that the ship is actually in an English or French port, and then the cards are mailed. By that means the officers and men are saved the expense of cabling, and the cables are relieved of the burden of such messages, and the delay is avoided that would result if the cards were mailed in England or France. It is a splendid scheme, and what more natural thing than that the German sympathizers in this country should try to discredit it?

The Rumor Mongers

The national capital itself was recently flooded with rumors that Walter Reed Hospital, on the outskirts of Washington, was filled with returned soldiers whose tongues had been cut off by the Germans; that there were twenty-five Red Cross nurses in one ward with their hands off, that two thousand wounded were being treated, and that thirty-seven unclaimed bodies were in the morgue.

There were at the time upon investigation only seventy-five wounded soldiers from overseas, and all the wounded returned to America up to that day had not numbered two thousand, and no unclaimed bodies were in the morgue.

The Military Intelligence Section of the Army tried hard to run down this tale. Following the rumors from informant to informant, fifteen persons removed from the original report, it reached a loyal citizen with a bad memory who could not recall where he heard it. It had been passed along by the gossip of Red Cross workers, telephone girls, hairdressers, hotel guests and club members. Many persons heard it who didn't believe it, but they helped to circulate it by asking about it from their neighbors. Even government employees and army officers repeated it this way. Many telephone inquiries came to the hospital and the story was denied, but the denials apparently were not circulated and the rumor continued to go the rounds. It was an excellent example of wartime experience with the rumor monger and showed the practical impossibility of finding the author of the reports.

It would take many more pages than this weekly contains in every issue to print all the lies about the war that are told throughout the United States every week. There are slanders against the French and British and attempts to make it appear that our allies are neglecting their tasks; there have been false stories that Catholics are being discriminated against in the training camps by Protestant officers and that the Protestants are being ignored by the Catholic officers. Stories of drunkenness and immorality in our forces at the Front are spread, with the evident hope that the various purity leagues and prohibition societies will start domestic controversies and quarrels.

Popular prejudices furnish fruitful ground for the propagandists, making a drive on the sentiments of the women of America, just as the sympathies of the Italian women were attacked when Cadorna's army was routed. In Italy numerous letters were sent to the soldiers, presumably signed by friends, accusing their wives of infidelity. Already letters pretending to come from soldiers in France have been found in the lobbies of New York theaters as if accidentally dropped there. So far they have contained only alarming falsehoods about the alleged slaughter of the American regiments.

Most persistent is the story that millions of British soldiers are held in England while

(Concluded on Page 58)

For Meeting Emergencies:
The Pierce-Arrow Motor Truck

OWNERS find Pierce-Arrows always equal to emergencies. A recent instance illustrates this strikingly.

Failure of a pump threatened to shut down a Norristown electric light plant. A new pump could be obtained only from the Westinghouse plant at Pittsburgh. An embargo prevented freight movements from Pittsburgh east. But the pump must be moved.

John Battenfield agreed to deliver it in three days.

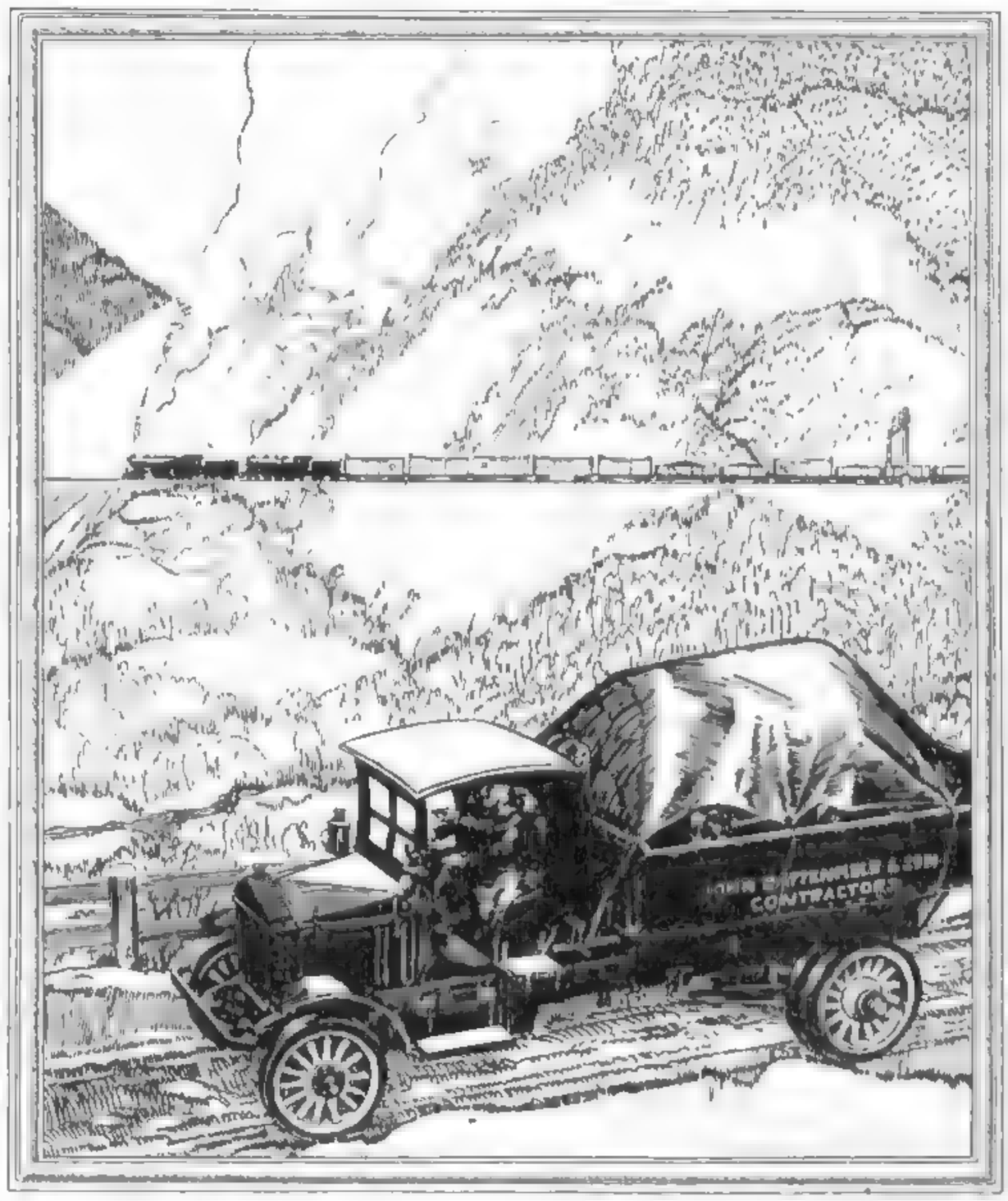
His 5-ton Pierce-Arrow truck started at noon Saturday and reached Ligonier, 53 miles, by 5.30 P. M. Sunday he crossed the Alleghany Mountains to McConnellsburg, 85 miles. Monday it ran to Lancaster, 106 miles, and on Tuesday covered the remaining 65 miles to Norristown before noon. Some years ago, these mountains were chosen for the severest tryouts of touring cars in testing

With another 5-ton load he started from Norristown Wednesday and ran 105 miles to York. Thursday he covered 116 miles to Bedford and on Friday the remaining 95 miles to Pittsburgh.

The six-day round trip, with full loads, meant 90 hours actual running time, and an average speed of 7 miles an hour over mountain roads. The operating cost was exceptionally low, but the service, avoiding the shut-down of a public utility, was worth any price.

This truck has served Battenfield since November, 1916. It usually carries builders' supplies, hauls 20 to 30 tons daily and has run over 25,000 miles. It has been out of service 2 days in 2 years.

Many Pierce-Arrows in many businesses render equally notable service.



PIERCE-ARROW reputation is due to this:

It delivers more work in a given time;
Loses less time on the job and off the job;
Costs less to operate and less to maintain;
Lasts longer, depreciates less and commands a higher resale price at all times.

Superior speed saves many hours and enables Pierce-Arrows to deliver more work, lowers operating costs and multiplies earning capacity.

Sound design, the best material and workmanship keep Pierce-Arrows out of the repair shop, save time and reduce maintenance costs. Regular inspection contributes to this end.

No one can say how long Pierce-Arrows will last. None has worn out. After 7 years the first 50 Pierce-Arrows are as good for many more years. Each has run 75,000 miles, some double that. This accounts for their small depreciation and the high resale prices they command.

PIERCE-ARROW

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Protect Your TIRE Invest-ment

Be Sure YOU Say "GOODYEAR Tubes"

EXPERIENCED users of passenger cars repeatedly tell us that they consider the slightly added cost of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes as tire insurance.

Built layer-upon-layer, their valve-patch vulcanized-in, these staunch gray tubes are the most serviceable air-containers we know of. Because of their construction they are not apt to rip or split when punctured. They collaborate well with good casings.

Goodyear Tubes are the world's most widely used tubes. In fact, they are standard equipment on 40% of all cars as they come new from the factory.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TUBES

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

MATEY

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP

MRS. DUGAN came dashing out of the kitchen door of her cottage, slamming it behind her; but when she was halfway across the small garden she stopped short and faced about. She laughed a short, bitter laugh and put her hand to her hair, woman fashion. This was her left hand; her right one held the rolling-pin.

No one followed her. With her right hand she pulled her torn left sleeve up to her shoulder. Observing that she was standing on a head of lettuce, she stepped off of it. Then she felt cautiously of her right eye, which was beginning to swell. From the kitchen there came a sound that suggested a brown glazed teapot crashing to pieces against an iron cookstove. It was exactly that.

Mrs. Dugan uttered an exclamation and her eyes blazed. She was a well-built person of twenty-five years or so, muscular of arms and with sturdy hips. From the kitchen came another crash. Mrs. Dugan could not quite identify the article by the noise it made as its career ended, but it sounded like her best yellow mixing bowl.

"You he-devil!" she muttered, and started for the kitchen on a run. At the steps she stopped. "Mike!" she called.

The only answer from the kitchen was another crash.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Dugan mourned. "He'll not be leaving a blessed thing whole. Mike!" She raised her voice this time. She called again: "Mike!"

"Aw, shut your face! What do you want?" came a gruff voice from the kitchen.

Mrs. Dugan bit her lip. She looked to the left, where the Thorleys lived in an exactly similar cottage.

"Mike, can I come in?" she called. "Will you let me come in? What will the neighbors be thinking?"

"What do I care what they think?" Mr. Dugan shouted.

Mrs. Dugan came close to the door.

"Listen, Mike," she said. "Let me come in, will you?"

"Come in or stay out. What do I care?" Mr. Dugan demanded, and followed it with another crash of ceramics.

Mrs. Dugan opened the door a crack and looked in.

"Aw, Mike!" she pleaded. "Don't! That's the bowl I just bought."

Bash! The bowl she had just bought went to pieces against the cookstove. Mrs. Dugan opened the door wider, ready to flee if Mr. Dugan seemed inclined to break the next piece of pottery against her head instead of against the stove.

"Wait, Mike!" she begged. "I'll give in."

Mr. Dugan stood in the middle of the small kitchen. From where he stood he could reach the shelf of kitchen ware, and his hand was even then on a blue jar with yellow flowers that held or was supposed to hold crackers. He was a short, strong man with a hard fist. He was clean-shaved, the corners of his big mouth stained with tobacco juice. Just now his eyes were small and he had the look of an angry bulldog. From where his reddish hair met his low forehead and thence across one cheek was a red scratch that was already beginning to swell into a white welt.

Katie had given him that. She had also given him the abrasion on the back of his left hand. She had given him this—which was now beginning to show stipples of blood as a sliced orange peel exudes oil—with the rolling-pin. The scratch she had given him with the nail of the middle finger of her left hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Dugan had been united by the bonds of matrimony for more than four and less than five years, and they were having fight number about three hundred. As Katie entered the kitchen Mike pushed the cracker jar back on the shelf.

"Aw, Mike," she said, "how are we going to keep house if you bust up everything? Look what you done!"

"Shut up!" he said. "I'll do as I please in my own house."

"My brown teapot that mother gave me! Ain't it a shame? Aw, you great big rowdy, you!"

She bent to pick up a shard of the teapot and Mike wiped the scratch with the back of one hand. He looked at the raw bruise on the back of the other.

"You hell-cat, you!" he said. "Look what you done to me!"

"And look what you done to my teapot!" she answered.

The teapot lay among the wet leaves it had contained. The handle was not broken and Katie picked this up,

"Keep Your Distance, Can't You? If You Don't Quit Pawing Into Me You'll Have the Whole Infernal Lot of Boches Coming In on Us"

together with the large piece of pottery that still adhered to it, and placed it on the kitchen table.

"Neighbors!" Mike Dugan scoffed. "A lot you care for the neighbors—you do! A lot you care for them, yelling and scrapping like Kilkenny cats! They could hear you to Main Street, I bet."

"Aw, close up!" said Katie. "Look what you went and done to all my nice things! Who started scrapping? Tell me that!"

"A nice life I have when I come home all tired out earning you a living."

"Aw, say! Cut it out, can't you? You've said that before."

"You and your mother! A fine life I have!"

"Well, you don't need to start scrapping ——"

"Who starts scrapping?"

"And this will be the last time too! Look at my dishes. Once more and I'm done. Once more and I'll quit you!"

"Fine!"

"I've stood more than any girl would. One more row and I'm through for good. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mike Dugan! Look at my eye, all swelling up. One more rough-house and it's all off between us for good and all."

"Same here," said Mike. "It's a fool's job, trying to live together when we hate the sight of each other. It's a fool I am not to have quit you long ago. And listen to me, you: Once more, and I go. See? Just once more! I've hung on and put up with your nonsense year after year ——"

"You put up with my nonsense! I'd like to know what I've been doing!"

"I've stood it these four years and more ——"

"You needn't have done it on my account, God knows!"

"No need to tell me that. You'd be glad enough to be rid of me."

"I would that!"

Katie pushed the kitchen table back against the wall. It had been pushed all awry when they bumped against it in the clinch, just before she broke away and crashed the rolling-pin against his hand. As she moved the table she saw something that made her eyes glitter angrily, even the one that was beginning to be hidden behind the swelling.

"Oh!" she cried, like an animal in angry agony.

Except for the débris of battle the kitchen floor was spotless. Her custom was to scrub the kitchen floor on her knees, and the pine was as white as a sheet of paper. The kitchen floor was her badge of merit; her insignia of perfect housewifery.

"You—you slob!" she cried. "I'll teach you to spit your dirty tobacco on my floor!"

She was at him before he could square his shoulders. Her nails raked his face again, and he jolted her off with his shoulder as he threw up his arms to cover his face. She staggered back and struck the stove; but as he uncovered his face and rushed at her she swung the rolling-pin and caught him on the head. His head did not ring hollow, but sounded a dull thud. His big mouth was twisted into an angry grin. Katie's mouth was twisted into a grin too. She did not give him time to clinch, but rained more blows on him.

Then she dropped the rolling-pin and screamed, running toward the corner of the kitchen. She picked up the poker as she ran, and Mike stopped short. Before he could reach her she had raised the poker for a blow and he caught it on the side of his face, and the hand he had put forth grasped empty air. He turned and ran before she could strike him again. He bolted for the door and jerked it open, dashing outside and halfway across the garden before he stopped. Then he faced about and laughed a short, bitter laugh.

Mrs. Thorley, taking interesting observations from her kitchen window, was not surprised. Sometimes it had been Katie and sometimes it had been Mike who fled from the kitchen during their ructions.

No one followed Mike from the kitchen door. He looked down and saw he was standing on a row of beets and stepped off of them.

"That'll do!" he exclaimed, and walked to the kitchen door. He held up his hand, palm toward the open door. "Enough!" he said.

"You bet it's enough!" Katie laughed. "I'll enough you!"

"And plenty," said Mike. "And more than that! Good-by!" There was no reply. "I gave you warning," he said. "I'm through! Good-by!"

"And good riddance!" said Katie.

She looked through the window as he passed it where the path ran close to the side of the kitchen, but the sight of his profile gave her no emotion. She seated herself in one of the two cheap kitchen chairs and breathed deeply, for her exertion had winded her. When her breath came more easily she went to the sink and bathed her eye.

Then she picked up the larger pieces of broken pottery and threw them into the coal scuttle at the side of the stove, and took her dustpan from the side of the wall and swept the tea leaves and smaller bits of broken ware into it. As she straightened up, the trend of her thoughts was shown by the words she uttered to herself.

"He must have a head like a rock," she said.

Mike Dugan was a good workman and work was plenty. He made his way to Watertown, New York, and held down a job in a factory there for three weeks; and then the war fever got him. A lot of fellows were joining in by way of Canada, and Mike went on up to Clayton and crossed over to Kingston. Thereafter, to hear him tell it, he was a native of Kingston and had been in the States but once, when he visited a cousin for two weeks.

From the day he left home by way of the kitchen door he felt but one regret—he was sorry he had not brought along his other pair of pants. So far as Katie was concerned, he felt nothing but gladness at having severed home ties. Now and then he used to think of her; but whenever he did the bulldog look would come upon his face. When he joined in with the Princess Pats he gave himself as single. The name and address of the person to be notified in case of casualty was that of Bill Steems, at Watertown, the foreman of the factory where Mike had worked for a few weeks.

There is a union closer than that of a college man for his chum, and it is that of a soldier for his mate—for his own particular matey. Perhaps in all life there is no deeper, more virile affection than that of a man for his matey. A man and a maid, marrying, may plan to go through a heaven of days together, but a man and his matey are jounced together by Fate, with every likelihood of going through hell in company.

Before they hit the trenches at Ypres, Mike Dugan and Tolly were mateys; made so without rede or book. They slept together, batted round together on leave, shared cigarettes, and joshed the same girl—many of her—wherever they met her. Long before they had left Canada they had opened the secrets of their hearts to each other.

"But never again!" Mike Dugan had said. "I've had my dose of woman, and I'm good and fed up, you mind. I was married."

"Gwan! You?"

"I'm telling you, ain't I? And this Yur'peen war ain't nothing to the one we kept goin' for near five years."

"Have you got a photo of the wife?"

"If I had I'd tear it in seven and throw it in the waste. Oh, but she was a devil! The way we hated each other was top hole, I'm tellin' you. We could give lessons to the Belgiums and the Huns. From the —— It took us about one month to find it out, Tolly, you mind. One month, and we knew what was the matter—she hated me worse than a cat hates water, and I hated her like a worm hates salt. And the worse, the more of it! She drove me from home."

"Gwan! You?"

"Not but what I was glad to go, mind you," said Dugan, grinning. "Would a man be glad to be drove from poison?"

Tolly was a tall, raw Westerner. He was rather serious-minded and somewhat given to slow speculations regarding matters that Dugan decided and put aside with an oath or a laugh.

"How does a woman go to work to drive a man from his home that way, Micky?" he asked. "I've heard of such doings, but it has always been a wonder to me. It's not like them—is it, now?"

"You've never had one of them," said Dugan.

"I've been a bit shy; that's right," agreed Tolly. "But it's not like them—is it, now? They're clinging things, like the vine ——"

"Holy mack'rel!" Dugan ejaculated. "Vines!"

"The man is the oak and the woman is the ivy; I've heard that more than often," insisted Tolly. "She clings like the vine ——"

"I wisht you could have seen Katie doin' some of that clinging stuff," said Dugan. "Some of her catch-as-catch-can clinging, with her nails dug in like nice little rootlets! Believe me, Tolly, she was some vine!"

Tolly rolled a cigarette.

"Wasn't you to fault, maybe, Micky?" he asked gently.

"Well, not but what I gave her as good as I got most of the time," said Dugan with some pride. "She must have had a noble black eye the day after I left. Oh, when I think of the thump she gave me on top of the conch with that rolling-pin! Bee-zazza! Ouch!"

"You—you fought with her? Like that?"

"Rough-house, and all the time," said Dugan. "She was one of them gentle little clingin' vines that wop you on the ivory with whatever is handiest, whether it is the stove lid or the stove complete. She was one of them tender little plantlets that shrink from the sun like a dippy orang-utan. When she got her dander up she had no more strength than a rhinoceros. You should have seen her throwing crockery at me, countin' 'I love you, I love you not!' The last one was always the big platter, and the count was 'not!'"

"The trouble," said Tolly somewhat diffidently, "was that you did not love her or she did not love you."

"And listen to the wise man!" said Dugan. "How did you ever guess it? No," he said seriously; "that was the trouble. We was so far from bein' in love that we hated the sight of each other's face. Can you get that right, Tolly? We hated the sight of each other's face! Be careful when you marry, Tolly—if you're ever fool enough to do it—that you pick out one you won't hate. It's hell! Nothin' but fight and scrap and scrap and fight! Oh, forget it! How does that song go you was trying to learn me? 'Oh, the moon was bright when o'er the summer sea went sailing ——'"

"Oh, you poor lobster!" laughed Tolly. "You don't go up on 'bright' like that. You sing it this way—'bri-yi-yight.' Like that!"

Presently their two saw-edged voices were ripping the night into ragged shreds of discord. They were happy.

The Royal Rifles were fought to exhaustion and the Princess Pats were yanked out of the barracks they had hardly got into to go to the front trenches and relieve them. It was the Second Battle of Ypres that had unkindly busted the rest of the Pats, dragging them back into the mud they had left only the day before.

In the line that worked its way through the communication trench to the front trench Tolly walked just in front of Dugan. They were old hands at the game now and still mates. As another writer has well said, this meant that there existed between them that "relationship for which there is no equal, outside that one of the sexes, for sweetness and faith and service, and all the dear things that count." They fought and were ready to die together.

Their mating was, perhaps, the more remarkable because Dugan was so efficient in all things that tended toward comfort and convenience, while Tolly was, in matters of war, all thumbs. Perhaps it would be truer to say that their mating was the less remarkable for that reason. The one complemented the other; completed him; together they were enough. They were even known as D and J, this being an abbreviation for David and Jonathan.

"Th' w'y them two loves each other is flat sickenin', Hi calls it," a little cockney complained. "Bloody turkle-doves, that's wot they is! Wot did Dugan do to me but step all over my feet, and all I says to 'im is: 'D —— your —— —— hide to ——!'—and this Tolly up an' 'alf murders me, 'e does!"

Now as Tolly walked ahead of Dugan, the smaller man—stumbling his way in the dark—bumped into him. With all the anger of a cross, harassed man driven back to a job he had hoped he was quit of for a while, Tolly lunged back at Dugan with his elbow, striking him fair in the face.

"Keep your distance, can't you, you God-forsaken idiot?" Tolly asked in a bitter whisper. "Walking all over a man like a blessed fool! If you don't quit pawing into me you'll have the whole infernal lot of boches coming in on us."

"Aw, shut up!" said Dugan. "And bend your head down, can't you? A guy would think you were never in a trench before. The next time I hook up with a giraffe I'll be blasted if I don't pick out one that ain't a jackass!"

Tolly stopped. The light of a star shell showed that his face was white with anger.

"That's about all, Dugan!" he said tensely. "One bit more and I'll let you have it! You ——"

"Aw, shut up! You'll let me have nothing! That's what you'll let me have."

Tolly moved on. They passed dugout after dugout, stopping to peer into the blackness of each; and all were occupied. For this Tolly blamed Dugan and Dugan blamed Tolly, and each did it in hearty whole-souled words. It was, in reality, nobody's fault. It was a case of first come, first served.

In no manner known to human science could Tolly have soared in the air like a dove from the mud of the trenches to speed ahead of the line and choose a snug, dry dugout. By no means yet invented could Dugan have burrowed like a hasty mole to pass under the feet of those ahead of him and preëmpt a clean, undripping nest. But that did not matter. Tolly denounced Dugan bitterly. Dugan ragged Tolly crossly for his utter and well-known inefficiency in all things mundane.

"A preacher, that's what you ought to have been," he said. "You ought to have been an old maid, all wrapped up in cotton bats and laid on a shelf. You need a nurse—a nurse with cap strings and a baby carriage. Army! A nice kind of army this would be if they was all like you! We ain't going to get no hole to sleep in at all—that's what we'll get. You're a nice one, you are!"

"And you said 'Don't go picking like you did last time, and pick a blasted bowl of mud to bunk in!' Was that what you said, or wasn't it? Did you say 'You let me pick this time?' Did you? And a nice picking you're doing, ain't you? You're picking nothing—that's what you're picking."

Time after time they poked into a dugout. "Full up!" were the words that greeted them, and they went on again. There were two men in the dugout they finally reached, with not more than enough room for three, and that uncomfortably.

"Come in! Come in! Always room for a dozen more, of course!" said a sarcastic voice. "What do you think this is—the Ritz Hotel?"

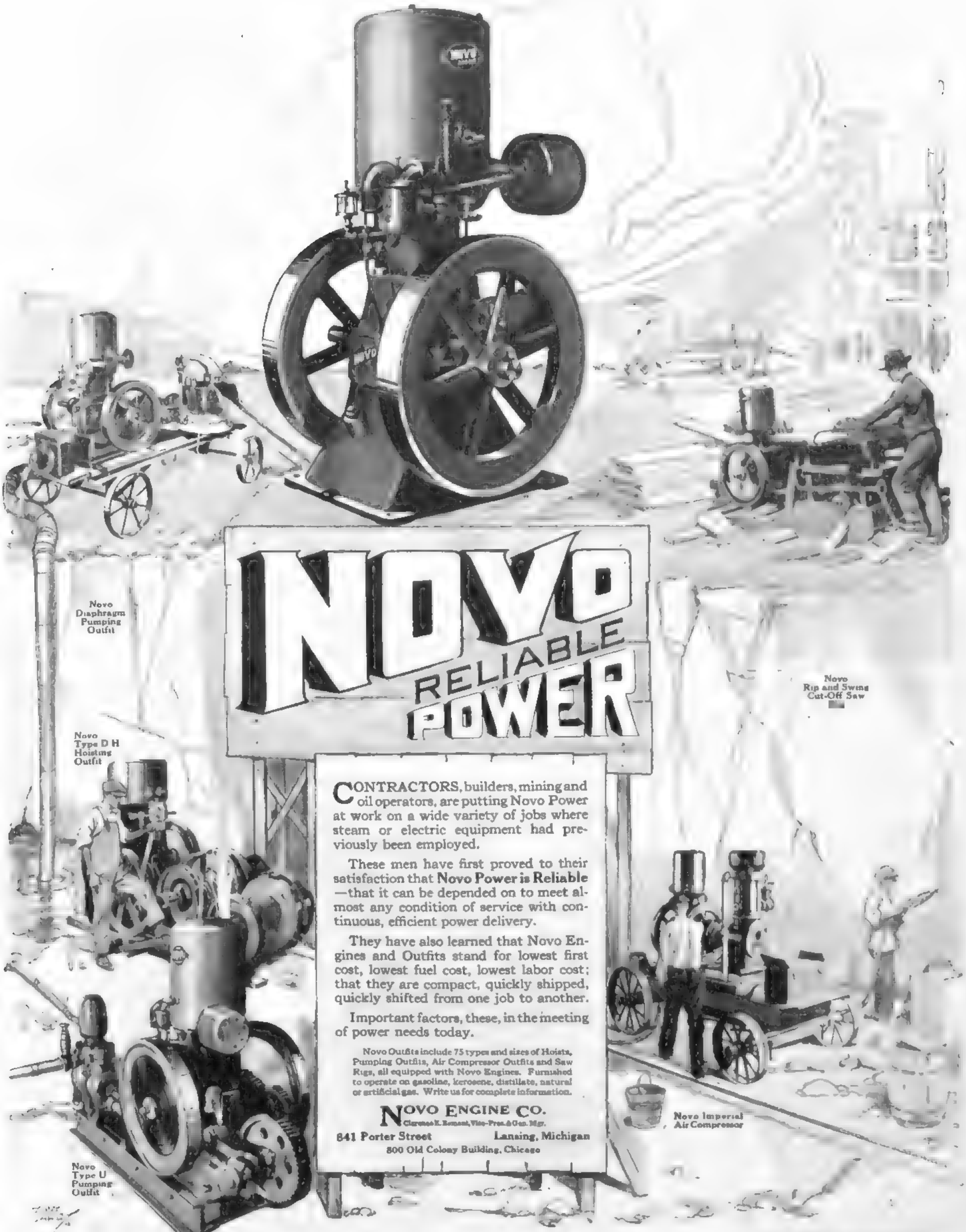
"You bet your eye we'll come in!" said Dugan promptly. "Shunt your kit, Tolly; if these lobs give us any mouth we'll show them what for. This is my matey—see? And don't you forget I'm Scrappy Dugan. This is a sweet little violet of a cave, I don't think! Get over there and give Tolly room to squat. Who'll take first sentry go?"

"You guys."

"Yes, we will!" said Dugan. "We will not! Old Tol here has a punk heel I've got to bandage up—ain't you, Tolly?"

(Concluded on Page 48)

"Me and Tolly Would Go Right Ahead and Die for Each Other Any Day. But, Gee, the Scraps We Have!"



NOVO RELIABLE POWER

CONTRACTORS, builders, mining and oil operators, are putting Novo Power at work on a wide variety of jobs where steam or electric equipment had previously been employed.

These men have first proved to their satisfaction that **Novo Power is Reliable**—that it can be depended on to meet almost any condition of service with continuous, efficient power delivery.

They have also learned that Novo Engines and Outfits stand for lowest first cost, lowest fuel cost, lowest labor cost; that they are compact, quickly shipped, quickly shifted from one job to another.

Important factors, these, in the meeting of power needs today.

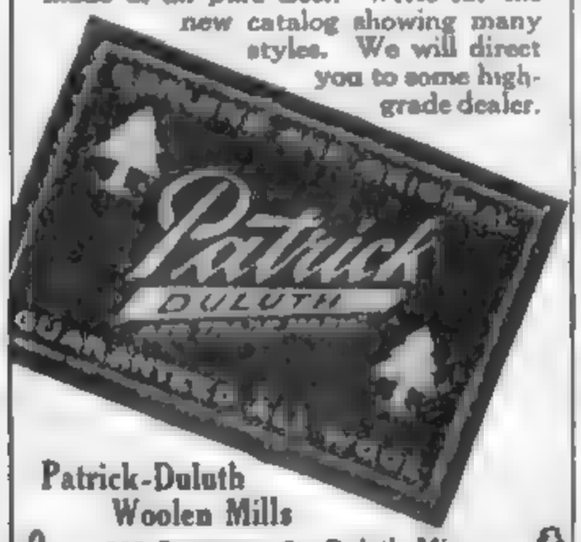
Novo Outfits include 75 types and sizes of Hoists, Pumping Outfits, Air Compressor Outfits and Saw Rigs, all equipped with Novo Engines. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, distillate, natural or artificial gas. Write us for complete information.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
841 Porter Street Lansing, Michigan
800 Old Colony Building, Chicago

—that means it's *all wool* from the fleece of the "sheep that thrive in the snow"—like the famous Patrick Mackinaws and Great Coats, warmth and comfort without bulk. "Bigger than Weather."

While the Patrick Mills are producing a large supply of goods for the Government, they have been permitted to manufacture a limited quantity for their dealers. This supply is all in the hands of our dealers now.

This Patrick Label, whether on Mackinaw, Great Coat, Sweater, Cap, Stocking, Robe or Blanket, means that it is made of *all pure wool*. Write for the *new* catalog showing many styles. We will direct you to some high-grade dealer.



Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills
209 Commerce St., Duluth, Minn.

(Concluded from Page 46)

"Show it," said one of the others. "My matey here has curvature of the spine and I've got to give him his massidge. Ain't I, matey? W'enever he gits in a 'alf-dry spot he gets curvature, like your mate gets sore heel; just like it."

Tolly was taking off his boot. He did have a rub on his heel. It was nothing to speak of, but it gave a color of truth to what Dugan had said.

"Oh, well!" said their comrade. "Wot t'ell! Somebody's got to take first swing. Come on, Joe!"

They went out. Tolly put his boot on again. The water in the dugout was something like a foot deep, but there were two shelves carved in the sides, on each of which a man could double himself into a posture that was sure to bring on numb legs and an ache in the back. The door of the dugout was a wet sandbag, dripping water. The shelves themselves were slimy with moisture. There was no light unless, as when Dugan exhibited Tolly's heel, a match was struck.

"A nice sweet home you fetched us to!" said Dugan bitterly.

"I fetched you!" said Tolly. "I fetched nothing. You was the one that hounded me in here. I was goin' on ——"

"And then we'd have had nothing," said Dugan. "We'd have had a bed in the slop outside—that's what we'd have had."

"And a lot of difference!" said Tolly. "A lot of difference!"

Unfortunately Dugan chose that moment to stretch out his arms. The back of his hand tapped Tolly not lightly on the face. Tolly uttered something like a growl.

"You will, will you?" he asked between his teeth. "Hit me, will you? All right——"

He swung out in the darkness and his fist hit something hard. Dugan swore. The next minute they were clinched, twisting back and forth. They went down in the water at the bottom of the dugout and continued the fight there, like alligators battling in the muck.

Tolly was bigger, but he was deeper in the water, being underneath. They fought well, striking real blows and venting their anger in harsh whispers as they fought. Slowly Tolly worked himself round. He got his hand on Dugan's neck and pushed his head under the muddy water; and then Dugan bit. He found a wrist and set his teeth into it, and Tolly struck him in the face and wrenched the wrist free. He scrambled to his feet and, even as Katie had dashed from the kitchen, he leaped for the dugout door and scrambled through into the trench.

The upper part of the inner wall of the trench was white just then with the light of a star shell; and as Tolly stood with his face to the dugout the phut! of a rifle sounded from the German trenches, and Tolly fell forward, first on his hands and knees and then sidewise.

Dugan got his three days later, but in the arm; and they were cleared to the same hospital back of the lines, where Tolly's scalp wound healed quicker than Dugan's flesh puncture in the arm. Tolly was out of bed a day before Dugan; and he sat all that day in a chair at Dugan's side, talking to him. That Dugan talked so little worried him. He carefully avoided the subject of their fight all day; but when the night lights were lighted he broached it.

"I gave you a couple of grand punches there in the dugout, Micky," he said. "If I could have got a full swing I would have put you to sleep, sure!"

"I never knowed you was such a good scrapper," said Dugan without animosity.

"Neither did I," said Tolly. "It come to me all of a sudden."

Dugan, propped up in bed, was silent.

"Well, it's all right now—ain't it, matey?" continued Tolly.

"Right?" queried Dugan, like a man far away. "Oh, the scrappin', you mean? Oh, sure! That was all right. All in the day's work, as you might say. That's all right, Tolly."

"You been so kinda silent all day, Mike, I thought maybe you was sore at me," said Tolly. "I'd hate that. I sure would!"

"Sore? Me sore at you!" exclaimed Dugan. "Why, you old horse, you! You old giraffe! Me sore at you? Why, that's all right, Tolly! I ain't never been sore at you. That scrappin'—that's nothing. You know that. We sort of get that way being together so much. That kinda thing don't count. You know that."

"Sure!" said Tolly. "And when I heard they had brung you in from the trench——"

"And me, when I crawled out there and seen you dead! Yes, blast you—dead I thought you was! When I seen that——"

"Yeah!" said Tolly, and sighed happily.

"You blasted blooming bounder, you!" said Dugan affectionately.

Tolly carefully scratched the hair just under his head wrappings and smiled.

"And you, you swab," he said lovingly, "having me scared all this day, the way you kept quiet!"

"I was thinkin'," said Dugan. "I sort o' got to thinkin', Tolly. War's a funny box of tricks, ain't it? Look at the way it teaches a guy what he didn't know before."

"It sure is," admitted Tolly. "It's all of that, Mick."

"To think that I was almost starting to begin to think I didn't like you! Ain't it the limit?"

They sat silent a while, blissfully content—mateys, side by side. Dugan was the first to speak. "Say, sorehead," he said, "go and ask the nurse to stake me to a pencil and a piece of paper, will you?"

"Now don't you start in calling me sorehead!" said Tolly hotly. "You start that and I'll ——"

"Go on, you big brute!" grinned Dugan. "Get me that pencil I told you I wanted."

When Tolly returned with pencil and paper he began again.

"That's one thing I won't stand," he growled. "You start naming a man a name like that and he never gets rid of it."

"Aw, shut up!" said Dugan.

He wet the end of his pencil as a hint that he wanted to be permitted to write in peace. Tolly moved over to his own bed and spread himself out in comfort. A part of what Dugan wrote was this:

"MRS. MICHAEL J. DUGAN.

"*Dear Madam:* This is to let you know I been shot in the wing; but nothing much to brag about. Well, Kate, war is all they say it is; but it ain't bad if you get a good scout for a mate like a guy named Tolliver, that me and him is friends in our Co. Well, Katie, I been thinking about you to-day, and I take back what I said about us hating each other, because me and Tolliver beat each other up the same way, and we don't hate each other. I guess maybe you figgered this out long ago, before I did—that scraps don't mean nothing but a little excitement in the family. Because me and Tolly would go right ahead and die for each other any day. But, gee, the scraps we have! So I see now that you and me was the same. We scrapped like good mateys. So I hope this war will soon be over, because I see now I never did hate you; but it was the other way, because I love you like hell!"

For a moment or two Dugan studied the last word. It seemed to express what he wished to say better than any other word he could think of; but he had his doubts about the censor. He scratched it out and gnawed the rubber of the pencil as he tried to think of a substitute. No other word expressed the full strength of his feeling.

Slowly he erased another word, and then studied the result. On the whole, it seemed eminently satisfactory.

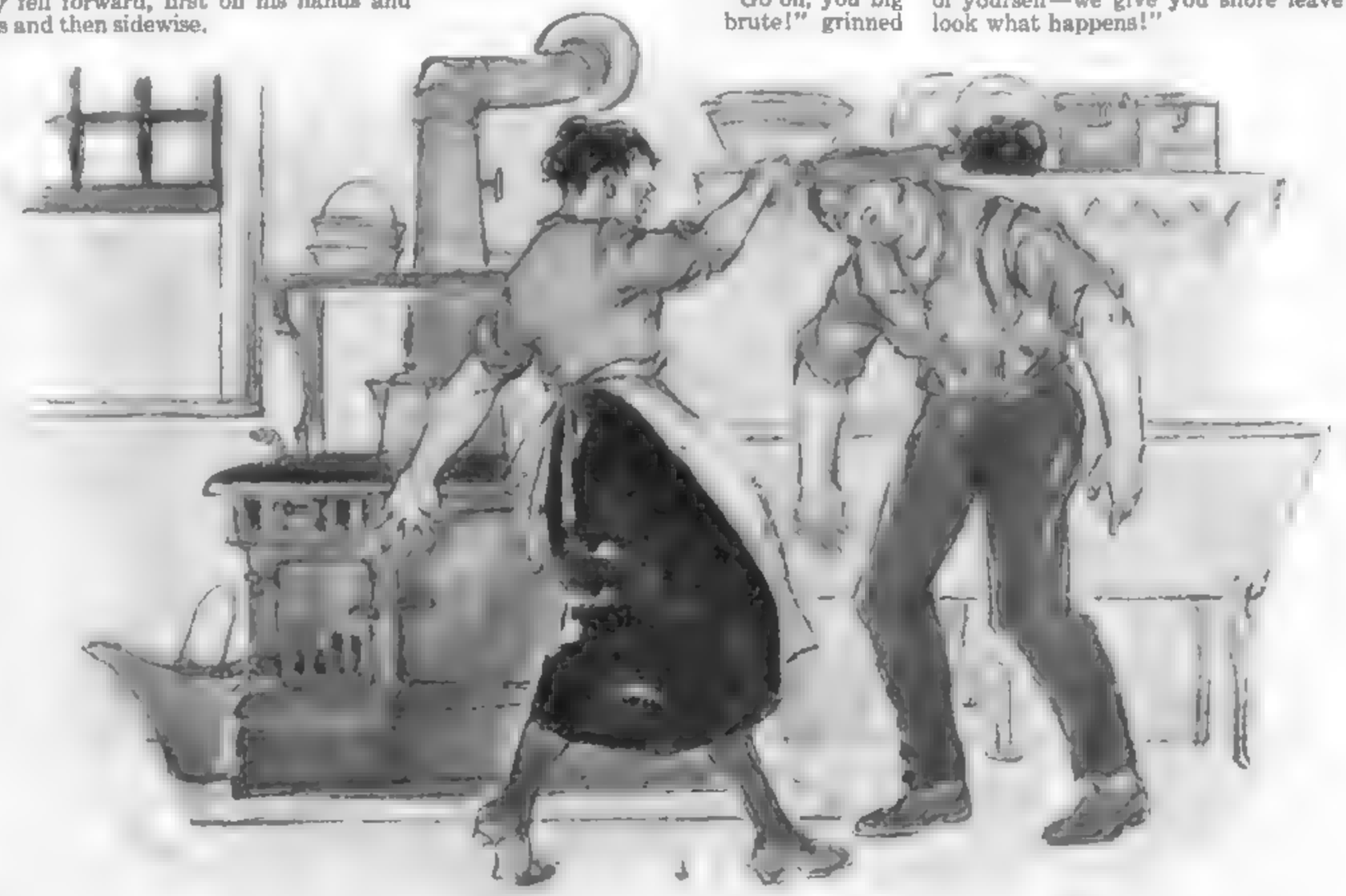
"Because I love you!" was simple and sincere. It was exactly what he wished to say. So he left it that way.

De Luxe Kitty

ONE of the officers on the United States Steamer Leviathan had a pet cat. Recently it selected one of the "thousand-dollar" staterooms to give birth to kittens. This stateroom had been reserved for an army colonel, but he cheerfully gave it up when he learned the circumstances, everybody regarding the incident as a favorable omen.

Later a sailor was heard talking to the mother.

"You're a fine kitty, ain't you?" he said reproachfully. "You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself—we give you shore leave and look what happens!"



His Head Did Not Ring Hollow, But Sounded a Dull Thud

WOOL

CLOTHING MUST BE CONSERVED

The Government has commandeered the Country's entire supply of Wool—must have it for our boys "over there."

This means economy in woolens heretofore unknown.

Here is where the Master Cleaner can perform a real service. Thorough cleansing at proper intervals almost doubles the life and usefulness of any woolen garment.

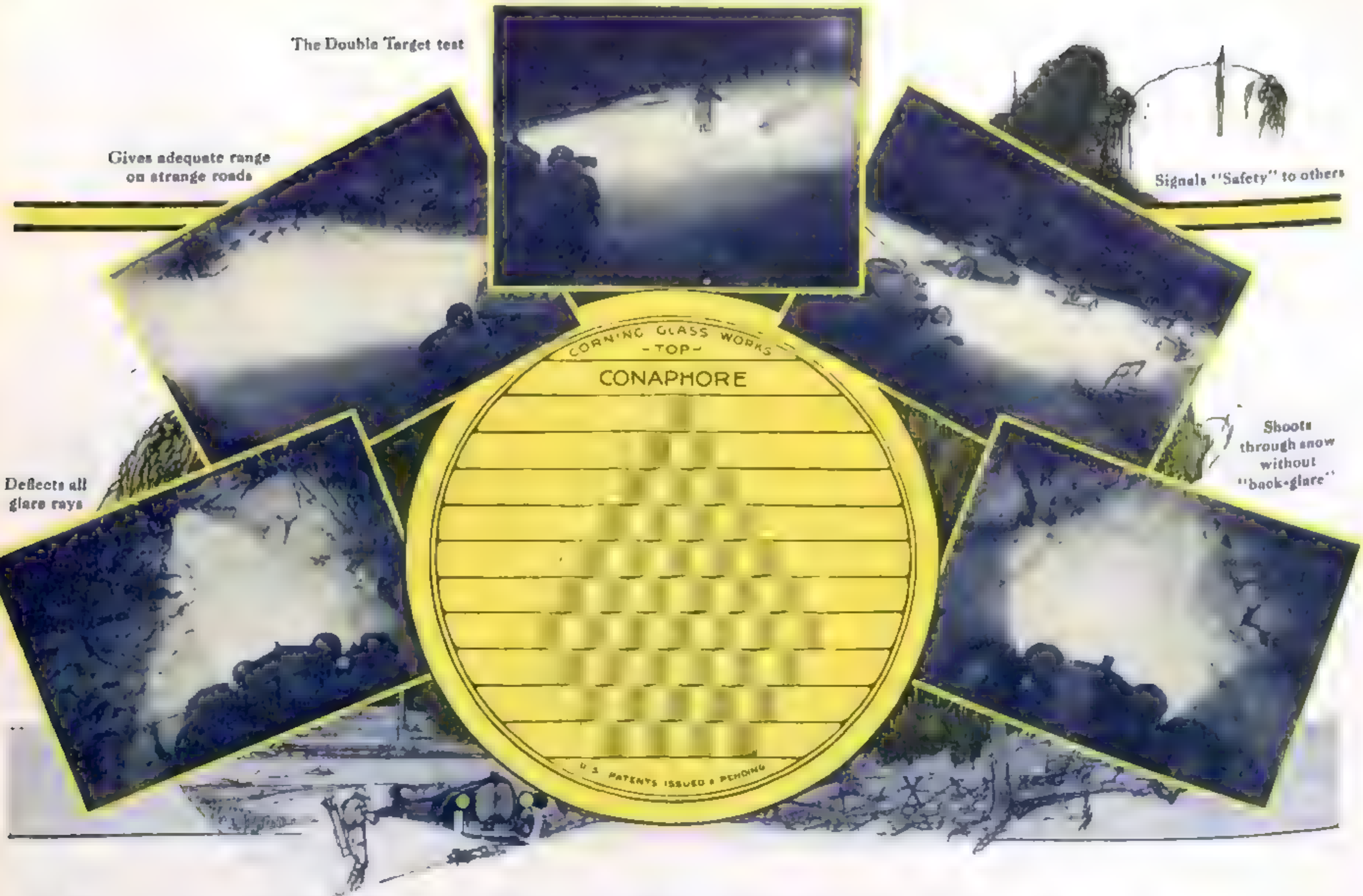
Call the nearest Master Cleaner. He can keep your new garment new or make your old ones do.

Be sure you call a cleaner who displays the Master Cleaner emblem. It is your guarantee of master service —the service that is the need of the hour.

If you do not know the Master Cleaners of your vicinity, write

National Association of Dyers and Cleaners
Fullerton Building **Saint Louis**

MASTER DYERS AND CLEANERS



How efficient headlighting protects you

EFFICIENT headlighting is more than bare compliance with law—more than mere elimination of dazzling rays.

Safe night-driving requires *long range*, both on crowded highways and on strange country roads. Safe night-driving means *adequate vision* at all times of the year—on clear nights, or in snow, fog, dust or rain.

What determines efficiency

Ordinary diffusing and prismatic lenses waste the light—either by scattering it in all directions, or by dumping it directly in front of the car.

Noviol Conaphores comply with all headlight laws, but in so doing they never waste light nor sacrifice range. The broad-spreading Conaphore beams are projected far down the road, as the famous Double Target test so conclusively proves.

The same unique properties which have established Noviol as the only glass that subdues glare and gives maximum range of vision in the goggles of an aviator or of a lookout at sea, make Noviol ideal for headlight service.

Why Noviol light is necessary

If you have ever driven through fog, dust or snow with Noviol headlights, you know how the annoying "back-glare" is eliminated, and how distinctly you can see ahead in spite of the weather.

Noviol headlights, with their unique yellow-tint, flash a sure signal of safety and courtesy—more than that, the soft mellow light is always easy on your eyes, and easy for your eye to follow.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists know that Conaphores mean safety and comfort on the highways, just as Corning signal glass protects every great railroad of the country. They know that the same famous laboratories which have developed Pyrex Glass baking ware, Pyrex chemical ware, Corning thermometer tubing, Nonex lantern globes, and a long list of other technical glass products, have solved the problem of efficient headlighting.

Retail Prices (per pair) Sizes	Noviol Glass U. S.	Noviol Glass Canada	Clear Glass U. S.	Clear Glass Canada
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	$2.40	$3.50	$1.60	$2.40
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	5.00	2.50	3.60
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	6.25	3.00	4.25
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	8.25	4.00	5.75

Prices in U. S. west of Rocky Mountains 25c more per pair
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch above 6½ inch size

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Mgrs.
283 Madison Avenue New York City

NO GLARE
RANGE 500 FT.

CONAPHORE

PIERCES FOG AND DUST

CORNING GLASS WORKS—WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF TECHNICAL GLASS

THE POETS' CORNER

The King's Highway

NO MORE in scarlet velvet cloak and pointed silken shoes
The heralds ride them forth before the king,
With flash of plume and fret of steed and glint of jeweled rein,
And silver-tasseled saddle cloth a-swing;
But shorn of pomp and panoply that graced the elder day,
From Aberdeen to Dover's cliffs, from Sheerness to Torquay,
Ride out the heralds gallantly to clear the king's highway!

Aye, never yet so bitter-keen have swept the channel winds,
And never channel fog so writhing-blind,
And never loomed so hard alee the horned and drifting death,
So close the hissing fear that swims behind;
But dawn by dawn they hie them out beyond the lightships' ken,
From Sunderland and Yarmouth head, from Hull and Carmarthen—
The little red-sailed fisher boats of British fishermen!

Beating out to seaward, trawler, yawl and smack,
Veering with the dawn-wind on the outward tack,
Watchful as the herring hawk, steady as the gull,
Out beyond the harbor bells where the tide swings full;
Out beyond the dear white cliffs,
Dimmed in flying wrack,
Fare the red-winged fisher boats—
Nor know they'll fare them back!

And oh, the little Devon towns that lie so sunny-still,
And oh, the golden gorse along the heath,
And oh, the hawthorn hedges where the merl and starling nest,
With the buttercups a-dancing underneath!
The surf-beleaguered headlands, the fisher boats beached high,
The little gray thatched hamlet and the nets spread out to dry—
How all of it calls after them—a-sailing out to die!

But north and south and sown with death, wide sweeps the king's highroad,
And servants of the king must pass that way,
Cargo boat and collier, lone patrol with decks awash,
And darting lean destroyer, battle-gray—
And who but heralds of the king shall clear the king's highway,
Bearing through the lifting fog, through the channel spray,
The challenge heralds cried of old, "Way for the king! Make way!"

Trawler, yawl and herring smack standing out to sea,
Sheering through the silver mist where the tide runs free,
Little red-winged fisher boats of British fishermen,
Out to take the Serpent's spawn with net and trawl and tren—
For lo, the King seeks right of way,
His feet are on the sea,
And fisher boats they were that served him best
On Galilee! —By Dorothy Paul.

Father William

[With All the Necessary Apologies]

"IT IS hard," said the slacker, "to get any suits
That aren't made of shoddy and such.
The leather they're putting, of late, into boots
Is not made to wear very much."
"You're right," Father William with vigor replied,
"But the wool used in khaki is prime,
And the shoes in the Army are made out of hide
That will last for a very long time."

"It is hard," said the slacker, "to keep down my weight,
Though I diet as doctors advise,
But I'm putting on flesh at a terrible rate
And my stomach's increasing in size."
"You're right," Father William observed with a smile,
"Your figure is not at all trim,
But the Army, they say, in a very short while
Makes fat fellows graceful and slim!"

"You are old, Father William," the slacker said then,
"And your strength must be waning and slight,
Yet you cheered for two hours at the khaki-clad men.
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"
"In my youth," said the father, "I fought for my land,
And I'm strong for the soldier who dares,
And a white-livered slacker I can't understand,
So enlist, or I'll kick you downstairs!"
—Berton Braley.

The Answer

"Untrained Americans"—Berlin Dispatch

THE time has long since drifted by
To hurl invective or debate;
For who is there to bandy words
Or hold an argument with Fate?
"Untrained Americans," they cry.
Well, let them rave on while they may;
Our roaring guns will make reply—
Our rifles have the final say.

We have no boasts to counter with,
No braggart shout to answer back;
The score alone shall meet the test
When dawn has brought the last attack;
"Untrained Americans," they jeer;
But where the red flame lights the sky
The rolling thunder down our lines
Must be the sum of our reply.

We had our share of speech, but now
Above the mounds of those who sleep
The words of old are out of place
Against the shrapnel's steady sweep;
The Hun must have his little joke,
And who is there to make appeal
As long as we can bank upon
The eloquence of flame and steel?

So let him call us what he will,
And have his waning day of mirth,
While yet our forming lines roll up
To make a cleaner, fairer earth;
"Untrained Americans" will find
No counter taunt from us, except
The bark of rifles down the field—
The bloody sod our guns have swept.
—Grantland Rice, F. A., A. E. F.

Take It From Father

SON, I haven't much to tell you. I have learned that good advice is
A prescription which but few of us will take,
And my long and windy warnings might forsake you in a crisis—
And besides, you've got your own career to make,
I have just this bit of counsel which may help you go the distance
With no useless or unnecessary stop,
As you mingle in the mêlée of the struggle for existence
Don't you ever try to argue with a cop!

There are plenty of adventures which a man may get away with,
Though the world proclaim them hopeless from the start;
You may find a whirring buzz-saw is a pretty thing to play with,
And at times a Bengal tiger has a heart;
Youth is always doing wonders and forevermore achieving
While the sages sneer and prophesy a flop;
But there are some final limits, it's a fact that's worth believing,
So don't ever try to argue with a cop!

You might swim the Whirlpool Rapids, you might butt your way through granite,
You might set the Mississippi all aflame;
But debating with policemen take a tip from dad, and can it -
For the issue is infallibly the same:
You are licked before you've started with your futile protestations,
So just do the way he tells you, on the hop,
And unless you have a fancy for a jail's accommodations
Don't you ever try to argue with a cop!
—Berton Braley.

Yanks

O'LEARY, from Chicago, and a first-class fightin' man,
Born in County Clare or Kerry, where the gentle art began;
Sergeant Dennis P. O'Leary, from somewhere on Archie Road,
Dodgin' shells and smellin' powder while the battle ebbed and flowed.

And the captain says: "O'Leary, from your fightin' company
Pick a dozen fightin' Yankees and come skirmishin' with me;
Pick a dozen fightin' devils, and I know it's you who can."
And O'Leary, he saluted like a first-class fightin' man.

O'Leary's eye was piercin' and O'Leary's voice was clear:
"Dimitri Georgeoupoulos!" And Dimitri answered "Here!"
Then "Vladimir Slaminsky! Step three paces to the front,
For we're wantin' you to join us in a little Heinie hunt!"

"Garibaldi Ravioli!" Garibaldi was to share;
And "Ole Axel Kettelson!" and "Thomas Scalp-the-Bear!"
Who was Choctaw by inheritance, bred in the blood and bones,
But set down in army records by the name of Thomas Jones.

"Van Winkle Schuyler Stuyvesant!" Van Winkle was a bud
From the ancient tree of Stuyvesant and had it in his blood;
"Don Miguel de Colombo!" Don Miguel's next kin
Were across the Rio Grande when Don Miguel went in.

"Ulysses Grant O'Sheridan!" Ulysses' sire, you see,
Had been at Appomattox near the famous apple tree;
And "Patrick Michael Casey!" Patrick Michael, you can tell,
Was a fightin' man by nature with three fightin' names as well.

"Joe Wheeler Lee!" And Joseph had a pair of fightin' eyes;
And his granddad was a Johnny, as perhaps you might surmise;
Then "Robert Bruce MacPherson!" And the Yankee squad was done
With "Isaac Abie Cohen!" once a lightweight champion.

Then O'Leary paced 'em forward and, says he: "You Yanks, fall in!"
And he marched 'em to the captain. "Let the skirmishin' begin,"
Says he. "The Yanks are comin', and you beat 'em if you can!"
And saluted like a soldier and a first-class fightin' man! —James W. Foley.

Glass Fashions

MISS PRIOR, a charity worker, was making a visit to a poor woman in a small country town. Four little children in the family all wore glasses.

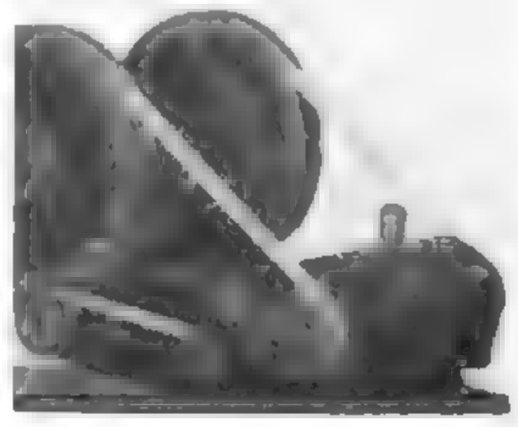
"What a pity!" exclaimed Miss Prior sympathetically to the mother. "It seems that all your children have trouble with their eyes."

"There ain't nothing the matter with their eyes, ma'am," said the mother.

"Then, why in the world do you disfigure them with those glasses?" asked the visitor wonderingly.

The woman stared at her caller coldly and angrily.

"Why, I thinks they look lovely!" she said. "I like glasses on little children. I thinks they're real dressy."



Detail of Gilmer Endless Belt used on "Capital" Internal Grinder.

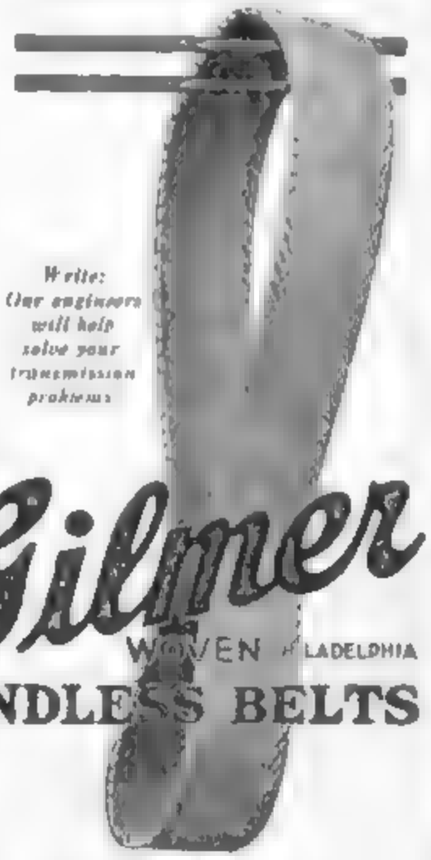
SUPREME flexibility is one of the advantages of Gilmer Woven Endless Belts. They hug the smallest pulley or spindle without resistance to the short bend; without loss of power—without injury to the belt itself.

Watch an ordinary belt at high speed on a small pulley. Note the "bulge" on the slack side where it strikes the pulley. Result, less gripping surface and constant strain on the fibre of the belt.

Under the same conditions, the Gilmer Woven Endless Belt snuggles right down to the pulley. More gripping surface—no slip. More power—longer life.

Gilmer Woven Endless Belts are made of tough, long fibre cotton. Light, resilient, powerful, durable. Uniform weight and thickness gives perfect balance; avoids vibration and excessive wear on bearings. Unaffected by grease, grit or mineral oils. A friction grip that improves with use.

Running as Fan Belts in grease, grit, heat and moisture on more than half the automobiles in America.



Write: Our engineers will help solve your transmission problems

Gilmer
WOVEN PHILADELPHIA
ENDLESS BELTS

L. H. Gilmer Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Big Increase in Porcelain Efficiency

Half Again as Much Resistance to Current When Heated

In the high-speed, high-compression motors of today spark plugs must work in heat undreamed of a short time ago.

Yet under intense heat the porcelain insulator that once worked perfectly actually becomes a conductor of the electric current—fails to supply the explosive spark.

But science has now more than kept pace.

Experiment 3450 in the tenth year of unremitting original research work in our porcelain laboratories has produced a porcelain with half again as much resistance to current when heated.

Champion Dependability takes so long a step forward that it seems well nigh inconceivable that any future motor will ever again develop heat enough to threaten short-circuiting through the porcelain insulator.

This greater dependability is yours if you merely take the pains to see that "Champion" *is on the porcelain* of your spark plugs as well as on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

BUCK PRIVATES

Continued from Page 26

Presently as the chaplain and I moved away Billy followed us.

"You couldn't tell when we'll be getting another mail, I suppose, chaplain?" he said

The chaplain shook his head.

"We'll have to mull over the old excuses once more, my boy," he replied; "difficulties of transportation, movements of troops; you know them all by heart."

"Yes, sir. Well, I can wait."

Again I saw his hand move toward his pocket, and I smiled sympathetically. Then, almost as if something had pulled my head round, I turned to meet the scowling face of Jimmie. At my startled look his features relaxed a little.

"Say, I've something I want to ask you about," he called out.

I nodded. Jimmie ran across to his billet and hung his purified shirt upon a nail in the wall. Then he joined me and we maneuvered out of earshot of the others.

"Say, I'm so darn mad I could bust," said Jimmie in a hard voice. "It's about Bill. You've seen the kind of dying-calf look he's had on his face lately, darn his fool soul!"

"He told me," I said, "that this girl Clair he has been in love with for a year has said she'll marry him as soon as he gets back."

"She wrote that in a letter dated April, and he's not had a letter since. You know the sweet regular way our mail comes! Well, I got a letter from her dated the last of June. She's thrown him down, darn her, and she's not got the sand to tell him so. She wants me to break it to him. Made a mistake, she says, but has now found her true mate. I know her true mate, all right; I used to slam his head against his gate every night after school, when we were kids. His folks have influence and they got him into a nice desk job where he wears captain's spurs on his heels. And yellow! Say, if that fellow's back was ten yards long there'd be a yellow streak in him just that long. And it's for that she's turned down Bill. He's nothing but a buck private on thirty-odd per month who might get crippled. Give her a desk captain that plays safe. You wouldn't like to tell Billy for me?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like it," I said bitterly.

I knew just how Billy's eyes would look when he was hurt. I remember that tender gesture when he touched his letter.

The Chaplain's Sermon

"I don't know's we need tell him yet," Jimmie said. "If you'd speak to my lieut.—I've got reasons for not wanting to mention letters to him myself—why, he knows this Clair thing's handwriting and he could tell you if there was a letter from her to him, and we could break it to him before he read her letter. I wouldn't put it past the snobbish slob to write Bill, after she thinks I've told him, trying to justify herself and sentimentalize and all that. Darn it, I never did know a girl that could leave well enough alone, either when she takes a fellow or when she throws him down. I'm glad there's not a girl in the world I'd turn my hand over for."

Jimmie eased his feelings by abusing the sex, explaining carefully that he was referring to women under twenty. We took refuge in the cowardice of delay—if it was cowardice. I made a feeble attempt to be tolerant of the girl, and then abandoned it. I felt, like Jimmie, that I gained a little ease by abusing her.

We talked until an irregular procession of saboted civilians clacking in the direction of the Lutheran church reminded us that the chaplain was about to preach the burial sermon over the dead German. We hurried down the crossroad, our feet slithering in the mud, and joined the procession, the while a German machine gun barked in the woods, and a load of ammunition labored heavily along the little village railroad. When we entered the church the body of the dead soldier already lay in the chancel in a rude pine box. The nave was crowded with Alsatians, while our soldiers stood against the walls. The chaplain's words were something as follows:

"This boy from Frankfort who lies here was a soldier who died doing what he considered his duty. We honor him for that. We know there are those in his own home and his own city who will miss him and grieve for him. Now, if any of you civilians here get word to Frankfort to his relatives I want you to tell them what I've said. I want you to tell them that we're giving this boy just the same funeral as we give our own men except that he has not our flag over him and doesn't receive the final salute and taps. But I want you to tell them that we've done our best by him and have given him honorable burial."

There came a subdued chorus of "*Ja, Ja, mein Herr*," and a few sighs and sobs.

"Can you beat it?" murmured Jimmie in my ear. "Lord, ain't this a mixed-up world? War, and love affairs going crooked, and people under our noses having traffic with the Germans we've come over to kill."

Well, it is a mixed-up world. There we sat in what so short a time ago was German Alsace. The few pro-Germans in that village are carefully watched, and all of them long for the end of the war. Many of them have a sort of complacent pride that they and the people of Lorraine are to be such important figures in that period when the negotiations for peace are carried on. They are like small children who feel the importance of a tragedy in the house.

All morning the boys who were free from detail tried to collect some proof that "a party was on!" About three o'clock Jimmie and Billy turned up, their faces important.

"We've been scouting," Jimmie said, "and there's between thirty and forty fellows that have got the word from their squad corporals to lay round and take it easy this afternoon. You know what that means for to-night!"

A Present for Clair

Jimmie paused for felicitations. I suppose women will always have to deceive men more or less. I hope my "Isn't that fine, boys?" did not ring as hollow as it felt. I should like this war to be somehow pursued without danger or bloodshed.

"But that isn't all," Billy added. "It's hard to believe, I know, but I betcha we've got a G. A. B. order!"

A G. A. B. order is what the boys had long desired. It means "Get a boche." So far the soldiers had not had orders to go into the German trenches and proceed through the empty ones into the populated ones and stay there till they brought forth a living prisoner or prisoners.

"Bill and I are in it, of course," said Jimmie. "I'd of written to General Pershing if they'd left me out. And I'm going to celebrate with something I've been saving."

He showed me a most expensive cigar, which he luxuriously lighted.

"If a French general should come along and see the red band on this cigar," Jimmie remarked, "he'd salute me."

Billy's eyes, speeding over the empty Y shelves, loitered on a little round brass box, carved and chased.

"I'd like to celebrate with that," he said. "What is it? It's pretty."

"It's a box for face powder. A French soldier made it out of a German 77 shell. He gave it to me a little while ago to sell."

"I think Clair will like it," Billy said dreamily. "She's not one of these girls that powder their noses on the street out of a chamois rag or a pill box. She's modest; her own room's the place for powdering, she'll tell the world."

The animation had died down in Jimmie's face.

"Here, don't pay for it yet," he said gruffly. "Have it put aside for you. What if the boches get you to-night?"

Billy laughed joyously.

"Then I'll be out of luck. But nothing can touch me, as long as —— Well, nothing can touch me."

"I'll put it aside for you," I said hastily. "You'll be all right of course, but—but it would be nicer to get it by way of celebration after we take the prisoner."

"Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter when he buys it," said Jimmie in a disgusted tone, by which he meant that it would be just like Billy to give the jilt a present even after he discovered her faithlessness.

It is said that it is easy under strong provocation for a man to strip off civilization like a garment and become a primitive savage. That's true. The soldiers come into our Y hut for sweets or for talk—just a lot of human boys. Then they strap on their accouterments and go out to try to kill Germans. I never can get used to the incongruity of it. Perhaps deep down the boys feel it, though they never speak of it. At any rate on one pretext or another the soldiers detailed for a raid or a patrol have never failed to come to the Y hut before starting out for the party. We were the nearest substitute for home they had; through us they were saying good-by to all things civilian.

I missed seeing the boys depart that evening. I had occasion to go down to the Y dugout in the support lines and I was detained. It was a matter of some big German shells that detained me. When I walked down the camouflaged road, sidling along by the ditch, the French battery beside the support lines was with great dispatch shelling the Germans. The Germans generally wait till the French have completed their salvos before they begin to shell back. So I felt reasonably safe, though as always I found the noise of the guns detestable.

When I reached the neat straight row of dugouts on the right-hand side of the wood that marked the beginning of the second line some French cannoneers were strolling along under the trees. They were chattering and laughing, when suddenly they stood stock-still with their ears cocked up. While I watched them I heard a tremendous whistling "whe-e-e-e." Then the Frenchmen began to run. One of our soldiers teaching me to distinguish the sounds of shells once gave me this advice:

"While you're learning, or if you can't learn, watch the French. They know; if you see them cut and run, you run to beat the Dutch!"

So, seeing the flying Frenchmen, I stood not on the order of my going but I went in a way that recalled to me the fact that as a child I used to take prizes at the Sunday-school picnics for sprinting. Before that shell hit I was falling down the steps of the major's dugout, which was handy, and I found myself on my hands and knees before him. I told him it was by way of a salaam.

In the Shell Storm

It was a very nice dugout, with a fat roof composed first of corrugated iron and then of sand bags and then of dirt. Still, nothing avails if a shell lands with a direct hit; you merely feel protected when you have a roof of many layers over you. Some of the soldiers had cynically advised me if ever I was under shell fire near a post command to make for the C. O.'s dugout, where I'd be safe.

Occasionally I hear boys talk about their officers much as at home certain laborers talk of certain capitalists. Again, they will speak of them as children do of beloved parents.

"My captain would give me his coat off his back," Jerry told me; "and he has done it too."

But that same Jerry, speaking out of the corner of his mouth about a second lieutenant who was a poor officer and a poor-spirited man, said:

"Believe me, when we go over the top in some big engagement, that guy ——"

I did not care to translate too closely his meaning. Before that baleful day comes the incompetency of the lieutenant will have been more fully demonstrated, and he will have been sent back of the lines and out into something for which he is fit. For over here everyone has to be fit for something; this war brings out in people whatever competency they have.

The shelling lasted long—or so I thought. It was directed at the French battery, but it hit all round the dugouts. By the time it seemed safe to leave and I was able to scud down the camouflaged road to mine I was told that the boys selected for the evening party had gone.

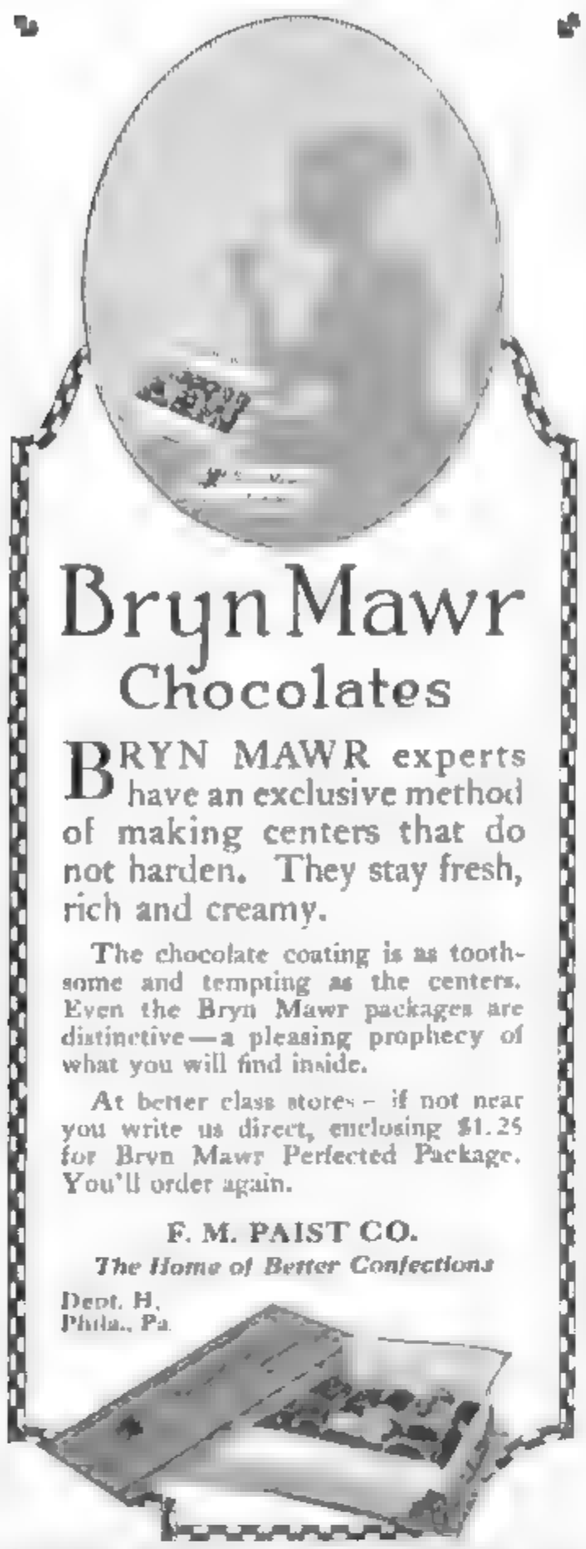
"But if you cut down through the woods," said Jerry, who had been left behind, "you'll get near enough to see them when they turn into the road at the left."

I cut down the woods road lined by dugouts and emplacements. I went to the very end of the woods, but I was too late. There, far down the white road, I could see the little khaki figures swinging along. One, at the end, seemed much larger than the others. Then I could see that it was coming back. I waited. Soon I saw that the figure was Mickie. He came toward me, his head lowered.

Extra Outlets
Get Two Uses from Single Sockets
You can light your halls and dark corners even though using your electrical sockets for the vacuum sweeper. You can have both light and power from any socket with the
BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG
Also gives you heat and light—or an extra lamp from one socket. No electrical appliance need remain idle for lack of an outlet and you can banish the bother of removing and replacing lamps.
For Sale at All Electrical Supply Stores
Made only by
BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago New York San Francisco

Callouses Tenderness or Pain There
are signs of a weakened transverse arch. The normal spread of the little bones across the ball of the foot are displaced, causing uneven pressure. The sole of the foot burns; great and little toe joints enlarge and a cramplike pain known as Morton's
Dr Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Supports give immediate relief and assist Nature in permanent correction.
Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances
Send for Free Booklet
"The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized authority on all foot troubles sent free
THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.
211G Schiller St. Chicago, Ill.

WANTED IDEAS. Write for Free Patent Guide Books, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.


Bryn Mawr
Chocolates
BRYN MAWR experts have an exclusive method of making centers that do not harden. They stay fresh, rich and creamy.
The chocolate coating is as toothsome and tempting as the centers. Even the Bryn Mawr packages are distinctive—a pleasing prophecy of what you will find inside.
At better class stores – if not near you write us direct, enclosing $1.25 for Bryn Mawr Perfected Package. You'll order again.
F. M. PAIST CO.
The Home of Better Confections
Dept. H,
Phila., Pa.

Makes the Best Dishes Better
Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.
DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber. JOBBERS—Write Us.
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.
FAUST
CHILE
POWDER

STOP LEAKS
BREAKS and CRACKS
With
Smooth-On
Iron Cement No. 1
Easily applied, saves money. Do it yourself and get lasting repairs at little cost. 25c at hardware stores. Write for interesting Booklet showing dozens of handy repairs in Home and Garage
25c
Smooth-On Mfg. Co.
Jersey City, N. J. U. S. A.
SMOOTH-ON
HOUSEHOLD CEMENT

BOOKKEEPER

become a Certified Public or Cost Accountant, go into business for yourself; demand for expert accountants exceeds the supply; many of our graduates earn over $5,000 yearly and have more business than they can handle. Learn at home in spare time by our new system. Write for booklet and special offer. We have no solicitors.
Universal Business Institute, 171 Pullman Bldg., New York

"What's the trouble, Mickie?" I asked.

"Forgot my gas mask," he mumbled, "and the lieutenant sent me back."

He didn't meet my eyes; poor little Mickie, only nineteen, hating rats, and jumping at a loud noise, lazy and soft and fond of an easy bed! I put my hand on his arm.

"Oh, Mickie," I said; "last time you were chosen for a party—the first time you were put on a real job—you had cramps. A boy with an Irish name shouldn't act this way. Don't you know that the boys already suspect you, and that the lieutenant is only giving you the benefit of the doubt? The next time anything like this happens to you he'll be certain, and then he'll put you in all the dangerous places. If you run away then he'll have you shot for cowardice. If you would just face it once you'd feel differently. Nothing is ever so bad when we are going through it as we thought it would be before we got to it. Please Mickie, take my gas mask and go back."

All honor to the poor shaky lad that he did not try to excuse himself on the score that I should need the gas mask myself. He let me fasten it on him. Then I lent him my lucky four-leaf clover to wear as a mascot, and without speaking at all he started back down the white road.

I returned through the woods, and any woman will know my thoughts: What if anything should happen to Mickie? What would his mother feel if she knew the responaibility I had taken? And why, if one came to that, had any woman the right to pray: "Not death to my son, O God; some other woman's son"?

If I had a son of soldier age I hope I'd have the courage not to pray for him except deep down. And I'm glad the mothers and wives and sweethearts of all these soldier lads are thousands of miles away from the battlefields. It's too wearing to see a man you care for put on his weapons and turn his back to you and walk down a camouflaged road. The real comfort is that after all the danger is very much less than it seems. We have to remember always that a small percentage of men are badly wounded; a smaller still killed, and the huge majority of shells and bullets never harm anything except earth and trees.

After the Raid

Bombardment of the first line that night; a gas attack, and the sharp popping of machine-gun fire. It sounds exactly as a motor boat out in the bay sounds in the early mornings when one is trying to sleep. And then, glorious sight, the boys of the party marching back in time for breakfast. But not all of them marching; two were brought in on litters, one with his left arm badly torn with a fragment of shrapnel; the other, Aleck, with a machine-gun bullet in his leg. For some weeks he would not wish to wander. The two wounded were regaled with cigarettes and coffee, and then taken off in the ambulance to the hospital. When I told Aleck he'd be back with his platoon in a few weeks he said, with a still, deadly menace wrapping up his understatement: "I'd as soon tackle the boche again right now as any other time."

Mickie was chattering of his adventures with his chin up. It was not the same Mickie. Only he would not meet my eyes. I found my gas mask later on the Y counter. To this hour Mickie has avoided me; he cannot forgive me because I saw his greatest shame and the beginning of his conquering. Some day he will.

For once the top sergeant let us congregate without scattering us. Each returned warrior had his little group of listeners. But Jimmie as usual was chief narrator.

"Where's your prisoner?" jeeringly asked Jerry.

"Guess some intelligence officer is pulling info. out of him now," said Jimmie with a nonchalant grin. "So you didn't think we had one, hey? Well, that was what we went out for, wasn't it?"

"I suppose you took him all yourself, little old head-boche-getter Jim?" queried Jerry.

"No, Bill got half of him, if not three-quarters, if you'd like to hear ——"

"Oh, no. Kindly put the mute on," said an impatient voice.

Jimmie grinned in a gratified manner, and resumed:

"Well, I don't know as there's much to tell. We timed ourselves to get down to the trenches just when the Germans would be at supper so they'd be too occupied to spray us with machine-gun fire. We skipped into the woodland then snuk down into the trenches. The fellows in there were out of tobacco, and they were sore at us for not bringing them some; so we divided up what fags we had and they all put their heads down in the mud and smoked. We were to go over at twelve but Heinie started bombarding at a quarter to. Oh, mamma, but he's a good range finder! One shell took off the corner of our dugout. That's how Tom got his arm smashed. The whole end of the place gave away, and what was to prevent another shell coming as encore? I don't mind telling you that I got right down on my knees to pray, and I suckled hard."

The translation of that last phrase is that Jimmie was begging for his life. The boys often say it. A synonym is: "I got down in the road and talked hard to God."

"Well," continued Jimmie, "we supposed they meant to attack, and so the minute their barrage lifted we loped over the top, squeezed through our barbed wire and beat it as fast as was safe into No Man's Land. We were walking like we always do, several paces apart, keeping our eye peeled for Fritz. Bill and I were pretty close together. We all got over about to Fritz's wire, where we plumped down and listened. Not a sound. We crawled through the wire. Not a boche spoke or coughed or sighed or even breathed. I've noticed they kind of breathe louder after their suppers, even the wretched kind of suppers they get. So I was not surprised when the lieut. gave the signal we could go on and jump into their trenches; we didn't expect to find anyone there."

How Jim Got His Boche

"The others began to snake forward. Bill and I were to the left and I guess we kind of got a hunch at the same moment. Anyhow I thought I heard somebody breathing over on my left. So Bill and I passed each other the signal, and instead of jumping into the trenches with the others we beat it through the grass backward and to the left. Sure enough, the breathing got louder. I had got so I could see in the dark. What did I notice but two Heinie's heads sticking up out of a shell hole with a wire across it rubbering at our fellows getting into the trenches? We knew it was some kind of trap. We saw we had to get them, so we crawled in behind them and jumped down on them and clouted them over the head with our rifles before they knew where they were.

"One of them had a flare all ready to send up. We figure that what they meant to do was wait till our fellows had gone a long way through their trenches and then give a signal so that all the Heinies in that part of Germany could come in and butcher us.

"Well, those boches were stunned. I gagged them, and stood guard over them while Bill beat it to the trenches to tell the lieut. what was up. Both the fellows came to and the big one tried to fight. I had to knife him; it was him or me, but I hated to do it because I wanted a boche apiece for me and Bill. But gosh, wartimes a fellow can't choose. Then Bill came back with the lieut. and the rest of the fellows, and as long as we'd got what we came for we beat it back to our lines. They might have left us have the boche with us, but no, they had to rush him off, and I bet he's miles away now."

"Well," remarked Mickie, "I heard the lieut. say he'd had to do it or you fellows would have wanted to parade the boche up and down the streets of the village here, like as if he was a circus."

"Mere little fact that Bill and I took him," remarked Jimmie bitterly, "doesn't prove we have any right to him."

"I heard the lieut. say," remarked Billy, "that he'd give something to know how our boche came to have a pair of fresh black eyes."

"I'll tell him for nothing," said Jimmie fiercely. "I was told to escort the boche back to our wire. Well, I pushed him along in front of me with the lieut.'s pistol in the small of his back as a tonic. He kept turning his head over his shoulder and grinning; I could see his white teeth, and he kept saying '*Kamerad!*' I told him to shut up and he didn't. So I pasted him one. I said to him: 'I'm willing to let you be my prisoner but I'm darned if I'll stand for you calling me your comrade. I'm kind of particular who I associate with.'"

The boys told this, that and the other story of individual adventure, some true and some not. Then having had enough of war I went for a walk down the road toward B — to see if the big camion of Y supplies was in sight yet. I passed old Mother Monod sitting in the doorway of her little café, her white cap as fresh as a flower.

"My little ones will not be wanting any omelet to-day," she laughed; "they are eating war."

Mother Monod is fat and square and good. Two of her sons have been killed for France; the other is a prisoner in Germany. In her little café she cooks extras for the soldier boys. She scolds them and mothers them, and many of them, when they enter or leave the café, will kiss her on both cheeks and call her "*Maman*," as her own boys used to. She's the sort of French civilian who helps the Entente and helps many an American mother too.

A few paces away from her cottage is that of old Pierre, the shoemaker. As I passed he was sitting on his bench, well bent over, his wrinkled old hands resting on his knees, in his eyes a far-away expression. Poor Pierre has suffered in this war perhaps more bitterly than anyone else in the village. He had a wife and three fine sons. In May, 1914, the youngest went to America. In June the oldest went to France on a visit—slipping off without asking the German authorities for permission. That very same night the Germans seized the third son and put him into the German Army, taking him no one knew where. Then the war! The son in France enlisted in the French Army and was killed. Pierre's wife died of the fear that perhaps her son in the German Army had killed her son in the French Army. The son in America has enlisted with our forces.

"Three sons in three different Armies," Pierre says sometimes. "One little cottage and plot of ground in Alsace was big enough for the five of us. Now we are all flung wide as a farmer flings his seed when he plants."

I sat down on the bench beside him.

"Did you go to the funeral yesterday, Pierre?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, madame; I had shoes to mend for the captain. When I listen to a sermon it makes me think. I would rather work."

"We'd all rather work than think, Pierre."

"As long as the world lasts for me," Pierre said, "there will be fighting. When this war is over there will be other kinds of fighting—I know. I was old enough after 1871 to remember. The world will be full of it; so, madame, if you please, I shall move out of the world."

"Move out, Pierre?"

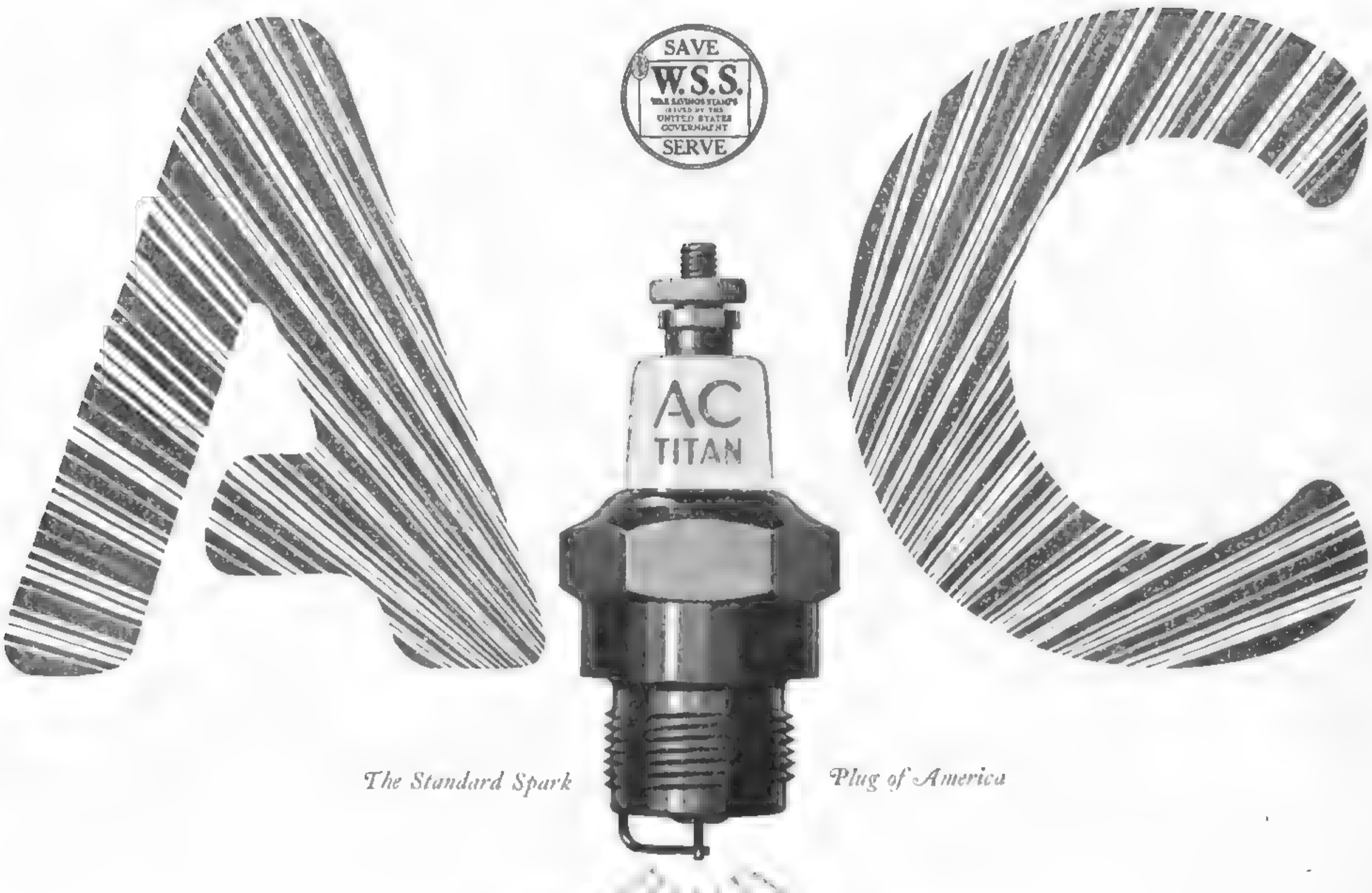
"Ah, I mean I shall live here in this house, perhaps with both my boys. I will divorce this house and this land from the world and I will go on with my work. It is the best I can do. Just make a little world of and for those we love, who will not fail us; and then work in that world. For me there will be no past and no future. I mend shoes!"

Philandering Under Difficulties

As I passed by the bridge I saw, seated against the bank with their backs to me, two of our soldiers and two Alsatian girls, with pleasant wholesome faces. Each boy had his right arm about a girl; quite contentedly each girl leaned her dark head against a khaki shoulder and chewed gum, a new accomplishment. They were not speaking, those four, but they were making love. Each couple held a book—one of these rampant and useful English-French phrase books. The soldier would find what he wanted to say in English with its French translation opposite, and would indicate it with his thumbnail. His lady would read and smile, and then chewing reflectively she would flutter the leaves till she found something she wanted to say. They were businesslike, serious, happy and innocent. Anyone would have wished them well—even one not keen on international marriages.

The next night the two companies of soldiers that went down to the trenches included the boys who had been out on the party with the G. A. B. order. Billy and Jimmie during this time had an adventure that was doubtless their greatest achievement as soldiers. I did not hear of it until the fourth day. That afternoon Billy came up from the trenches with a message for the major at the post command, and he took in our village on his way back. After mess he and I went for what might have been a

(Concluded on Page 57)



The Standard Spark Plug of America

Most Builders Believe Them Best

When the engineers of by far most leading automobile manufactories specify one make of spark plug year after year, there must be good and sufficient reason for it.

The choice of these leading manufacturers listed below is deeply significant. For this represents a greater preference than for all other makes combined.

And this overwhelming preference, expressed year after year, has belonged to the AC Spark Plug, made at Flint, Michigan, U. S. A.

This is the spark plug which bears the initials of the originator, the recognized spark plug authority in this country.

This preference and this name—AC—are all you need know about a spark plug. A glance under the hood would probably reveal that your car is already equipped with AC's.

The maker of AC Spark Plugs is rightly proud of his product. AC has become more than a mere designation; it is an infallible guide to safe buying and an unqualified guarantee of service.

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs especially designed for every make and style of motor.

Look for the letters AC. They are the initials of the originator, glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

Write for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion; also for information on new AC Carbon Proof Plugs especially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

All these well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks
Advance-Rumely Tractors
American-LaFrance
Anderson
Apperson
Brockway Trucks
Buffalo Motors
Buick
Cadillac
J. I. Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cole
Continental Motors
Crane-Simplex
Daniels
Davis
Deere Tractors
Delco Light
Diamond T Trucks
Dodge Bros.
Dorris
Dort
Duesenberg Motors
Federal Trucks
Ford & Son Tractors
F-W-D Trucks
Fulton Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
Genco Light
G. M. C. Trucks
Gramm-Bernstein Trucks
Hall Trucks
Hatfield
Havana
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Jordan
Jumbo Trucks
Kissel Kar
La Crosse Tractors
Liberty
Locomobile
Marmon
Maxwell
McLaughlin (Canada)
Menominee Trucks
Midland Trucks
Moline Knight
Moreland Trucks
Murray
Nash
National
Netco Trucks
Oakland
Old Reliable Trucks
Oldsmobile
Oneida Trucks
Packard
Paige
Paterson
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Premier
Reo
Riker Trucks
Robinson Fire Trucks
Rock Falls
Rutenber Motors
Samson Tractors
Sandow Trucks
Sanford
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Sengrave Fire Trucks
Signal Trucks
Singer
Smith Motor Wheel
Stearns Knight
Stephens
Sterling Motors
Sterling Trucks
Stewart Trucks
Stutz
Titan Trucks
United States Motor Trucks
Waite Tractors
Waukesha Motors
Westcott
White
Wilcox Truc
Wisconsin Motors

Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?

You'd Startle Your Tailor

if, when you wanted a suit of clothes, you asked him to submit a bid in competition with a dozen other tailors.

"Why," he would say, "this is ridiculous. This man knows what kind of a suit of clothes I give him. He knows he can depend on the quality of the material, the make, the fit. He knows me, and has proved my work. Some fellow around the corner may underbid me—but what will he deliver?"

You don't buy tailoring that way. No man does. You know your tailor, you rely on him, you trust him, you give him your work just as long as he turns out good work at prices that are fair.

Do you buy your printing as intelligently? Do you make it your business to find a good printer, as you do a good tailor, and then rely on his experience, his ability, his judgment?

Men who do, get good printing. Men who buy printing here and there, wherever the price is shaved closest, are the ones who have printing worries.

Carry your standardization one step farther—add dependable paper to dependable printer—and you will have made good printing almost automatic.

As a matter of war economy and in coöperation with the Government, we have cut six colors from our line, and Hammermill Bond is now made in Pink, Blue, Green, Canary, Goldenrod, Buff, and White, and in three finishes, which produce a bond, a ripple, and a linen effect. Hammermill Bond provides the right medium for every purpose, and a distinctive color for each office form.

Your printer knows Hammermill Bond, and most likely he stocks it. He will be glad to show it to you, and will welcome your instructions to use it for all your forms.

The Hammermill Portfolios contain a variety of time-saving, system-creating office forms, printed on Hammermill Bond. Write us on your letterhead and we will send you the one that will help you. Any printer may have the full set.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Concluded from Page 54)

walk in the woods, but as between six and seven there was danger from shells we sat in one of the dugouts used a short time before by the French machine gunners, and Billy told me of the exploit, his gentle voice thrilling.

"You see," he said, "Jimmie and I kept on having hunches. Just taking one boche didn't seem to us to exhaust our hunch. So two nights ago there was a patrol party and we were in it. But we thought we'd lose the others and go off on our own, way off to the left. The left had brought us luck before. We knew of an opening in the boche wire there, and we thought we would just scout round. Well, it was about one o'clock when we lost the others. We crawled along till we were between the boche wire and the boche trenches. We could see a sentry's head sticking up right before us, but we knew we were all right because we don't either of us ever sneeze or cough when we are off on patrol. Some fellows seem possessed to do it.

"For about two hours nothing happened and we were just about to give it up and do a sneak for home when the sentries changed. They shot off their mouths when they did it and talked of the big raid they were going to make to-night. You'd have thought they wanted us to hear, they made the thing so plain to us—how they were going to come right up to our barbed wire, a hundred of them, all along the line, and sling in bombs and hand grenades, and then when we came swarming over the top they were going to fall flat on the ground and let their fellows behind them turn machine guns on us. Some bloody slaughter! The swine just reveled in the thought of all they were going to do to us. It's lucky Jimmie and I know German so well; we got all their shades of meaning.

"So we beat it back and asked permission to go and speak to the major, who had come down. We felt that no mere lieutenant would do for us. He pretty near put us through the third degree but he couldn't shake us. So a little party is arranged for Heinie that'll take all the shine out of his proposed party."

Sometimes I am struck with amazement at the way one listens over here to details that have to do with killing, either premeditated or after the event. It is only of course by dehumanizing our interest, by looking on the thing as a sort of mechanical achievement, that we can bear it at all.

Mickie's Mascot

"Of course I don't know all the details," Billy went on, "but I figure it'll be like this: The Germans are going to slip out well beyond their wire, and then give a quick short barrage, and while we're still cowering there, as they think, waiting for more bombardment, they'll come in on top of us, take the sentries prisoners, and go for the rest of us in the dugouts with grenades and bombs and machine guns. No retail trade in theirs, thank you. Well, I figure it that just when they've crept pretty nearly to our wire we'll get in a cross barrage and give them blazes. We'll also use old-friend shell holes to enfilade them with chau-chau and machine-gun fire. Isn't it great?"

But I was thinking of the boys in the shell holes in danger of fire from both barrages. Our soldiers in their previous planning never see death—only victory.

"I was pretty nearly forgetting," Billy said; "Jimmie sent you a note."

He pulled a note and a letter from the corner of his gas-mask bag, where they had no right to be, and handed me the note, which ran: "Please tell you-know-who you-know-what. This state of affairs gets my goat."

Almost as if he knew the subject of my thoughts Billy said: "Say, if anything happens I want you to send Clair that powder box and here's a letter for her. But gee! My luck's going to hold! I couldn't die with a girl like that waiting at home."

No; I couldn't tell him yet. To-morrow, after the victory, would be time enough.

"Of course you'll be all right," I said; "I'd pin my four-leaf clover on you for luck, only I lent it to Mickie. You might ask him for it."

"Gosh, no fellow'll ever give up a mascot," said Billy, amazed at the naiveté of woman. "But don't you worry; I'm not going to be out of luck."

We fell silent. It was a still, beautiful evening. Beyond the woods we could see the late sunlight lying on the green of the meadows and on the dun of the camouflaged road. Bordering the meadows was a wheat field with a line of scarlet poppies lying alongside it like a crimson scarf. Where we sat the leafage was so heavy that the very air was green and the blue cornflowers outside the dugout looked almost purple. So often in these past weeks the beauty of this war-torn world struck me with unbearable poignancy.

"Gee!" cried Billy exultantly. "It's good to be alive!"

Ah, well, I'm glad they don't see it as we do, the young soldiers who bear our burdens.

"It's funny," Billy said, "these last few days I keep looking forward to the future, when I'll have my own home. I didn't have a very good time as a kid, you know; no father or mother; knocking round from cousin to cousin that didn't want me because they had too many kids of their own. I never was one to make friends either. I never had anyone but Jimmie, and now Clair. I've heard the fellows talking a whole lot about their homes here lately, and I know just the kind of home I'm going to have—we're going to have. Last night I had a funny kind of dream. I was sitting at a table by a lamp that had a green shade on it, telling all about this battle to a little kid that looked just the way I used to."

He broke off, half annoyed at his confidence.

"That's part of the glory of war," I said, "telling about it to your children and grandchildren."

"Except I swear I won't multiply my battles," said Billy. "Gosh! I got to beat it!"

In the Hospital

He jumped up and we scrambled from the dugout and we walked slowly along the shadowed green road that led to the trenches. Our soldier boys don't like people that run to mawkishness. The kind of people they need to work among them are those that have sympathy and good fellowship always ready but always tempered by common sense. They want the sympathy and good fellowship to be got over to them naturally and as inconspicuously as possible. But something told me that Billy wanted me to slip my arm within his as we turned out of the woods into the darkening road that he had to walk alone.

No, the Y does not allow us to show favoritism, but I knew in that moment that of all the thousands of boys I had met since coming to France Billy was dearest to me. So I kissed him good-by, and I turned back with my heart full of unreasonable bitterness against the girl who had jilted him.

That night I had to go to B——, and so I missed the noise of bombardment. I could only imagine, with no sound to guide me, how our soldiers met the enemy. Lying in the quiet darkness in my luxurious hotel bed I wished that I knew less of what must be going on, or more; that I could be sure our strategy would avail and would not be nullified by some unexpected counterplay of the Germans. I wished that morning would come; and for the millionth time I felt glad that the mothers, wives and sweethearts of our men were at home.

Next day as I was driven back we stopped at a certain hospital a few miles from the Front to leave some magazines. It was one of these temporary wooden hospitals with curved roofs which the Germans like to pretend are aerodromes, and bomb. It consisted of about two dozen long barracklike buildings, separated by gravel paths, looking very brilliant and clean and trim in the summer sunshine. A row of Red Cross ambulances stood upon the road; that meant new patients, and as I swung my pile of SATURDAY EVENING POSTS over my shoulder I wondered if I should have to cut them apart as I occasionally do, so that each boy can have something to read. While I was mentally dividing, the French head nurse came hurrying down the main path.

"This way, madame," she said, smiling mysteriously. "But I have something to show you. Number Twenty!"

I entered Ward Number Twenty, to hear gay chatter, to see dark and fair heads that I knew rising from pillows, to hear a chorus of greeting, to see some twenty of my very own soldiers. I thought I was seeing sights, and I stared. I heard mingled voices, and from them I pieced together the news of the victory.

"We're all right; just scratches!" "Didn't expect to see us, did you? But you know the troops are always moving." "What do you know about little buck privates now, eh? Gave them merry hell." "It worked like a charm; say, ma'am, them boche dead was piled up like cordwood." "Say, I seen some of them running round like ants, scared to go back and scared to go forward, and not knowing enough to lay down." "Say, Mickie, was you that guy on the litter that was carried by me, smoking a cigar panhandled off the captain?" "Gosh, I want to go back and give them some more!" "Are you writing home, Jimmie? I ain't going to write home till I've got back to the company." "Say, Aleck, old guy, you got your wound in the back. How do you explain that, old slacker, hey?"

"Oh, say, ma'am, did you know this was the biggest battle they've had so far on this sector? And it was ours! Some bucks, I don't think!"

The nurse squeezed my arm and smiled.

"They are wonderful boys, your Americans. It was a very complete victory. They killed two hundred Germans; they did not take prisoners. They say the Germans dragged back some of their dead so that the Americans should not guess how heavy the defeat was. And there were so few casualties—oh, but very few. All these boys will be back in three or four weeks—just little leg and arm wounds and three or four gas cases. Even the severely wounded ones in the next ward will recover. Some of these soldiers should surely receive the Croix de Guerre."

Her voice was to me as the babbling of a stream. I went from bed to bed and shook hands with the boys and congratulated them. And I saw that the night had made veterans of them. I had, as it were, seen them turn from little boys to soldiers, and now from beginning soldiers to professionals. I saw that what a sergeant from one of the "lively" sectors had told me must be true—that this patrol work and raid work against the Germans gets in a man's blood, like hunting wild beasts. He wants to go back. These boys were at the best stage of veteranship, not yet war-weary and war-worn, but still anxious to go back to the lines and punish the Germans some more.

Jim's Letter

I had spoken to every boy except Jimmie. He had kept his head bent over the letter he was writing. When I approached him the other boys fell silent or talked in subdued tones. Jimmie did not lift his head.

"I'm writing to her," Jimmie said; "I'm writing that damned girl a letter that'll take the hide off'n her."

And then I knew.

"Just one death," said the French nurse softly. "The *copain* of this poor boy, was it not? His 'buddy!' He was in a shell hole with a chau-chau, and though he was sorely wounded he did not stop firing—not till he was killed."

I went back to each bed and distributed The POSTS, managing it so that I had to divide only two. While I was talking and smiling I kept thinking of that powder box I had to send to the girl Billy loved. But at last I had said good-by to every buck private and was free to turn my back upon them and let my face look as it would. Those boys would miss Billy for a little while but they would erase their sorrow by killing Germans. Jimmie and I—well, thank God the tragedy was no greater! Thank God the boy that had to die had no one in the United States that really loved him!

And as I walked to the chapel where he lay it was not all grief that I knew. I felt a great pride. I saw again that young figure swinging confidently down to the trenches. He had done good work; he had died young and clean and hopeful, leaving no woman or man behind who would have to pay the price of his loss.

Where he has gone there must be other good work to do. Who knows but that his dream of a child to whom he shall tell the tale of his battles may have some sort of translation into reality?

Hail and farewell, blue-eyed Billy! You will lie in France. Other buck privates will mingle their young dust with French soil. The majority will come marching home, and these days they are living through now will be only a long tally of adventures to tell the young after the shades are drawn and lessons are done. But until that time of homecoming all these young buck privates will march to duty confidently, heads high.

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

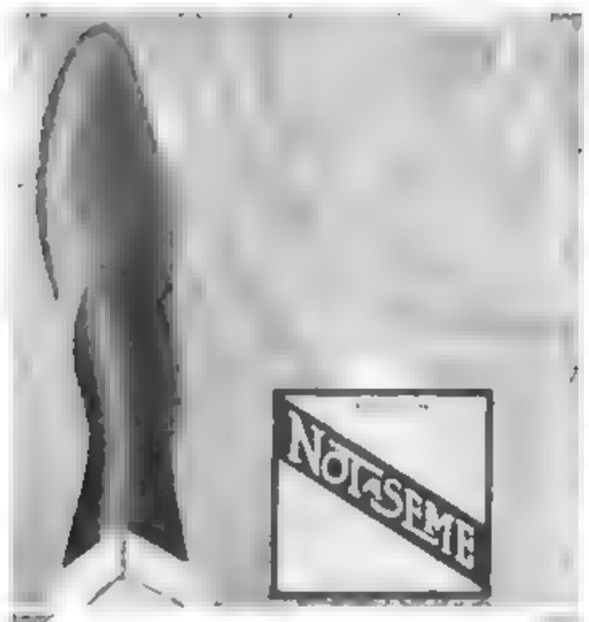
Add Miles to the Life of That Worn Tire

The Goodyear Inside Tire Protector Will Put It Back in Service

WHEN you begin to anticipate trouble from that old casing, it's time to reinforce it with a Goodyear Inside Tire Protector. This is a staunch support for weakened tires that reinvests them with life and mileage. Carefully made and faced with pure rubber the Goodyear Inside Tire Protector never chafes a tube. Its cost is low; its saving great—for it helps secure the last thousand miles, which are the cheapest.

The Goodyear Tire Saver Kit is an assortment of the most needed tire accessories handily arranged in a compact package. Your car should carry one.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRE SAVERS



Clean cut Americanism reflects itself in the trim, perfect fit of Notaseme Hosiery. It is style-perfect, shape-retaining, durable and comfortable.

Eliminating the seam does away with hosiery's greatest weakness.

Big demand for hosiery has encouraged the production of makes you wouldn't want to "tie to." Ask for "Notaseme." It's *always* good.

Notaseme Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

Remember: All Notaseme is seamless, but not all seamless is Notaseme.

NOTASEME HOSIERY

Lisle, Mercerized, Silk

Men's 15¢ to $1.50 Women's 30¢ to $1.50 Children's 30¢ to 75¢

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER or PASTE

For whiter teeth and firm, rosy gums. Cleansing—gently and healthfully antiseptic.

Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

is made by the

RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.

who also make and guarantee

SIGNET THE PERMANENT INK

NURSES NEEDED

The Army has called for 30,000 [illegible] nurses. [illegible] must be recruited to take their places at home. Patriotic women are meeting this need by taking the C. S. N. Home-practice and Correspondence course in trained nursing. They earn from $15 to $25 a week. Send for yearbook explaining method. State age.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing, 306 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.

$1000 A year *in spare time* is the amount earned by scores of spare time Curtis subscription representatives. If you want extra money write today to The Curtis Publishing Company, 481 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Comment on the War

What are Essentials?

THE War Finance Corporation plan illustrates the impossibility of making any sort of rigid division between essential and unessential industry. Concerns engaged in war work can get an advance from the Government through the War Credits Board. But war work—that is, the furnishing of all sorts of supplies used by the Army and Navy Departments—is a relatively small part of the problem. The Government finds, in fact, that pretty much all business is tied up together, and war business cannot go on satisfactorily unless an endless ramification of other business also goes on satisfactorily.

The Government has a virtual monopoly of the investment market. A great many enterprises doing no direct war work want credit on longer time than banks usually grant—for plant extensions, permanent improvements, and so on. That is exactly the sort of credit which the Government wishes to restrict; yet it finds that a vast number of concerns must have credit of that sort or there is going to be a brake on the wheels which will certainly react on the war program—concerns which, as one advocate of the bill well expresses it, "contribute to the efficiency of the community," though they never touch an article used by Army or Navy. The intention was to meet that need as a means of helping to win the war, but with no attempt at a rigid definition of what business shall be considered essential and what not.

Conscientious Objectors

THE Government has finally worked out the solution of a small but difficult problem. No member of a recognized religious order whose creed forbids performance of active military service, and no other person who can make out a bona-fide case of conscientious scruples, will be compelled to engage in military service. Nor will any such person in any case be discharged from his obligation to serve the Government so long as the war lasts. If he has conducted himself with proper respect toward the Government and its officers he will be paroled and assigned to strictly noncombatant duties. Under a recent order conscientious objectors who have been drafted were transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where they will be given an opportunity to work on farms at a private's pay. The obstreperous objector will be tried by court martial and punished like any other insubordinate person. Merely asserting a conscientious objection will not do. The Government must be satisfied that it is genuine.

The fact is that genuine conscientious objectors give little trouble. Quakers, for example, have readily rendered other and valuable services in lieu of military services. Their unit in France, cooperating with the Red Cross, is an example. It is the bogus objector who makes the trouble.

The Labor Tide

IN 1913 and 1914, up to the time war stopped the movement, over five hundred thousand Italians came to the United States. An Italian professor of economics, who has especially studied the question, thinks we shall get no Italian immigration to speak of for a good while after the war. He believes Italians will continue to emigrate, but they will go nearer home—to Belgium and Northern France, where reparation of war's ravages will cause a great demand for labor at good wages.

The Commissioner of Immigration is of opinion that the flow of labor may be away from this country rather than toward it after the war. Inquiries at railroad and steamship offices indicate that a million resident aliens are waiting only for peace to take the first ship home. Many of them are Russians—nominally at least—who before the war flocked here in as great numbers as the Italians, in order to escape a barbarous tyranny which has now been overthrown. They hear there is to be not only liberty but a division of lands in Russia, and are eager to share in both. Austria-Hungary sent us half a million in 1913 and 1914. More liberty and better wages may prevail there; certainly there has been a huge wastage of labor power during the war.

A good many people are predicting that the age-long flow of humanity to the United States is a thing of the past. They may be right. That endless tide of cheap labor greatly stimulated American industries; but if it should end, because social and living conditions decisively improve in those European countries where they have been hardest, no one need regret it. A freer national competition for surplus labor, with every country able to offer tolerable political conditions and a chance to save something, would not be a situation to weep over.

A Needed Rule

THE decision of the Supreme Court annulling the Federal Child Labor Law provoked general regret. That law was a social advance. A vast deal of intelligent humanitarian effort was expended to get it enacted. It represented the will and the conscience of a majority of the people. Four out of the nine justices—certainly not inferior to their fellows in learning and ability—declared, on the responsibility of their high office, that this law is not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States. The other five say it is.

Admit that an Act of Congress which contravenes the Constitution must be held invalid. Yet the contravention ought to be clear and indubitable. When the question is so dubious that four justices out of nine can see no constitutional inhibition, the people and Congress ought to be given the benefit of the doubt, particularly in the case of an important act like this Child Labor Law, which represents a distinct social advance.

Nobody knows now that this act exceeded the constitutional powers of Congress. That is an open, debatable question. All anybody knows is that five justices out of nine thought it did. A mere accident of somewhat different temperamental slant on the part of a single justice would have given American childhood the protection of this act. If a unanimous bench had decided against the act the decision would have been accepted without question, for then the public would have had no doubt that the act was unconstitutional and ought to fail.

We need no constitutional amendment. We need merely a rule, or agreement, by the court that it will annul no Act of Congress unless the case against it is so clear that at least seven justices out of nine concur in condemning it. Annulling Acts of Congress when the case is so questionable that the vote stands four to five is an encroachment upon the legislative field.

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

(Concluded from Page 42)

the Allies "are doing their fighting for them," a falsehood that is sufficiently discredited by the fact that the British Empire has 7,500,000 men in the Army and Navy and seventy per cent of these are English and Welsh.

In order to raise, moreover, an army in America of equal proportion to the quota furnished by the British people the United States with its hundred millions of population would have to mobilize 15,000,000 men.

The Irish in America are being aroused whenever possible by the spread of anti-English prejudices. On the Pacific Coast the Yellow Peril is used by the pro-German. Strange details of Japanese plans to attack America are whispered about. The purpose is plain—to break down the morale of our people and distract their attention from the Western Front.

Many misrepresentations concerning price fixing, and the price of wheat especially, have been used by the enemy agents to stir up trouble in the agricultural communities. Rural districts are especially selected because the Government cannot promptly combat the lies. Along with the campaign to set the farmer against the Government's war measures has been carried on another campaign, accusing of disloyalty many farmers advocating economic reforms. Enemy agents are on both sides. They preach violence among the I. W. W. and lead mobs to attack men accused of being I. W. W.'s. They play both ends against the middle whenever they can.

Libels on the medical service, reports that transports have been sunk and many lives lost, that several naval disasters have occurred, news of which has been suppressed; in fact practically every kind of story that would interfere with the comfort and peace of mind of our civilian population has been invented by the enemy or unconsciously distributed by loyal Americans who never take time to verify the rumors and reports or hearsay in their everyday discussions about the most important topic of conversation in the world—the war.

It is a mistake to think that all the lies that are bandied about originate in Germany or even with German sympathizers in the United States.

A careful study of the thousands of letters that come to the offices of the newspapers in different parts of the country would unquestionably prove that no small part of the misrepresentations of the truth are due to the failure of readers to comprehend fragmentary newspaper reports or to repeat accurately to their friends what they have read.

Then there is the tendency on the part of many political candidates to pick flaws in the Administration's conduct of the war without at the same time considering whether the fault has been remedied and whether any good can come by harping on the mistakes of the past.

Repeated emphasis on past flaws, especially when advanced purely for the purpose of gaining political advantage and without the patriotic purpose of correcting situations that remain uncorrected, are dangerous, and though there should be no immunity, political or otherwise, for those who are responsible for mistakes and blunders, nevertheless it is well to bear in mind that German sympathizers are quick to use such information and to twist it for their own vicious purposes.

War lies are not unnatural. They are the spontaneous outgrowth of war conditions. But, whether they emanate from enemy sympathizers or from credulous Americans or thoughtless Americans or natural-born gossips and drivelers, war lies are not to be tossed off as inconsequential and trivial. In the aggregate they do serious injury to the nation's cause, and no man or woman who has the desire to see America bring this war to a triumphant conclusion will ever be too busy to nail a lie and prevent its further spread.

We all understand affirmative patriotism, the tangible offering of our funds, our property and our lives, if need be, for the use of the Government. But there is a quiet patriotism, not so tangible perhaps, but equally effective and desirable, the silent kind that serves the nation whether or not one's name gets into the newspapers, whether there are rewards in medals or badges or other insignia, the steady, inconspicuous refutation from day to day of everything that is untrue and un-American, the never-ending effort to keep up the spirits of the men and women who are making the extreme sacrifices and bearing the severest hardships of the war—the welding of all Americans together irrespective of race or religion or creed into a solid mass with a single soul that seeks only the righteous triumph of our cause.

Quietly and without flourish of trumpets loyal Americans not fortunate enough to be able to go overseas to fight can resist the inroads of the enemy at home. And they can do it best by checkmating the plans of our foes who would destroy the morale and strength of our people by distributing every species of rumor and falsehood—in short everything but the truth.

Is America *Foot-Prepared?*

CAN we call ourselves *ready*—can we call ourselves *efficient*—if we are daily tying up our feet in shoes that make us conscious of our feet?

Such are the narrow, pointed kind that bend the tender foot bones, cramp and twist the toes, cause corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, bunions, fallen arches and other ills—shoes like so many thoughtless Americans are wearing today.

Americans can be "*foot-prepared*" by beginning today to wear Educator Shoes! Roomy, good-looking, long-wearing Educators, which render you unconscious of your feet, and let Nature correct your foot troubles.

It is an act of real patriotism whenever an American abandons his narrow, pointed, bone-bending shoes and puts on the

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

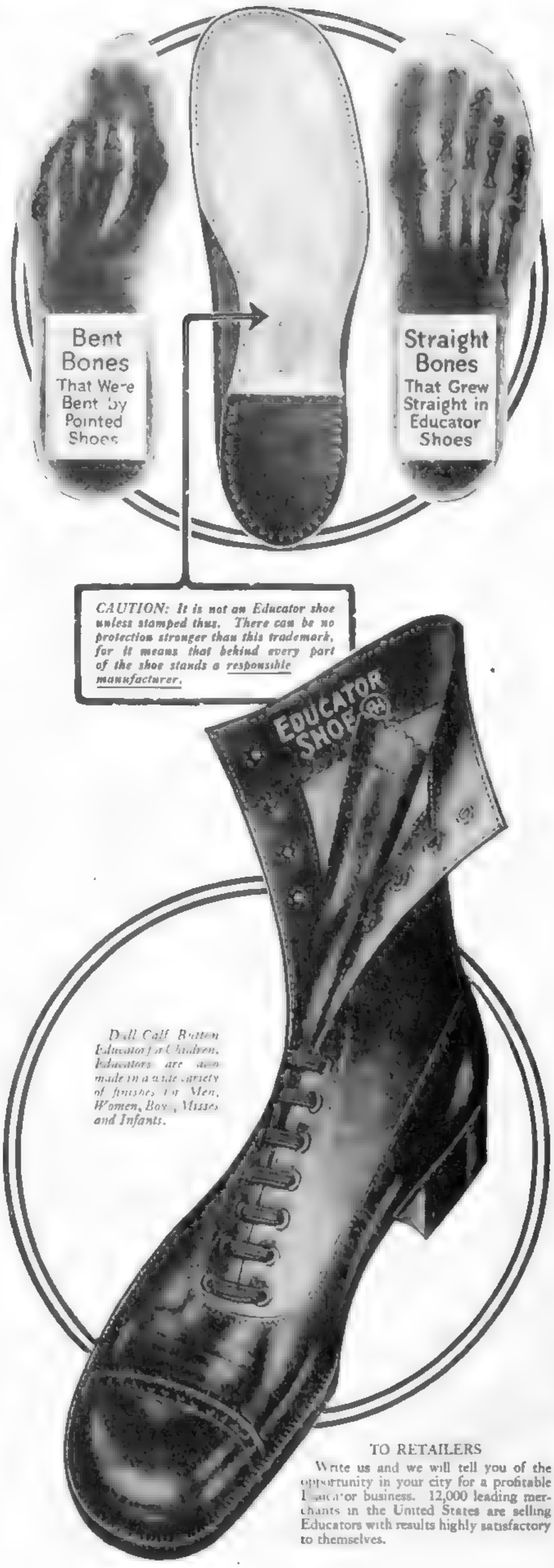
MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get your whole family into Educators today. But in buying, insist on seeing the mark EDUCATOR on the sole to be sure you are *getting* Educators.

A BOOK YOU NEED TO READ: "BENT BONES MAKE FRANTIC FEET"

a free book of curious, unusual, *valuable* foot information by orthopaedic experts. Send for it today before you forget.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., 14 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized."


Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
CAUTION: It is not an Educator shoe unless stamped thus. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.
EDUCATOR SHOE
Dull Calf Button Educator for Children. Educators are also made in a wide variety of finishes for Men, Women, Boys, Misses and Infants.

TO RETAILERS

Write us and we will tell you of the opportunity in your city for a profitable Educator business. 12,000 leading merchants in the United States are selling Educators with results highly satisfactory to themselves.

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

VACUUM CUP TIRES have established their own distinctive and independent market because of their own distinctive and independent merits.

They have *assured safety.* The massive Vacuum Cups will not skid on wet, slippery pavements—are so *guaranteed.*

They have *highest quality.* The original standards and ideals that governed the making of Vacuum Cup Tires have remained unalterable.

They have *greatest economy,* it being no longer necessary to charge a higher price for their higher quality due to the savings in selling cost under the new zone marketing system.

Under this system, Vacuum Cup Tires now cost approximately the same as ordinary 3,500 mile tires and much less than any other make of equal mileage.

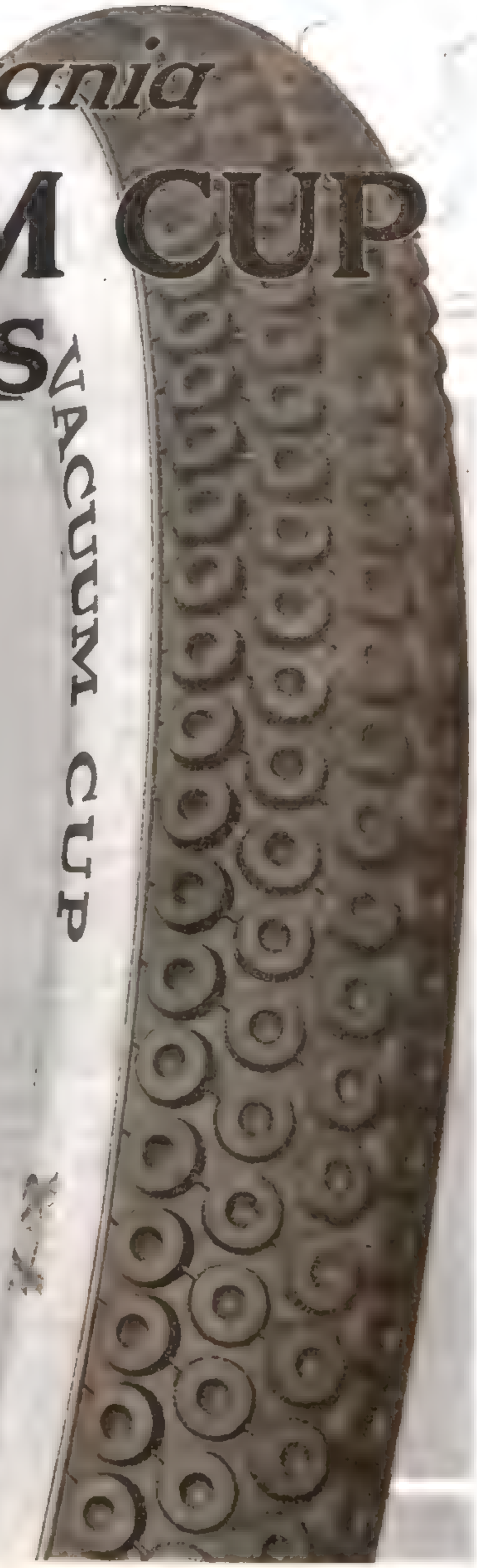
They have *utmost service*—a definitely *guaranteed* mileage, per warranty tag, of

6,000 Miles

Makers of Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
Jeannette, Pa.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada



THE WHITE HORSE AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL

(Continued from Page 16)

with eagerness, and she saw that Geoffrey's sleeve was a little too long. She insisted that he should begin at the beginning. She was sure the Herr Leutnant would not mind waiting.

"Not I!" the latter exclaimed jovially. "I congratulate Herr Fargo! Don't you, Yvonne?"

The Belgian girl nodded and glanced across at Peggy.

"There are so many things to congratulate me about," the airman said. "Which one?"

"There is only one," Mademoiselle Duberges corrected softly. "We saw madame's eyes as you came in—and her smile—and how she watched you ——"

"She always looks like that when I am late for dinner. Don't you, Peggy?" Mischief gleamed in his blue-gray eyes as they twinkled on her.

Yes; he was genuinely carefree. She felt a high elation; and his eyes could fit the passport description. It did not matter, of course. They would never have a chance to use it. Still, how absurd that passport descriptions fitted everybody.

"I've never known you to be late, Monty."

"But of course not," the lieutenant exclaimed—"with such a welcome to come home to!"

He uttered a little exclamation of satisfaction as he glanced down the room, and Peggy saw the airman's lips move as though something pleasant passed between them. A waiter was coming, bearing a tiny cradle with tender care. She was glad the airman was to have good wine. Only good, red, still wine would be brought like that, in a basket lying down lest the crust be broken. It was just what an exhausted man needed.

"I presume to guess," said mademoiselle with a demure look, "that Monsieur Fargo has not had many chances of being late."

"I refuse," laughed Peggy, "to admit that there is any rice in our luggage."

The dust-covered bottle was laid gently on the table.

"Ah," Mademoiselle Duberges mocked slyly, "but the careful search that was made—and you, dear Madame Fargo, pecking about like a radiant, hungry pigeon to find every single grain of rice!"

"It's no use our pretending, Monty. Everybody finds us out," Peggy said. "The fish for monsieur, waiter—and some more bread. Pardon, Herr Leutnant."

"*Chère madame*, but you are the perfect wife! Do look after him."

The lieutenant was busy with a corkscrew, and showed the pride of expert connoisseurship often so naïvely displayed by those too young to have formed accurate palates.

Peggy watched the airman eat with glowing satisfaction. She was passionately eager that he should have enough; that he should enjoy that brief hour. His vitality came back bounding, like a flood tide in a narrowing gulf. Each time he looked up she seemed to see one line the fewer about his eyes; that the eyes themselves were brighter; that the lips were less pallid. As he bent over his plate she saw that his fine dark hair was a little too long and that his scalp was white in the perfect parting. He had made that parting with her brush, of course; for she had brought only one. His long head and his long fine face were as unlike Geoffrey's and Jack's as could be; and yet that description—nose, prominent; chin, square. Of course it fitted.

"The Belgians," the lieutenant cried, "have the best Burgundies in the world. I sent to my room for this." He glanced about for joyous sympathy. "It is from a cellar in Louvain," he explained. "I managed to get a dozen."

Peggy's eyes met those of the airman and the glance lingered perceptibly. She seemed to be looking into cool, steel-blue depths, made transparent as though by intention for her; and the message was that she would not be the only one who would refuse to drink that wine.

Peggy looked across the table. Mademoiselle Duberges was smiling at the lieutenant's enthusiasm over this shameless loot from the hapless city. Peggy now believed the worst that could be believed about this girl who looked like a saint and smiled like an angel.

"We'll follow the English custom," said the lieutenant after he had poured a little into his glass. "We'll pass it round as the sun goes." He took up the basket in both hands and laid it softly before Peggy. "The German custom," he cried—"the world will call it that—after the war. For the German drumbeat—not the English will roll round the world with the sun."

"The English custom?" Peggy said, half choking. "I do not understand. And I do not touch wine."

"Oh, bother!" said the lieutenant in English, with a good-humored smile. "I had forgotten what a nation of Puritans you Americans are. But you, Mr. Fargo."

"A glass of water, Herr Leutnant," he said, "would taste mighty good to me at this minute."

"Water! At my table?"

The lieutenant shrugged resignedly and gave the order. He showed the annoyance the young host always feels when he has provided an unappreciated treasure.

"Monsieur and Madame Fargo," said Mademoiselle Duberges, "have their customs. Why should they change, Otto? One glass for me, please." Her wonderful smile banished the cloud.

"Pardon!" he said, beaming on the offending Americans. He half rose and, with tender solicitude, filled the glass of the Belgian girl, and then his own. "It is Romanée," he said, holding his glass to his nose and inhaling the bouquet. "There are only four acres in the vineyard. Who would have thought of finding it in the cellar of a Belgian burgher? It is of the great vintage of 1865. . . . And now—a toast ——"

"But, Otto, Monsieur and Madame Fargo are neutrals, and I—I am Belgian; and ——"

"But of course!" the young man cried. "How stupid of me! We will each drink our own ——"

He held out his glass. The airman and Peggy and Mademoiselle Duberges did the same. Two tumblers of water clinked against two glasses of wine and four people sipped. The Belgian girl turned her great eyes on Peggy and they seemed to plead for forgiveness.

"*Deutschland über Alles?*" Peggy wondered. Had the girl murmured those words before she touched the glass to her lips! Mistress of tact, exquisite in courtesy, flowerlike, had love so conquered —— But what mattered her thought? She had drunk the blood of Louvain!

There was a momentary silence; a slight shadow stole over the table; Peggy broke into vivacious chatter and soon again had complete command of them all. She rallied all her powers, fenced with the lieutenant, chaffed him—strafed him, as he said, with a laugh—received graceful coöperation from the supple finesse of Mademoiselle Duberges, and rested like a rock on the imperturbable airman. His answering glance always gave her support every time she looked.

He never failed in his replies to embarrassing questions. He was deliberate of speech, and so never appeared to hesitate. These questions from the lieutenant appeared perfectly casual and natural to Peggy. He showed that he liked them both; that their presence was a welcome relief from monotony; and that he considered his dinner a brilliant success. Peggy believed now that he regarded the airman and herself as all they claimed to be. The Belgian girl would tell him after dinner that this American woman had accepted, without demur or explanation, an invented previous friendship; then the bomb would fall. The explosion would be much more severe because of this dinner. German arrogance would be ruffled. German spite would be vindictive. The airman would be shot. It was no far-fetched fear.

She stopped the waiter who was removing the airman's plate.

"Some more beef, please, for monsieur," she ordered. If this should prove his last dinner he should have enough; and he should remember it as cheerful.

"As long as he likes, Madame Fargo." But the lieutenant glanced secretly at his watch. Even he could not protect a Belgian who dared to be on the street after the prescribed hour. He ordered coffee to be served. "I will send you all home in my auto," he said. "Plenty of time."

"You think of everything, Otto," murmured the girl.

"Only of you!" he answered in a low voice.

"Monsieur is of the Commission, of course?" he asked, turning to Peggy.

"Oh, no," she answered. "We are taking four little girls from a convent to their English mothers."

"Oh, Mr. Fargo," he laughed; "a ready-made family!"

"Mrs. Fargo," said the airman, smiling, "mothers everybody."

"And am I included, oh, brilliant matron of all the world?" cried the lieutenant in laughing appeal.

"Do keep him in order!" pleaded Mademoiselle Duberges demurely. "Insist that he comes to lunch with us at Brussels."

Peggy started visibly. The lieutenant stared, surprised.

"But, of course, I am going with them," the girl continued. "Shall I trust my dear American friends all alone to your Landwehr sentinels and dunderheaded pickets?"

Peggy was now sure that her suitcase had been searched and the letters to the Mother Superior read. And she believed she knew why.

"We shall drive all the way," mademoiselle continued. "That is your fault. You will not let a poor Belgian or American use an auto." She tossed back her head in resentment, which would have been very pretty if it had been about a trifle.

"You might be away several days," the lieutenant grumbled.

"It is certainly not an affair of a day," was her answer. She added with a coaxing appeal: "You will come to us at Brussels, won't you?"

"Of course he will!" the airman said heartily.

"Oh, please come!" Peggy cried, as though it was her dearest wish.

"Ah, if you ask!" said the lieutenant.

"I do not ask; I insist, Herr Leutnant."

"Rather jolly! I should like it," he said, restored to good humor. "Thanks awfully—that is, of course, if you are not staying with friends."

"No, Otto; at the hotel—you know—on the Avenue Louise."

"Yes, yes; a jolly place. Expect me at one, Sunday. I'll motor over. What convent is it?"

The girl lifted her eyes to Peggy's, but Peggy did not seem to see the glance. After a slight pause Mademoiselle Duberges named the convent. This was a confession that the suitcase had been searched.

"Going to Louvain?" the lieutenant asked.

"Perhaps," said the airman; "if there's time."

The lieutenant sat up very straight.

"If you do," he said, "you will see how Germany was forced to teach war lessons to civilians who shot our brave soldiers in the back. The world criticizes. Perhaps you do. But we Germans do our duty. And in peace days—when the world is less prejudiced—we shall be understood. Isn't that your view, Mr. Fargo?"

The airman nodded.

"When the sun goes round a German world," he said, "and the wine goes round the German way ——"

"Aha! Precisely!" The lieutenant laughed cheerily.

He held his glass cupped in his hands to warm the wine. An exquisite aroma, as of autumn leaves, hovered over the table from that single glass and the uncorked bottle. Peggy inhaled the fragrance with unconscious pleasure while she watched a bullet-headed, short-cropped officer at the next table. This Prussian had heard the airman's words and had turned in an intent frowning scrutiny of the airman's back. The airman had clearly made an enemy. Peggy laughed. What difference? One or a dozen or a hundred?

She would not touch her pudding. The airman finished his.

"Take mine, Monty," she said. "I don't want it." She turned to the girl. "I seldom eat sweets," she said, continuing in English.

The lieutenant lifted a chiding finger.

"You've been a lot in England," he laughed. "Do you know how I know?"

"Wrong, Herr Leutnant," said the airman as he looked up from Peggy's pudding. "In our state we always call dessert sweets."

"Why, certainly!" Peggy agreed.

"My trap for an Englishwoman did not spring, Fargo." In the genial camaraderie inspired by the wine he dropped the Monsieur. "I must help you with your passes to-morrow," he added.

Peggy fancied a glance of triumph from the Belgian girl.

The coffee came and was hurriedly drank. They rose, the last to go.

Peggy saw that the lieutenant, as he helped the girl on with her cloak, clasped her throat with a little caress as he adjusted the collar from behind. She saw the girl smile and droop her eyes, as if at a whispered word. She, too, heard a whisper as the airman held her moleskin.

"What next?" he whispered.

"Search me!" she answered. She heard his suppressed chuckle.

She lingered, fastening her cloak. The other couple walked toward the door.

"She suspects something at the convent," she murmured. "Tell some Belgian priest to-morrow to get word there. The nuns must not talk—must not trust us—when we come."

"It's my job," the airman said as they followed. "Look out for mademoiselle. The hall porter warned me."

Peggy nodded.

"Your name?" she asked.

"My mother's—Mrs. Emily Stoneman, Pasadena, California. You'll let her know if anything happens? And yours?"

"Margaret Travers—Miss Travers—Tortholme Manor, Churwell, Berks."

Their eyes met as he held the door open for her.

"Thank you!" he murmured.

"Carry on!" she whispered with a smile. "Did you pack everything, Monty?" she asked.

"Not a shoestring forgotten."

"And the bag is down here?"

"It is down here."

"Good boy! Pay the bill."

She looked him over as he walked away. The clothes hung loose, but fitted well enough to pass for his. He carried himself more erectly than Geoffrey, but his footsteps flagged. He limped, she saw, sometimes.

The lieutenant came with them in his car, which otherwise would have been stopped. He was boyishly gay at the success of his dinner and renewed his promise of help with passes. As they drove through the silent dark streets he told them of a big hole in the new aërodrome near Schaerbeek.

"It's no military secret," he said; "for you'll see it as you drive out of Brussels."

"What did it?" asked the airman in his deliberate voice.

"Bombed last night. The beggar flew low and dropped two bull's-eyes. Good pluck! Good shot!"

"I hope," said the airman politely, "that the aërodrome was empty."

"We wish," came through the darkness, "that it had been."

"An English plane, of course?"

"Oh, no; French. He had to come down. Blew his machine up—and escaped. Bah! that is, for the moment. These traitor Belgian peasants are hiding him."

The car drew up before a shuttered house. The door flew open to a voluble welcome from a Belgian maid.

They entered a salon, all yellow brocade and gilt spindle-furniture legs. It was warm and bright there; but the brightest thing was the face of the Flemish woman. From the broad dark face peered honest eyes that were filled with tears, and she laughed almost hysterically as she closed the door.

Peggy, absorbed, paid no attention to the woman, to the growing surprise and indignation of the latter. She drew herself up at length and said coldly:

"Monsieur Geoffrey's compliments, madame."

"Monsieur Geoffrey's!" Peggy repeated, running over. "Monsieur Geoffrey, you said?"

"But yes, madame. Surely Mademoiselle Yvonne has told you?"

"No, no! What is it?" cried breathless Peggy.

"At Esschen, madame. He saw you. He whispered it to me—to me, madame. He said: 'Tell her I owe my escape to Mademoiselle Yvonne. Tell her to come out quick! Tell her ——' But a German soldier came near. That was all."

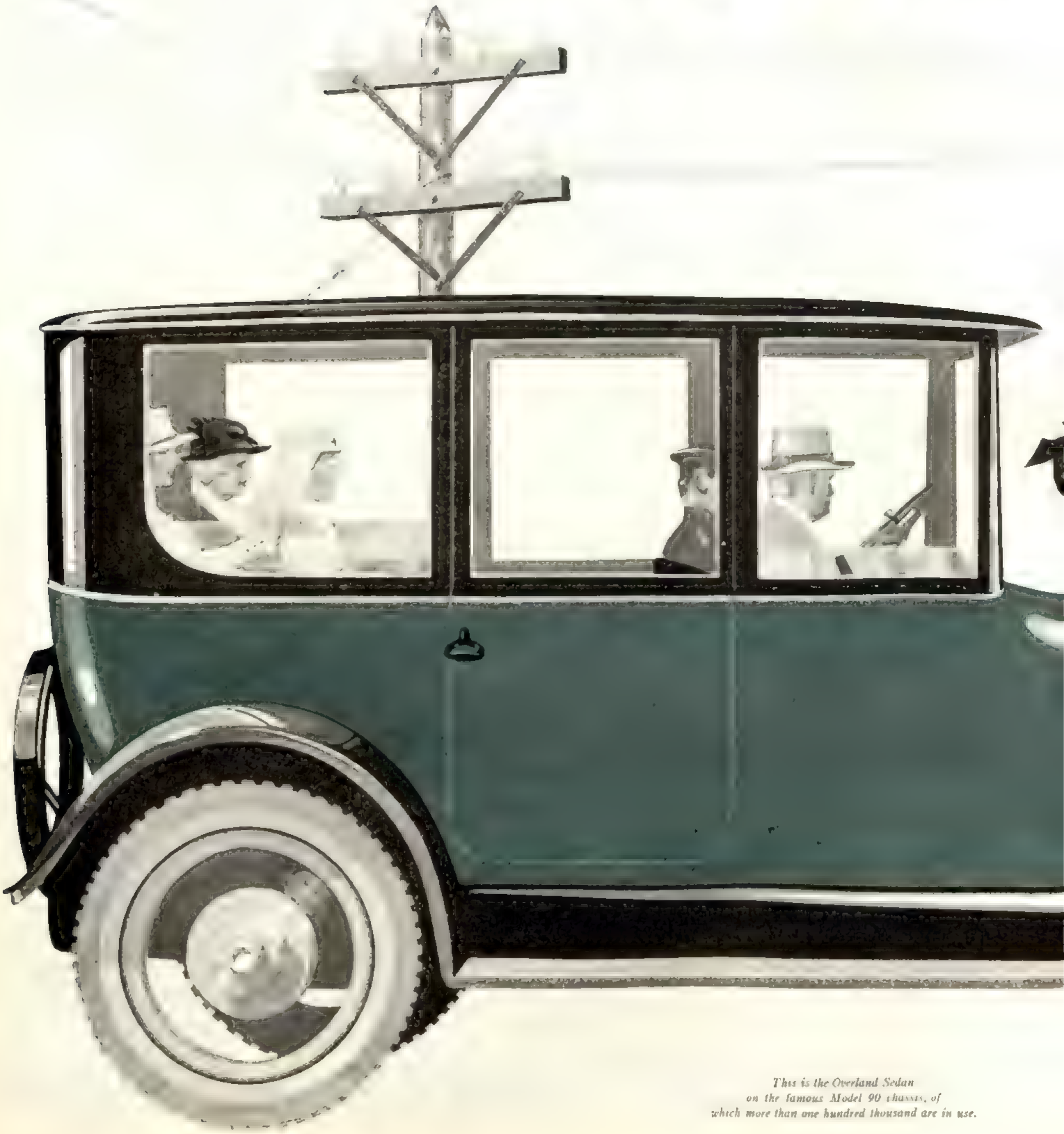
The door opened. Mademoiselle Duberges came in. Peggy held out her arms. They clasped in a close embrace.

"Come!" Yvonne said.

They left the room with arms entwined.

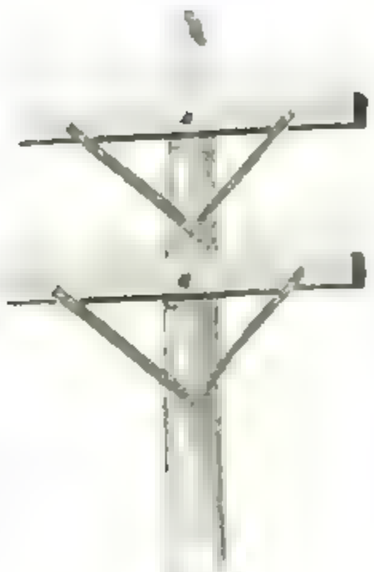
(TO BE CONTINUED)

SPEED is



This is the Overland Sedan
on the famous Model 90 chassis, of
which more than one hundred thousand are in use.

s Winning the War



Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car

WHEN the wires flashed, "America declares war" 'round the world, the answering thought of the peoples of the world was the one word—"speed."

That was their conception of our characteristic national trait—"speed."

"Speed up, America," became a world cry, and from that day forward Uncle Sam has "kept his foot on the accelerator."

The land of the fastest trains, of the most universal use of the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, and all the modern agencies of fast communication responded to the call for "speed."

And because the American people had with characteristic appreciation adopted the automobile—elsewhere a luxury—as an every-day utility, there was fully developed in this country an adaptable metal-working industry, of huge proportions, equipped and ready to put such speed behind war-work as no other nation in the world could have done.

Speed is winning the war.

The Willys-Overland Industries, as one of the largest units in the Automotive Industry as a whole, is doing its allotted share of war-work—has had its share in attaining the speed the world expected of us as a nation.

We shall continue to devote our energies to supplying our share of the national requirements in war materials. And we shall continue also to the best of our ability to supply the national need for automobiles and yet more automobiles.

For, inspiring as the war work is, the production of automobiles under present conditions is almost as great a national service.

In every nook and corner of the country the product of this industry is doing its share in answering the world call "Speed up, America."

Overland cars everywhere are helping their owners speed up the work of a nation at war, dependably, thriftily, saving time and economizing man power, alike for the captains of industry, the workers in industry, and for the farmers, large and small, and the farm workers.

Everywhere the lines of communication between the great agricultural sections and the great industrial centers are being kept open by time-saving, man-saving Overlands.

Inspired by the thought that every Overland we can build and deliver during the war will contribute its share to the war-speed of the nation, we shall build in quality and quantity to the utmost of our ability.

The industry and the product are helping to "speed up America."

And speed is winning the war.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys Knight Touring Cars, Coupés, Sedan Broughams, Limousines
Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

THE LUSITANIA AFTERMATH

(Continued from Page 8)

to question Schwieger, because the German Government had not made a reply and was seeking information as well as an excuse. Schwieger made a verbal report and then submitted a written one. Upon the basis of this information the Berlin authorities, through the Foreign Office, replied that the Lusitania was not sunk by the torpedo, but by ammunition, which it was supposed to have aboard. At the time the German note was published no one could understand the grounds Germany had for charging that the Lusitania carried war munitions which exploded about the same time or shortly after the explosion of the torpedo. This point is now explained by Schwieger's report.

After leaving Kiel with Von Tirpitz's orders to sink the first large passenger liner he encountered off the coast of Ireland, Schwieger reached the waters off Queenstown. This is a paraphrase of the substance of his report. For fear of being detected he submerged, retaining his periscope above the surface of a rather calm sea. After waiting twenty-four hours and sighting no ships he ventured upward with his submarine, ordered the men above for fresh air and put up the wireless masts. While cruising about in this manner for some hours he picked up a message from the British Admiralty warning all ships to avoid the sea route which was designated, on the ground that an enemy submarine was somewhere in the vicinity.

Astonished to learn that his presence was known to the British Government Schwieger ordered the masts lowered. His men descended to their bottled posts. The officer followed and within a few minutes the U-boat, with the exception of the telltale periscope, was under water. Schwieger was disgusted with his luck and had started to run away when he sighted a large steamer approaching in the distance. The engines were stopped. The submarine floated while Schwieger watched. He timed the speed of the advancing ship, judged it to be between twenty-two and twenty-four knots and satisfied himself that she was not a warship.

He awaited his prey. At twenty-two knots it would require accurate and quick firing. Schwieger's eyes were fixed. As the liner came nearer he judged her speed at seventeen knots and knew his job would not be so difficult as he had expected. When questioned Schwieger said he was sure the Lusitania slowed down between five and seven knots as it approached him.

When the great ship with its priceless human cargo was directly between Schwieger and the Irish coast he launched a torpedo and plunged his submarine down into the sea, only to rise a few minutes later at another point. As soon as his periscope was above water Schwieger saw the explosion and read the name Lusitania on the prow of the ship. This was the first time Schwieger recognized the liner, so he stated in his report, and while he was watching the ship in distress he noticed a violent explosion, which he could not account for because he had fired but one torpedo.

Bombs in the Lusitania's Cargo

After the great ship plunged to its immortal grave Schwieger returned to Kiel. When cross-examined at Kiel by the admiral, Schwieger stated that the liner must have had ammunition aboard, because the color of the smoke which followed the first explosion was different from that which followed the second one. This statement furnished the excuse that the German Government was seeking. Without revealing its source of information the Imperial Government stated that the Lusitania carried ammunition, and added something that Schwieger did not report, namely: That the vessel was armed. The German Admiralty, which framed the original reply, desired in this manner to place the blame for the loss of life—more than eleven hundred persons perished on this eventful May day—upon England and the United States.

These statements are borne out by the events that immediately followed the sinking of the Lusitania. When the ship was sunk I was in St.-Quentin, France, with a group of foreign newspaper men on an official visit to the German Front. On the seventh of May we read a bulletin from London announcing the sinking. Several days later came the official German report, which was posted on the walls of the St.-Quentin City Hall, stating that the Lusitania carried ammunition and that the explosions of this war material caused the frightful loss of life. Later I was in Berlin in company with other correspondents, and was given the German note. After Germany made this explanation both the British Government and the port authorities of New York announced that the Lusitania did not carry ammunition.

Though Schwieger's report does not contain further important details the missing links are supplied by a report made to the German Admiralty by a petty officer aboard the U-C 52, who returned to Germany as an attaché of the German Embassy with former Ambassador Count von Bernstorff. The name of this man is known to the United States Government. An account of his confession, which leaked out of Germany this year, came to me through the same trustworthy source as Schwieger's report.

Before the Lusitania sailed on its last voyage this young naval officer was ordered to place bombs or infernal machines in the cargo of the Lusitania. The machines were timed so as to explode when the Lusitania reached Liverpool. This officer stated that he succeeded in placing seven such machines in the hold of the liner, it being the scheme to destroy a great portion of the British docks in the Mersey River.

What of the German Navy

So far as this petty officer knew these instructions did not come from Berlin, and when Von Bernstorff heard of the plans a serious dispute developed. It reached a crisis when the Lusitania sank. What Von Bernstorff's reactions were the petty officer did not state, but the interviews that the Ambassador gave out at the time would lead one to believe that he knew nothing of either of the plots, such was his ability to camouflage his knowledge with plausible English sentences.

It is a curious coincidence that at about the same time that the report of young Schwieger and the confession of the naval officer reached the outside world several alleged German spies were being examined in New York City before the courts. They were under indictment for placing infernal machines aboard the Lusitania. In their statements to the court, which later led to their conviction, they declared that they had placed seven machines in the cargo of the great liner and that these machines were referred to by German naval officers under Captain Boy-Ed as cigars.

This, then, is the story of the Lusitania aftermath. Schwieger, who regarded the women and children as sheep, has paid the penalty—a mild one, perhaps, in comparison to the crime, but his was not the whole responsibility. Germany and the other conspirators have not been punished. Perhaps this is one of the many reasons the war is not ended.

It was only after the Lusitania was torpedoed that Germany began to build submarines on a large scale and to reconstruct her navy. Von Tirpitz, who had been Secretary of the Imperial Navy for more than fifteen years, had been concentrating on battleships. It was brought out in a Reichstag debate, for instance, after the Grand Admiral was forced from the navy by Von Bethmann-Hollweg, that Germany had only four submarines at the beginning of the war, and that in May, 1916, the number was so small that it was impossible for Germany to maintain the announced blockade of the British Isles. Von Tirpitz had also been building heavily armored ships with big guns. He had sacrificed speed. He sought range and weight.

Following the Lusitania "victory" a great many people in Germany began to ask why the German Navy did not venture away from Helgoland, Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. Their curiosity was as natural as that of the rest of the world. Germany at the beginning of hostilities, according to a recent estimate by the Frankfurter Zeitung, had one million nineteen thousand tons of warships of all classes; the number and type of units was not disclosed. "With such a fleet," the public asked, "why does Germany not do something?"

Though there may be various answers given, including those that the Allied Navy was too large and formidable, and that the German Navy was not prepared for the kind of sea warfare it would have to fight to be sure of sufficient success to justify its adventure, other reasons might be given; but it is an interesting fact that at this time the German Navy called into its council a Baron von Koeppen, a famous German ship designer, who before the war had made a specialty of merchant ships. Baron von Koeppen was a man who had lived a great deal in the United States and England, where he had studied shipbuilding. His hobby was speed. In his laboratories he had models of battleships, cruisers and merchantmen constructed after a new type. His ships were light, they swam low in the water, and they had a new system of propellers. He had been experimenting before the war with a merchant ship which was to be the fastest in the world.

Von Koeppen was called to the Admiralty headquarters. His plans were examined. He was questioned, and his suggestions prevailed. Under his direction several of Germany's old ships were reconstructed for the purpose of increasing their speed. This work was well under way when the Battle of Jutland was fought. Von Koeppen at that time was given credit for saving a great part of the German Navy in that engagement, because the additional speed which his craftsmanship gave the German battle units enabled them to make a quick get-away. In that battle, too, the German 38.5-centimeter guns proved to be the best pieces aboard any of the ships, and Krupps was ordered immediately to begin the construction of these guns on a large scale.

During the past two years—the information which I have comes from reliable sources—the German Navy has been concentrating on speed and range. This fact is the one upon which a certain school of Allied observers bases its belief that some day a part of the German Navy will venture forth into the North Sea or Atlantic on a raid. With this fact some observers answer the question that is universally asked: "What will the German Navy do?"

From an official report that I read recently while in Switzerland I may give the following facts about the status of the German Navy to-day:

During the war there have been many radical changes in the plans of the German Government respecting the navy. Von Tirpitz is now generally recognized as a failure, as a man who did more talking and scheming than building. Until the war started he steadily opposed the construction of submarines, and only after Weddigen's success in sinking three British destroyers in the North Sea was he convinced that the submarine should be Germany's chief naval weapon. Von Tirpitz then ordered a large number of submarines, but because the shipyards could not turn them out immediately there was considerable delay.

Flaws in the Cruiser Hindenburg

After the sinking of the Lusitania submarine construction was started on a large scale at Kiel, Dantzic, Wilhelmshaven, Bremen and other places. As materials became scarce the big shipping companies, such as the Hamburg-American Line and the North-German Lloyd, were forced to stop work on the freight and passenger ships that they were building for after-the-war trade. I remember seeing on the Weser River between Bremen and Bremerhaven the keels of fifteen ships that these companies had begun during the first part of 1916. I was invited to Bremen at the time by the German Foreign Office, which organized an excursion for the foreign correspondents to see the return of the Deutschland. Work on these ships had to be stopped so that the labor could be used on submarines.

Following the battle off the coast of Denmark there were many naval officers in Germany who thought that it would not be necessary for the German Navy to venture out again and many of the big 38.5 centimeter guns were taken off the ships and transported to the Western Front. During 1917 and 1918 the shortage of steel, steel-hardening ores and copper was such that these big pieces could not be manufactured with the speed the military authorities desired, despite the large shipments of iron ore and other minerals from Sweden—minerals exchanged for potatoes. The entrance of the United States on the side of the European Entente forced Germany to draw immediately upon all sources for raw materials for her big guns, and though a few of these 38.5-centimeter pieces are still in France most of them have been sent back to Kiel, Helgoland, Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven, to be placed aboard the big ships.

During the past year, for instance, Germany has practically rebuilt the battleships Baden, Bayern, Markgraf, Kronprinz and Grosser Kurfuerst. Some of their heavy armor plate has been removed. They have been placed lower in the water and only the 38.5-centimeter guns placed aboard. These guns are reported to have a range of twenty-five miles. The Baden incidentally is the flagship of the Grand Fleet, which is under the command of Admiral Scheer, who had his clothing torn off during the Battle of Jutland. Under Scheer is the Kaiser's sailor son, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, who is captain of the cruiser Dantzic.

The Hindenburg, Germany's newest and largest cruiser, is still afloat, according to the report, though this ship has proved a failure and disappointment. Last fall the Hindenburg was sent out on a trial trip but developed so many flaws that she had to be completely overhauled. The Hindenburg up to the first of this year carried only guns of thirty-centimeter caliber, but she is still the flagship of Admiral Hipper, commander of a battle-cruiser squadron.

Fluctuating Morale and Theatricals

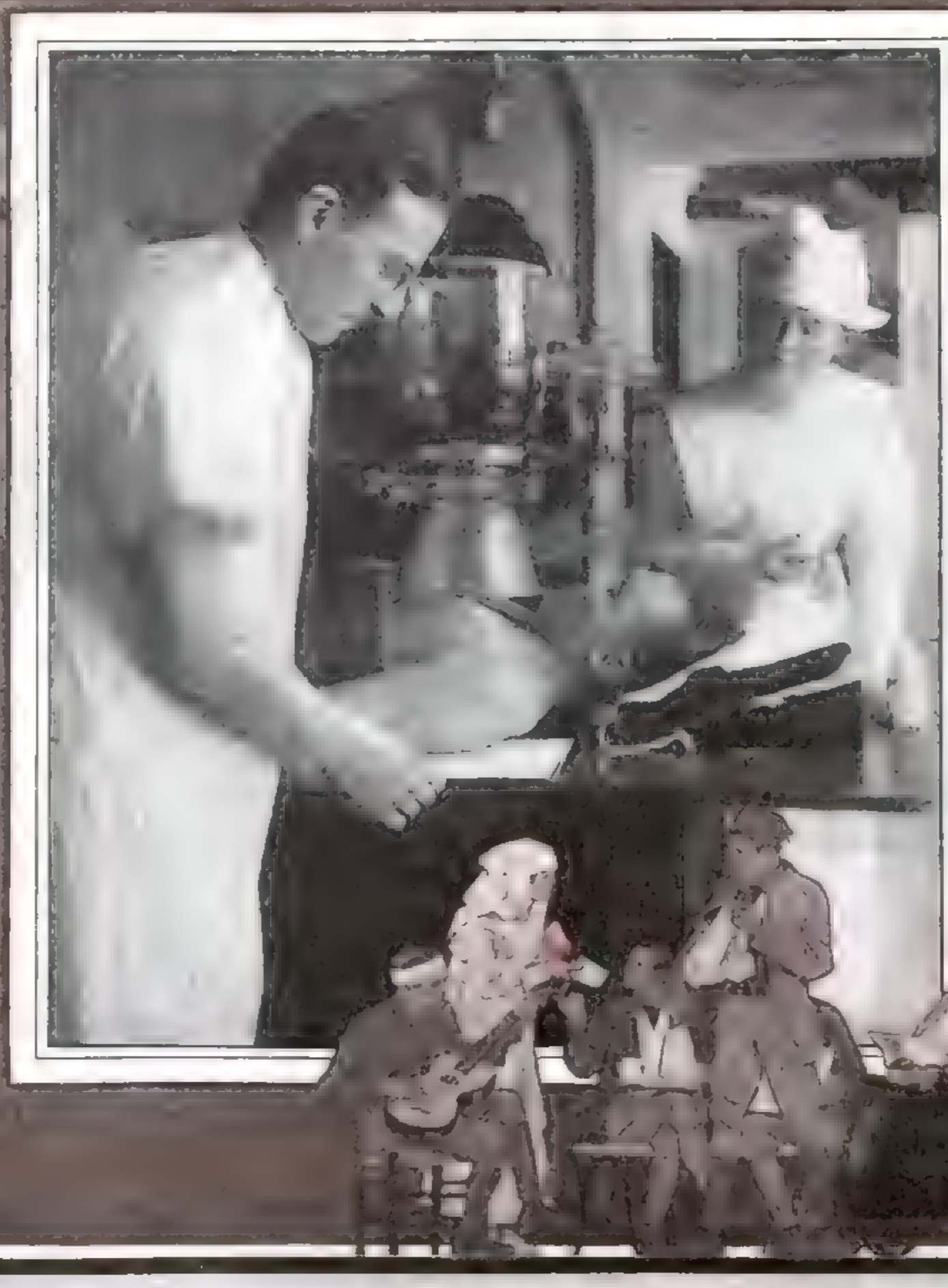
The first real exercise that the German Navy has had during the war followed the Russian Revolution. At that time several hundred battle units and transports were sent into the Baltic, and as a result of the freedom that the men had in Russia and the vacation on the water the morale of the sailors and officers rose to a high point. This excursion, for it was nothing more than that, put new life into the fleet and hampered for a time the activities of the secret societies whose aim was revolt.

Before going into the question of the morale of the enemy navy some facts may be given from the report about the status of the German submarine construction. At the beginning of this year Germany had only eight large cruiser submarines. These are ships with from two thousand four hundred to two thousand eight hundred tons displacement. They are armed with six-inch guns and carry four torpedo tubes. The old Deutschland, the submarine merchantman which made two trips to the United States, has been converted into a war U-boat of this type. Captain Koenig is no longer in command, having accepted a civil position in Bremen. During the past winter this ship was commanded by Captain Yess, who, according to confidential German reports, made a seven-months trip to the coast of South America. By those acquainted with Germany's submarine fleet it is believed that the U-boats which operated off the American coast in May and June were of this type.

The morale of the German Navy fluctuates like the morale of the people. At the time of the mutiny in Kiel the spirit of the officers and sailors was so belligerent and hostile toward the government that grave measures had to be taken to rouse the Fatherland spirit. The Navy Department organized a special propaganda bureau, such as the army has had throughout the war, for the purpose of creating an esprit de corps. New moving-picture theaters were opened in all naval bases. Lecturers were sent to the casinos. Individual workers were placed aboard the ships. Men who were believed to be organizing the secret societies were removed from their posts and sent to the Western Front. A few were punished and imprisoned.

To answer the question "What will the German Navy do?" one must take into consideration all these facts about the enemy: The kind of ships that could be used, the new type of submarine and the morale of the men. One must consider too the military situation as a whole, for the attitude of German officials themselves regarding the ultimate use of the navy is constantly changing. There was a time when German officials believed that Germany should not use her navy during this war; that it would be better to emerge from the present fighting with a strong navy

(Concluded on Page 67)

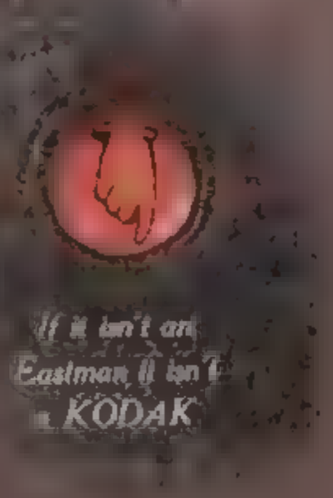


Photography's Aid in the Mending of Men

FROM the sinister tumult of battle arises at least one comforting note—the record of a great salvage in wounded men. For each brave life charged to war's grim account, ten broken soldiers are brought back to health through the merciful agencies of surgery. Among these agencies the X-Ray holds a necessary place in the prognosis of wounds and fractures, in locating bullets and in reading the condition of internal tissues.

Photography discovered the X-Ray; and when the dangers lurking in its injudicious use threatened to discredit the X-Ray, photography devised safeguards and reclaimed it for the good of humanity. Moreover, it is upon photographic negatives that the X-Ray publishes its secrets for the appraising eye of the surgeon, so clearing the way for correct treatment and cure.

Here again, science, through photography, looks to the Eastman Kodak Company for much that is of constructive value. Eastman probably supplies the larger proportion of the entire world output of X-Ray plates and films; and while these form but one among many classes of Eastman products, the sponsors of the business regard with a peculiar pride this definite contribution to a great and humane achievement.



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

"Comfortable and Clean!"

"For use once by one user!"

"So soft and absorbent that it is real pleasure to use it."

"You've said it—It is a ScotTissue Towel"

Conservation's answer to Personal Hygiene's demand for absolute cleanliness and comfort—the one towel that economically combines the "new towel for every user" idea with *all* the qualities of a really good towel.

Splendid economy in factories where good hygienic conditions play a part in speeding up production. Saves laundry labor. Again, clean washrooms help mightily in reducing labor turnover. ScotTissue in the washroom is the employees' assurance of healthy cleanliness and perfect towel service.

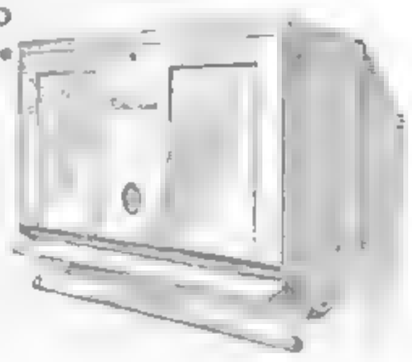
Scott Paper Company

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

Chester, Pa.

30 Church Street, NEW YORK
356 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO
113 East Austin Ave., CHICAGO
Address nearest office

Look for ScotTissue Towels on the shelf or in the ScotTissue cabinet.



WHEREVER modern standards of cleanliness prevail, ScotTissue Towels are economical Test them out in office or factory washroom. They'll prove their satisfaction and economy.

ScotTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

(Concluded from Page 64)

than to risk defeat. This opinion has been the dominant one.

The German Navy, as events have shown, has long been maintaining a defensive attitude. Helgoland, Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, Bremerhaven and Cuxhaven are heavily garrisoned. From each of these ports there is a long line of fishing smacks keeping a watchful eye on any and all approaching craft. The navy has a large fleet of Zeppelins and a larger fleet of hydroplane scouts. Travelers from Germany who have been in these cities recently state that there is never an hour when the hydroplanes are not off the coast. For defense Germany is prepared. For offensive operations by sea she is equally prepared. Her best ships have been rebuilt. They now have speed and range. They could venture out into the North Sea or Atlantic and cause considerable damage before they could be defeated and destroyed. But will they?

It would be foolish to forecast naval operations when the decision rests almost entirely with Field Marshal von Hindenburg. He is the dictator of the navy as well as of the army, and the question of what the enemy navy will do resolves itself into the puzzle "What will Von Hindenburg do?"

The decision of the German General Staff will depend to a great extent upon the outcome of this year's battles and the number of men the United States sends to France. Hindenburg sent the submarines to American waters to sink United States transports, but they have failed so far, and it is now late July. To win a military decision in France the enemy General Staff will have to watch carefully what the United States does. So far the United States has shipped a million men to Europe, and a very, very small percentage has been lost. The war is becoming a question of reserves, and if Von Hindenburg begins to realize the extent of our preparations it would not be surprising if he ordered at least a part of the German fleet into the Atlantic to raid the convoys.

There are those who believe that Germany is playing her last trump in the west, but there are others, who are looking further ahead, who maintain that this year's fighting is only the preparation for the finale next year between Germany and the United States Army in France. If the war is to last another year or two there is certain to be a naval engagement, and it may be stated with equal definiteness that if Germany intends to win or lose this year a German naval raid may be expected—that is, provided that the enemy craft can evade the watchful waiting of the united Allied fleet!

It is said to be the Kaiser's ambition to realize the statement he made early in his reign that Germany's "future lies on the seas." Von Hindenburg, Von Tirpitz and the Pan-Germans who control the destinies of the Central Powers know this, and they are the ones who will decide what the German Navy will do.

But the greatest sequel to the Lusitania is in the making. Official Germany has always looked upon the sinking of this ship as a naval event, a "victory." The loss of life has had no more effect upon the leaders than it had upon young Schwieger, to whom eleven hundred noncombatants were as sheep. It was this method of submarine warfare that drove the United States into the hostilities. The Lusitania is an unhealed wound in the heart of the German nation, a cancer with all its complications. It may be that Germany's fate, the decision of the war and the enemy's future on the seas will be decided in a great or small naval engagement. Schwieger is gone, but his masters live. The Lusitania, too, has disappeared, but the moral cause that the Lusitania typifies to the whole civilized world is greater, vaster and more enduring than it ever was.

Though the immediate events of the Lusitania aftermath have been chronicled, the historical record will not be written until the war ends, until Right wins against Might. The sequel to the Lusitania will be completed when Germany is defeated.

PRIVATE PETTIGREW'S GIRL

(Concluded from Page 7)

church, into whose doors people were passing and from which issued hospitable musics, tremulous and sweet. Private Pettigrew glanced at his wrist watch.

"I've got about half an hour left," he said. "Either I can take you home or —"

Miss Heath heard the wistfulness underlying his tone. She said quietly: "It looks cool and restful. Let's go in."

So they went in, and sat in a dim pew under a great stained-glass window, while the music rolled and whispered about them. There was singing too—chimed voices that struck silver out of the air; and after that a sonorous young clergyman read an enduring song from a fine and simple old Book:

"The ungodly have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as are of a right conversation.

"Their sword shall go through their own heart, and their bow shall be broken."

Miss Heath put out her hand and clasped the hand of the bronzed boy beside her. He did not move, but sat with a glory in his eyes and a mighty comfort in his soul, staring down at the prayer book, whose words he could not see.

"The Lord ordereth a good man's going . . . Though he fall, he shall not be cast away; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

A lump came into Miss Heath's throat; then suddenly she felt a touch upon her sleeve and looked up, startled. Private Pettigrew was regarding her with his gentle twisted smile.

"I'll have to be goin' now," he said in a half whisper.

She rose blindly, and together they tiptoed down the aisle. In the vestibule of the church, which was filled with a sort of holy twilight and was faintly echoing with music, he took his leave of her.

"I reckon we'll never meet again," he said. "It wouldn't be natural if we did. Things like this don't happen more than once. But I want to tell you, ma'am, that however the luck breaks—it'll be all right with me. I've got your picture in my pocket, and I've got your face in my heart, as you might say; and nothin' that counts can touch me now. Wherever I am I'll go right on seein' you, and worshipin' you, and believin' in—whatever it is that made you.

"And if I don't come back you'll know there's somethin' of you buried—over there.

"I ain't sayin' I wouldn't have gone anyway and—put up some kind of a show. But I'll do better for havin' you to think of, ma'am. I'll do better for havin' your picture in my pocket. It's hard to say—what I mean—but I reckon you understand."

He stopped and looked long at her, and she saw herself shining and sainted in his eyes. It made her tingle in all her fiber. A flood of tears welled up within her, tears that she could not shed, tears that must remain locked within her breast, because she was a light creature, a dancing girl, and not made for weeping.

"I understand," she said.

It was then that Private Pettigrew had his inspiration. Suddenly putting his hand into his trousers pocket he drew out a small cheap service pin of the variety worn by those who cannot afford rubies and diamonds. He had bought it several days earlier, vaguely purposing to send it to the great-aunt in the South. But he had never been able to summon the courage to do so.

"Ma'am," said he, "I'd like for you to have this. It ain't much—but there's no one else—and you can throw it away if you don't want it."

He placed the pin in her hand, gently closed her fingers upon it; then seizing her entire small fist shook it awkwardly.

"Good-by," he said. "Good-by, ma'am. You've been mighty good to me. Mighty sweet—and good. I'll never forget you."

"And I'll never forget you, William Pettigrew," cried Miss Heath with an uncertain voice. "Never, never! Good-by—and God bless you! . . . And give them hell!"

"Ma'am," said Private Pettigrew simply, "I will."

Then he turned and went down the church steps and hurried away with great strides, holding his hat in his hand.

Exactly half an hour later Miss Daisy Heath, of the chorus of Bubbles, arrived at a certain very famous, very exclusive restaurant in Fifth Avenue, and was shown up a flight of red-carpeted stairs to a private dining salon on the second floor.

"This is Mr. Varick's room," said the waiter who conducted her. Miss Heath nodded and walked into the designated chamber.

A boy of nineteen or twenty, with an immature handsome face, sat smoking a cigarette at a table laid for two. He wore the blue dress uniform of a member of the Naval Reserve, but everything about him, from his jade cigarette holder and his platinum wrist watch to the sleek way of brushing his hair, bespoke the manner of one belonging to the aristocracy of riches. As she entered he sprang up and impulsively caught her hands.

"Daisy! You got my note?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"You're right on time. That's splendid; because every minute's precious nowadays. I've got only a week before I start on the training cruise."

"A whole week? You're lucky, Hugh."

The boy's face assumed an expression of tremendous gravity.

"Daisy," he said, "I've decided something—I've decided that we're going to be married before I leave New York."

For a moment the room blurred before the girl's eyes. The blood surged into her cheeks, then ebbed away, leaving them white and cold. She drew a deep breath.

"We're not going to be married, Hugh," she said. "We're not going to be married—ever."

The boy laughed with an air of wise tenderness.

"I understand," he said. "You're thinking of my family. You're thinking they'll disown me for marrying a chorus girl. Well, let them! I've a million in my own name."

"I know you have," said Miss Heath. "That's why I've been working so hard to land you."

He stared at her with horror-stricken eyes.

"Land me!" he cried.

"Yes—land you! I suppose it's not very pleasant," she continued, "to be thought of as a fish. But that's what comes of having more money than is good for you. Why, Hugh, I've never considered you as anything but a good catch. If it's any comfort to you, I've never considered any man in any other way—until last night."

"Last night!" exclaimed the boy. "So that's it! That's why you won't marry me. There's someone else ——"

"Yes," said Miss Heath quietly, "there's someone else—thank God! A real man, Hugh; a real, live, flesh-and-blood, human man. He saw me in the show—saw me dancing to music with paint on my face, but he didn't think of me as a chorus girl. He thought of me as a good woman, as a good American. And he was so plain and simple and ordinary—that I knew there must be thousands more like him. And that made the world over for me. From that minute I've been just what he thought me. I've been a good woman, a good American. And good Americans don't sell themselves into any kind of slavery!"

She paused, and unconsciously her figure straightened.

"Day before yesterday," she went on, "I'd have said that any girl who turned down Hugh Varick—with a million in his own name—wasn't in her right mind. But now I know—now I can see that it's not right for a woman to sell herself, nor for a man to sell himself. It's not—being free!"

Again she hesitated, as though struggling with ideas that were new and vast and strange.

"It's not—being free! And it's not being fair to the men—and the boys—who are going to fight for freedom. Oh, the war's not all in France! It's here in America, in New York—up and down the streets of the city; and it's we who must see that what is won abroad shall not be lost—at home! There has been too great a price paid for freedom," she ended with a little conclusive gesture, "for any one person to—abuse it."

She lifted her head and looked him in the eyes; then turned toward the door. He made an involuntary movement as though to prevent her, but immediately checked himself; and she went out without another glance at him, without another word.

In the hallway, however, she paused, suddenly aware of a pricking in her right hand. Glancing down she saw to her surprise that it was tightly closed. She opened it. There in her palm was the modest little service pin that Private Pettigrew had given her.

"God," she whispered, "help me—to be worthy ——"

With trembling fingers she fastened the pin to her cheap showy waist; then walked with a proud step down the red-carpeted stairs and out into the common street.

"Wear In"—

All bearings will become worn to some extent by continuous use; but while some bearings "wear out" and have to be replaced, Timken Bearings simply "wear in" and can be restored to full efficiency by a simple adjustment.

Hold the "cup" of a Timken Bearing in your left hand and the "cone" carrying the rollers in your right.

Put them together—they fit perfectly. Suppose they have been running for 5,000, 10,000 or 50,000 miles. It merely means that the cup is a fraction of a thousandth of an inch larger inside and the rollers an equally small fraction smaller.

But, as both are conical, you can simply push the cone a trifle farther into the cup, and it will fit as well as ever.

And that's all you have to do to entirely correct the effects of wear. Just a part turn of a wrench and you have a new bearing.

This provision to take up the effects of wear—before it injures the expensive and important load-carrying and load-driving parts—is a vital principle of good motor-car engineering.

It is illustrated in many parts of your car—nowhere is it more important than in its bearings.

They support the car's weight and keep in adjustment the transmission gears, and the driving mechanism of the rear axle. Bearings that "wear out" not only have to be replaced themselves, but their looseness may lead directly to injury and replacement of other important parts also.

And the tapered design of Timken Bearings does more than make them adjustable—it enables them to do work that would otherwise have to be done by two bearings.

For Motor Car
Truck and Tractor

TIMKEN

or Wear Out

Like every other anti-friction bearing, they support the weight of car and passengers—the radial load, as engineers speak of it.

But there is another important requirement for bearings in a motor-car and that is to resist "end-thrust," the force which tries to hurl you from your seat when you swing around a corner.

The side pressure developed is frequently tremendous. The same centrifugal force that tries, when you swing around a sharp turn, to hurl you from your seat puts a pressure on the bearings far beyond that of the ordinary load.

It is sometimes the practice to meet this side pressure with additional "thrust" bearings. But due to their tapered design, Timken Bearings meet both radial load and end thrust without the need of any special device.

Thus the use of Timken Bearings not only means practically unlimited bearing life but the need of fewer bearing parts.

The design of Timken Bearings so perfectly meets the needs of motor-car service that it has never had to be altered or improved, since it was invented years ago.

The manufacture of Timken Bearings, even back of the production of the steel itself, is carried on in the Timken factory. From the selection of the raw material to the installation of the finished bearing in the passenger car, commercial car, industrial truck or farm tractor, every step of production is rigidly held to Timken standards.

Send for and read "The Companies Timken Keeps," a booklet listing the cars in which Timken Bearings are used at the points of hard service—transmission, differential, pinion (or worm), and wheels.
Sent free, postpaid, on request to

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

For Motor Car
Truck and Tractor

BEARINGS

THE GOLDEN SILENCE OF THE SILVER SCREEN

(Continued from Page 22)

be better than the original, but in no case will it or can it be what the author has visualized it. Even when translated into continuity no two directors will see scenes the same way, for each of them views the world through the sum total of his experiences, and the experiences of two people are never identical. Imagine the different screen versions of Sapho if translated by an ignoramus, a vulgarian and an artist!

Another tremendous factor that is bound to result in a change from the author's individual conception is that the photoplay is a social product—the work of continuity writer, director, technical department, camera man and lighting expert. Musical drama, it is true, is also a social collaboration between author and librettist, yet the work of each of these artists may be separately perfect, whereas the success of the photoplay depends entirely upon the artistic teamwork of the many collaborators, and no man's work can stand alone. This fact adds immensely to our difficulties, for if any one of the social group falls down the result is disastrous. A recent ambitious production was absolutely ruined by harsh lighting.

"My list of stage successes permits me to feel that I know something about dramatic construction, then why ——" and so on. Thus wrote a man who stands near the top of the drama in America. He has not yet recognized the fact that the photoplay is a new and separate art, but believes that it is a mere appendage of the stage, minus the spoken word.

Before the high development of our new technic, that was the prevalent point of view, even within the industry itself. Which explains why the melodrama, which could be told in action, was the favorite source of the first pictures. The phrase "silent drama" is a curse hard to live down.

The automobile was at first truly a "horseless carriage," but when it demonstrated itself as an entirely new method of locomotion the name was dropped, yet the photoplay is still burdened with a negative name suggesting that something is missing. Nowadays it is as foolish to call the photoplay "silent" drama as it would be to dub floral wall paper "scentless" printing.

The epidemic of little theaters, classic dancing and school pageants has turned America into a nation of playwrights, so the explanations herein mentioned are not addressed to the indignant topnotcher of the drama, but to all of you who expect to act in or write for the movies.

The most fundamental physical difference between the stage and the screen is the point of view from which each is seen. In an audience of two thousand the stage action must be addressed to two thousand focal points, whereas but one eye sees our picture, and that is in the camera. This introduces the problem of depth, which is too intricate for a full explanation, but it may be guessed from contemplating the difference between a single flat photograph and the old-fashioned stereoscope.

Artistic Freedom of the Film

Besides, on the other hand, the stage narrows as it recedes from the audience, whereas ours is but a few feet wide in close-ups, but expands to indefinite reaches in long perspectives.

The stage is limited to a very few scenes and the action must be confined within these and the physical limitations of the theater, whereas we can take the spectator to a hundred places, from one end of the world to the other, and follow the hero every foot of his amorous way from his office to the rendezvous with his lady love in the park.

Should the dramatist wish to carry his audience beyond the narrow confines of his stage picture he must resort to crude noises like the clattering of hoof beats, the tooting of horns, the ventriloquistic calls from the wings. On the other hand, we show the sheriff's daughter tearing down the road on her pinto in a cloud of dust. If the dramatist wishes to create the illusion of a threatening mob without the castle keep he crowds a bunch of stages into a dressing room, and while they roar their disapproval the stage manager opens and closes the door, so as to gain the effect of changing distance. But we show the crowd itself. Scenery on the stage is built of light, flimsy, portable stuff, that can be transported and used for a year; we build solidly for but one performance, and are thus permitted effects and magnificence impossible in the theater.

Time as well as space puts its limit on the stage. Suppose the wronged lady wishes the audience to know of the day she stubbed her toe. She squares herself by the fire, and while the orchestra plays a little chills and fever she indulges in a long monologue, telling the dramatic details of her error. We can visualize them down to their most forbidden details.

Thus while the stage deals with the present action of the character we may drift off into the past. These pictures are known technically as "retrospects," to distinguish them from the "cut back," which is usually a "flash" of some previous action within the play itself.

In a like manner the future may be included in the photoplay. A young lad sits by his mother's side and tells her of his hopes and aspirations, and as he talks the picture fades into scenes on the battlefront, where the boy, now grown to manhood, leads thousands of the troops to immortal victories.

The stage, you see, is bound by space and time, whereas on the screen we may be here, there and everywhere; in the present, past or future; our dreams, memories, thoughts and imaginings capable of pictorial expression. In fact, the photoplay is absolutely free from the bondage of the material world.

Like Story Unlike Screen

This new-found artistic freedom, however, has produced a sort of peregrinating intoxication with many writers, for they have their characters hopping about the world with the agility of nightmares. I have a scenario on my desk wherein the heroine makes four trips to Europe and two to Honolulu. No one could write continuity to such a travelogue.

The use of the close-up is a subject of never-ending discussion. "Why do you raise a pretty face to the proportions of an elephant?" Of course, when this device is invoked merely to show the cameo profile of the handsome young goddess the effect is silly, but in the hands of an intelligent director the close-up is a wonderfully used tool, entirely absent in the technic of the stage. Actors have to outrage Nature by reading their letters aloud; the film folks read theirs silently and we are permitted in a close-up to read them too. If for a moment we look upon the embroidered monogram of a handkerchief—impossible on the stage—it is evident this familiarity will help us to a solution of the plot. Intelligently used the close-up is designed to focus attention. By filling the entire field of vision with the principal action all diverting and extraneous movement and interest are eliminated and the attention is fixed upon the salient point. In order to accomplish this result in the theater the stage manager drives all but the principals into the wings or else brings his characters forward and "gives 'em the spot."

During a very tense moment in a drama the whole eloquence of the point may lie in the expression of the actor's eyes, but this is absolutely lost to those in the gallery. True, with the clumsy use of opera glasses a few fortunate ones may see, but with the close-up of the photoplay the subtlest expressions get over to all alike.

The greatest triumph in shedding the shackles of time and space is in the use of realism and phantasy at the same time. A dinner is in progress, and while the girl listens to the patter of her partner her mind is far away, and her vagrant thoughts are just faintly visible above her head. Joan starts off to lead her troops and France to victory, and as she gazes ahead with unseeing eyes the ghost of the angel of victory rides beside her.

Take another example. A great fat overfed coarse-wife harangues her husband, and as he listens to her blague he notices her photograph, when she was young and beautiful. So the picture slowly dissolves into a sylvan glade beside the brook where he first met her. Suddenly the picture is cut, and again we see the degenerate wife shouting "What are you mooning about there, John Temple?" and as suddenly again she is gone, and once more we are dreaming with the poor disillusioned husband. How often in real life have our dreams been cut across by a bell, a call or other discordancy?

I could cite a hundred instances where the photoplay is widely separated from the stage. Our drama is silent only in words; when it comes to physical truth it has possibilities way beyond the stage, and psychological depths that have hardly been sounded.

Then how about the novel and story—why don't we produce them just as they are written?

I recall one letter I received from a well-known author when I was in the scenario department. His objection was somewhat as follows: "You have introduced a scene in the beginning of the story which shows Hawkes coming into the house and kicking a dog asleep before the fire. No such incident was in my manuscript"—and so on. And he was right; no such action was mentioned. What he did have, however, was several pages devoted to telling of Hawkes' character and disposition, and he made it very plain that the fellow was mean, cruel and unconscionable; and as we could not devote fifty feet of tiresome titles explaining all this I hit upon the device mentioned, figuring the audience would grasp in a few feet of film the character of a man who would deliberately kick a beautiful sleeping dog. Human qualities may be described at length in the story form; on the screen they must be shown. In this case the man's character was registered in six feet of film.

A very good way of showing the difference between story and screen technic is in the presentation of the mystery plot. In writing such a tale the author will introduce his various characters, develop them all separately so that at first you will suspect one and then another, until finally, just at the end, they are brought together, and the whole situation will be cleared up. In the photodrama, on the other hand, we cannot introduce a long procession of characters whose relations one to the other are unknown to the spectator, without hopelessly bewildering him. People would wander about and do tremendous things, but they would be utterly meaningless. With us the whole technic is—or should be—reversed. That is to say, the audience must understand the relationships, while the characters are the ones who are left in the dark.

Another factor that renders the story form of a plot unfolded in the last page difficult of presentation is the fact that our audience comes in at all times. Even in the program houses four-fifths of the spectators are holdovers. Suppose, for instance, the whole merit of the piece—like the whereabouts of the knife in The Thirteenth Chair, or equally vital details in the Sherlock Holmes stories—depends upon keeping the suspense until the very last, and then someone walks in at the moment of the big punch. Will he care to see the first of the picture? No; it will be like reading the last chapter of a mystery story first; it will cease to be a mystery.

How Locations are Alibied

The only way we can do justice to the story form in a mystery tale is to make a serial of the mystery, and fill the first fifteen episodes so full of excitement that the crowd gets its money's worth in thrills alone; and then we hope that it will be curious enough to stick the show out through the sixteenth week.

Long descriptions or pages of dialogue are forbidden us, so the story that best lends itself to screen translation is the one told in action. The novel is usually too long and complex for us to show entirely. I once saw one undertaken in which there was a double triangle and the girl was married three times. It was a hopeless muddle on the screen. The dramatic form of construction suits us better, for the interest in the action is continuous. When we use the narrative form the success of the film is likely to be due to its pictorial interest. And just as in opera dramatic action is often held up for musical reasons, so in the narrative form we hold up action for pictorial purposes.

It might be well to explain the almost universal misunderstanding of the word "action." It does not mean physical movement. In the play, Arizona, there is tremendous action, and though it is a "Western" there is but one shot fired during three acts. William Gillette's plays were tense and powerful, yet his climax was often silent. Action is the movement of plot—not bodies. Some of our most violent film dramas are totally lacking in action.

I hope I have made it clear that we cannot shoot stories or dramas exactly as they are written. Besides this difficulty the photoplay has its own intrinsic problems. Of these, perhaps the most interesting is the way we alibi locations. A scenario demands a beautiful Italian château facing the sea, and the action calls for a boating accident wherein the heroine is rescued by Gerald Fairfax and carried dripping into the château, and laid on a "Looey Cans" settee in the great salon.

Now we can find the château in Los Angeles, and the sea is twenty miles away, and a "Looey Cans" interior may be built right at the studio; but how can we bring them together? Well, first let us drive over to our Los Angeles location. Here we take a picture of Gerald and his inamorata coming out of the château; they pause before the camera and look dreamily beyond it toward the sea—more likely what they behold is a billboard! Now we will run down to Redondo, and setting up the camera toward the sea we take Gerald and Beatrice walking down toward the boat landing. When spliced together the effect will be as though we had simply turned our heads from the château to the sea! While at Redondo we will shoot the boat stuff, up to the point where Gerald carries the girl up out of the water. When next seen on the screen he is just entering the château door. At the risk of confusing you I will state that these few feet of film were shot right after the first scene in Los Angeles; the youthful pair having submitted to the garden hose to get the effect of a wetting.

Team Work in Picture Making

Now back to the studio, where the interior of the château has been built. We take in its three-sided magnificence, when suddenly the door opens and who should come in but our moist and modest hero, bearing his delicious burden, whom he places on the settee with utter disregard of its ruination. Three times were they wetted in order to get a scene that appears in perfect continuity on the screen. Thus we see that three widely separated scenes may be linked together by the simple act of association, the links in this case being the boy and the girl.

Do you remember how the prestidigitator flips card after card into the deepest recesses of the gallery, and the last card seems to disappear like a ghost? Of course, there was no last card, but we associated a card with his oft-repeated gesture. Think of this during the following explanation.

Suppose we frame up a war drama. Our problem is to stage our action in Picardy—yet we must do it in Hollywood. Well, of course we must have some Picardy film for an alibi, so we will send over and make a little; or, better still, let us see if we can't get hold of a few hundred feet from a weekly news bulletin that has been sent over by one of the fellows on the job.

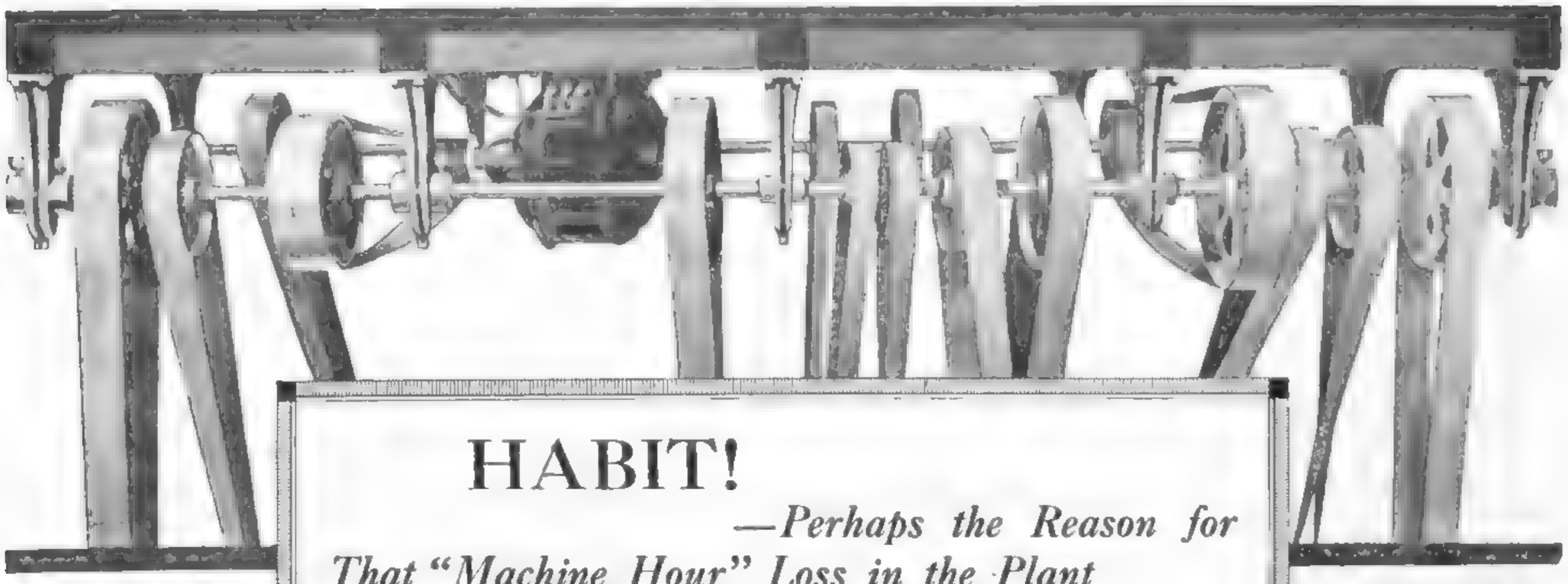
We find some bully stuff of troops marching; no end of ruined villages, and some telescopic shots showing the big stuff; but, best of all, there are a few precious feet of the trenches.

Now come into the projection room while we shoot it. The fellow sitting on your right is technical director; next to him, in the dark, are the camera man and electrical assistant. The others are the director, scenario bunch, and all the other hounds who make a picture.

You will observe that the technical director is the most important man in this strange gathering—for it is up to him to build sets for which the film will be an alibi. He first picks out a street scene in a village, some details of wrecked buildings, a typical road, and then some good trench details, and having given them the okeh we come out into the sunshine.

For weeks the studio is at work on these sets: a street is built in exact reproduction of the one in the French film—only it is restored; trenches are dug that register perfectly with the ones to be alibied, and a road flanked by tall poplars is found for the outside location.

(Concluded on Page 73)



HABIT!

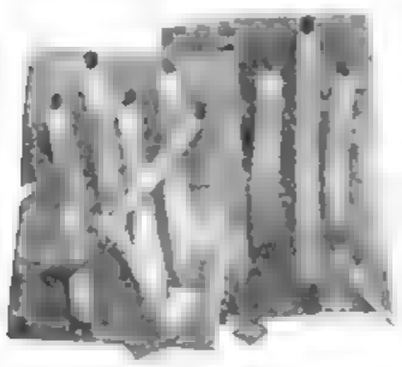
—*Perhaps the Reason for That "Machine Hour" Loss in the Plant*

WAR production is pushing aside many moss-grown habits. Now, as never before, manufacturers are watching everything that stops machinery—that causes "machine hour" losses.

One of the seemingly unimportant details in shop routine is the belt joint. Every plant must have belts; every belt must be joined, and that's where a lot of "machine hour" loss comes in. Many of the widely used methods of belt joining could not possibly gain acceptance if introduced today. Modern engineering would rule them out. They are too inefficient in themselves, and actually injure belting to a point which piles up loss of time, labor and efficiency.

Such methods originated in the days when power transmission was in its crude stages of development, gained a foothold as makeshift solutions and have survived through shop prejudice, nurtured by habit. But war has smashed prejudice and habit. The increasing scarcity of materials, rising costs, growing importance of full speed production, conservation of labor time, have forced executives to consider the importance of the belt and its proper joining.

This is an illustration showing the outside and the pulley side of a leather lace joint.



IN six inches of belt width there are but five points of strain bearing on that part of the belt which has been weakened through the removal of material by the use of a hollow punch.

From 40 to 60% of belt material is cut out in this method.

It clearly shows why this method of belt joining could not be accepted by modern engineering practice.

Save Time, Labor and Belting

CRESCENT Belt Fasteners have proven to be the answer in the largest and most progressive shops in the country. They are the solution of the belt-joining problem as defined by modern engineering practice and proven by the results of practical experience in thousands of shops.

Crescent Belt Fasteners produce a uniform, dependable joint in the hands of any mechanic—every shopman knows that it takes an experienced and expert mechanic to make even a passable laced joint.

Crescents are quickly applied with no damage to the belting material.

Crescents are practically indestructible under shop conditions. Crescent Plates may be used time after time, with new Crescent rivets when it is necessary to take up the stretch of the belt.

In hundreds of authenticated instances, joints made with Crescents have given double, triple and even quadruple the time of service as compared with belts in the same service joined by other methods.

We are using this method of inviting superintendents, foremen, mechanics, plant executives—everyone directly or indirectly interested in plant operation—to ask for detailed data on Crescents.

This is an illustration showing the outside and the pulley side of a Crescent joint.

IN six inches of belt width there are twenty-eight points of strain on each side of the belt end. No material is removed. The fibres are merely separated by Crescent Rivets, which when clinched actually reinforce the belt at the joint.

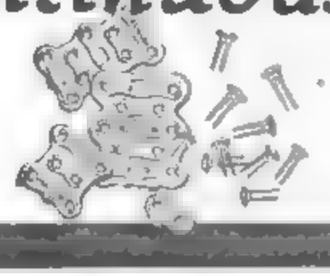
A finished Crescent joint is the best illustration of modern engineering practice. It means belts joined with scientific precision rather than by rule of thumb.

CRESCENT BELT FASTENER CO.
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

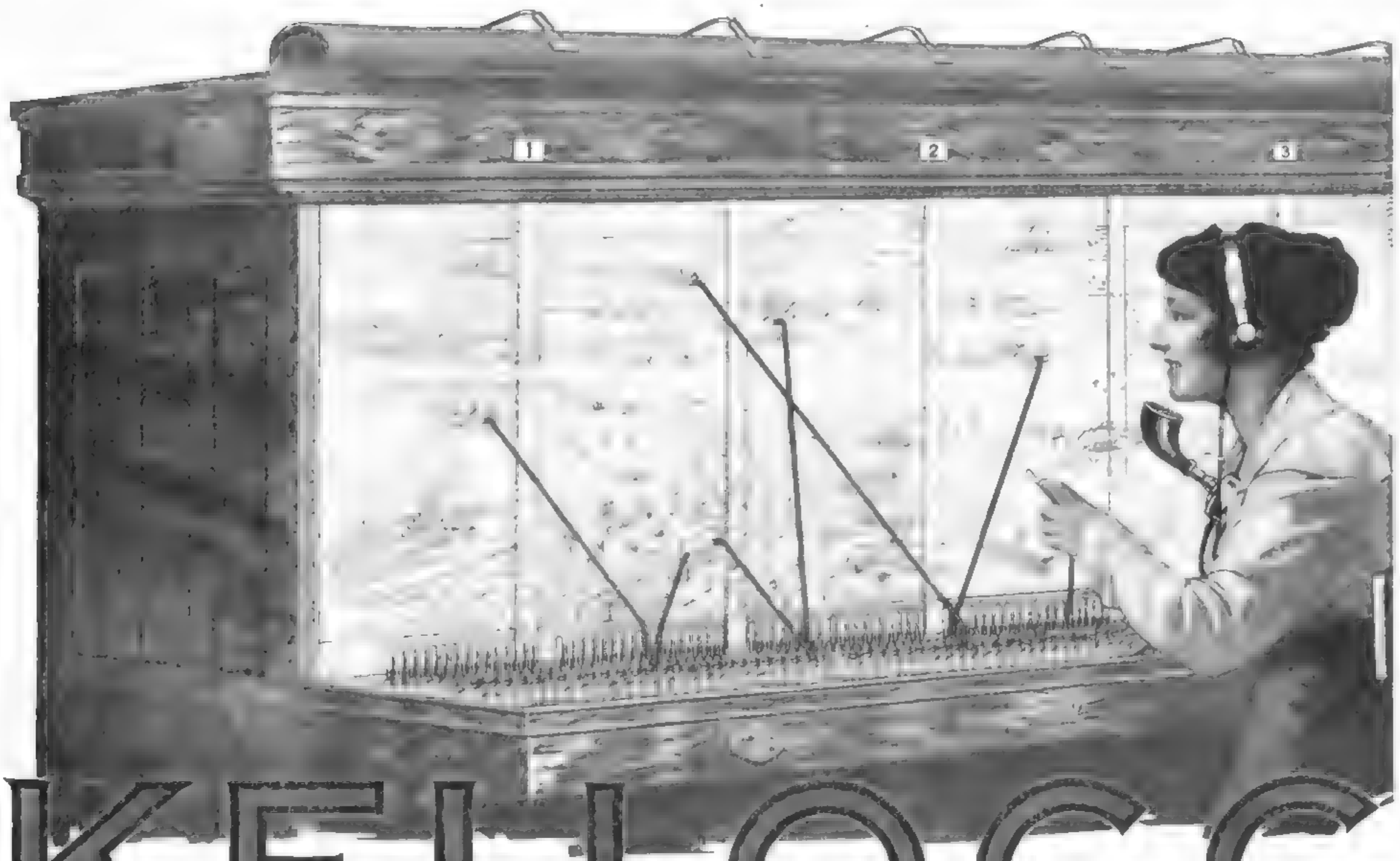
Branches and Distributors Throughout the World

CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS

"For Continuous Production"



Crescent Belt Fasteners distribute the strain evenly across the entire width of the belt—form a permanent joint for the life of the belt, permitting easy, quick adjustment for take-up of stretch—do not injure belt fiber, require no punching—"hold without holes." They are the time-proven belt-joining device, the standard by which all methods are judged—adapted to all kinds and makes of belting of every length, width and thickness.



KELLOGG
SWITCHBOARD AND SUPPLY CO.

The telephone is the magic wand that brings the world together into one small community.

And the telephone switchboard is the center through which the life of the community throbs. Switchboard efficiency therefore becomes an important factor in the social and business welfare of the people.

The Kellogg Common Battery Multiple Switchboard now being used in large exchanges in this and other countries is accomplishing wonderful results in traffic economy.

The new features of this remarkable switchboard mark an epoch in telephone efficiency.

They Mean—Seventy-five to a hundred per cent increase in the number of calls that can be handled—and a decrease in the number of operators required.

They Mean—Instant selection of an operator when the receiver is taken from the hook—the signal flashes before the first idle operator, no matter where she is located on the board, and the call gets immediate attention.

They Mean—Instant and automatic clearing of the line for incoming calls when the receiver is hung up

They Mean—Instant recall signal continuously flashed before the operator without having to jiggle the hook up and down

They Mean—Instant automatic transmission of the busy signal if the called line is in use

They Mean—Secret service—the operator cannot overhear the conversation.

We have some interesting information relating to this remarkable switchboard and other Kellogg products that we will be glad to send to anyone interested in local exchanges or other special features of telephone equipment

Kellogg Switchboard and Supply Company, Chicago

Largest Independent Manufacturers of Telephones in the World

Branch Offices: Kansas City, San Francisco, Columbus, Ohio

DISTRIBUTING HOUSES: Canada West Electric, Ltd., Regina, Sask., Can.; The McGraw Co., Sioux City, Iowa, The McGraw Co., Omaha Neb., Pacific States Electric Co., Los Angeles, Cal., Oakland, Cal., Portland, Ore., Seattle Wash.; Northwestern Electric Equipment Co., St Paul, Minn., Duluth, Minn.; Tower-Ballard Elec. & Mfg. Co., Richmond, Va., National Telephone Supply & Development Co., Kansas City, Mo.

OVER 2,000,000 KELLOGG TELEPHONES NOW IN USE—"USE IS THE TEST"

(Concluded from Page 70)

On the night of the show appropriate music is played to create atmosphere, a few grandiose titles are flashed to add dignity, and presently we find ourselves in the French village enjoying the carefree days before the war. It is during this period we are introduced to the characters, the story develops, war comes, and then the big stuff.

This is the part about which the picture was built, and herein is where our artistry is put to the severe test. Enterprising press agents have proclaimed that the battle pictures were made at the Front—and they were; but the lowest brow in the audience knows that cinematographers are not permitted to shoot love scenes at great headquarters while the battle rages, nor are cameras set up in No Man's Land in the midst of hand-to-hand slaughter. But it is our problem to associate the actual scenes with the counterfeit in such a way that one's mind must never for a moment wander from Picardy. By flashing to the marching soldiers, to the big guns in action, the telescopic stuff, a long shot of the trenches, and then to the close-ups—we trick the mind just as the prestidigitator did with the cards. Afterward we see the villages where only a short time ago were peace and tranquillity, and behold they are in ruins. Back and forth we cut from Picardy to Hollywood, but with such dexterity the illusion is never lost.

The Technic of Suggestion

I sat beside the director of one of the great war dramas on the opening night and he asked me to separate the real scenes from the make-believe, and as sophisticated as I am in photodramatic technic I missed it four times, which is the highest praise I could offer his extraordinary craftsmanship.

During the early stages of our development—and still with many directors—it was found necessary to show scenes of violence by all kinds of hazardous stunts or trick camera work, but as the technic of suggestion has developed, the photodramatist is playing marvelously upon the imagination.

The following action was considered a fine bit of business according to old standards: A boy falls in the street; a speeding automobile runs right over his body, and the indignant crowd closes up and surrounds the victim. Even though the audience was aware of the substitution of a dummy at the crucial moment, the bump over the body gave a very sickening feeling.

Last week I saw the same scene made entirely by suggestion. First, a close-up of a freckly faced lad playing marbles in the middle of the road; next a long shot—just a flash—of an automobile coming on at terrific speed. Instantly the two become associated in one's mind. Now, however, the camera is turned from the impending cataclysm, and we see the villagers nonchalantly gossiping in front of the post office. Suddenly they all turn in the same direction, and with a look of horror shout to the boy "Look out!" Some cover their eyes, while others rush violently out of the picture toward the accident. Quickly the picture is cut, and out of a cloud of dust we see the limp figure of the boy rolling in the gutter. Finally a long shot of the crowd gathered about the auto and the boy binds all of these incidents together, and we have the effect of a terrible accident without showing the actual collision realistically or by trickery. This scene was less harrowing than the picture wherein the auto was seen to pass directly over the boy's body, and was artistically its superior.

Time was when, in order to show a rich interior, we loaded the set so full of carved furniture that it looked like a department-store window at Christmastime. We have learned that one door and a single chair will suggest a finer grandeur than mere quantity. Our art director designed a set for a tenement attic not long ago which consisted of nothing but a dirty-gray flat background, a small stove with a crooked pipe and a torn magazine cover on the wall. The sheer simplicity of the set gave it a suggestion of desolation that "actual cobwebs" could not have achieved.

There is always a contest going on in every studio between the past and the present—most of the old-timers believing that the most minute details of realism should be shown. So last week I tried a little experiment on this bunch, with amusing results. Without warning them that their theories were on trial I invited about twenty of the determined realists on the lot to come into the projecting room to give me the up-and-down on some new dramatic business.

The scene opened in the antechamber of a castle, and the action consisted of a lot of mysterious flub-dub between three men and two women, with a knife and a bottle of poison. The action was simple buncombe, for the sole purpose of holding the attention of the spectators.

When the thing was over they all began to laugh. "What are you handing us? There was nothing new in that business."

"Forget the action," I said, "and describe the set."

"It was a castle interior," spoke up Bill Condon, director of the rough stuff. "It had high stone walls. I can't remember much about it, except that there was a suit of armor on the left."

"The set remained the same throughout?" I asked.

"Sure thing," he replied; and they all agreed.

In fact, so positive were they of the point that I permitted each one of the twenty to bet me five dollars, and then we all went to see it run again. And this is what they saw: On the left a suit of armor—always associated with castles—against a plain gray ground, which "naturally must have been stone," but happened in this case to be the side of a ship we had used in a submarine picture. The great height of the chamber was suggested by showing, about eight feet from the floor, the lower edge of a large canvas—probably a portrait. Two props alone suggested the castle.

But here is where the real test came in: After the location was registered in the minds of the twenty they became so interested in the action that not one of them noticed that the armor and frame began to fade out of the picture, and for more than fifty feet of a hundred-foot scene the characters were performing as though before velours curtains. Before I could collect the hundred dollars the incredulous skeptics ransacked the projection room to make sure that this was the identical reel they had seen before.

This in a way was the technic of Shakspere and the Greeks. Either by a pictorial suggestion of a marble bench for a garden or a throne for a palace, or by some simple statement in the prologue, the subsequent action was associated in the minds of the audience with the suggested location.

Pointers From Shakspere

It is interesting to note that Shakspere's construction was very much more like that of the photodrama than of the stage. His plays, as written, are a succession of innumerable scenes, and even cut backs to earlier scenes. They are written in the narrative form and are bound together by exits and entrances. Shakspere's characters come and go; they are never "discovered" when the curtain rises. In fact, William was spared that modern æsthetic joke, the drop curtain—which permits us to see feet first—and last. My, if the stage could only use the iris, which permits the scene to open and close on the focal point! Often a photoplay will end by leaving as its last memory only the eloquence of a pair of haunting eyes.

When Shakspere wished to focus attention and permit the audience to see the dramatic play of features he used the close-up by bringing his actors down from distant levels right before the audience.

Structurally the dramas of Shakspere would make superb photoplays, but their sublime literary quality would be lost. The difficulty in translating literature into action eliminates an enormous amount of splendid material for our purpose. Brilliant dialogue, such as is found in the plays of Oscar Wilde, Pinero and Shaw, is hopeless of pictorial representation. It is boresome and inartistic to see people standing round just "wow-wowing" as we call it, this silent mouthing interrupted by innumerable titles showing what the fellows are saying. Our characters must do things, not talk about them.

The use of titles is another complex problem, but as our technic improves they become fewer and shorter. Some continuity writers will not use titles for a major expression, but merely as chapter heads and time lapses or to identify locations. Not long ago one chap, wishing to stress the cumulative tragedy of time lapsing before the character was to be hanged, cut in every little while with a picture of the prisoner marking off another fatal day on the calendar. It was infinitely more dramatic and artistic than the usual titles: The Sands are Running Low, The Hand of Time Moves On, or Seven Days More! The best directors now believe that no title should be used to explain action, but should add to the content, and in case of the spoken title it should develop the character of the speaker.

Our greatest comedy artist is so eloquent in his pantomime and masterly in his technic that he uses scarcely any titles. In one story he fell in love with a girl in the steerage, who with her mother was crossing to America. After landing in the new country they became separated, and months later he met the girl by chance on the street. Joyously he greeted her, but there was a wistfulness in her eyes, and as he glanced down from her face he saw the small black edge to a handkerchief. Grasping her hand he looked at her with eyes eloquent of sympathy. Instantly the audience whispered "Her mother's dead!" Not a movement of the lips and not a line of title to tell the little tragedy.

Uplifting From Beneath

It is interesting to note the difference between scenario writers who have come from the stage and those from literary fields. The dramatists give the cast of characters in titles as we find them in theater programs or else introduce them, one at a time, in a few feet of characteristic business. The literary chaps on the other hand start right out with the story and identify the leads as they appear in the play.

If any of you are still unconvinced that the photoplay is not the tail of the dramatic kite or the moving illustrations of your story, but a distinct art form with a technic and psychology of its own, the most eloquent answer is the way it has gradually freed itself from color, noise and the synchronized voice. It is true, color has a limited place in the showing of pageants and botanical subjects, where it is a major expression, but the plastic representation of the drama requires color no more than a photographic print, etching or marble statue.

The gradual distaste for horns, bells and crashboxes also shows that the cinema—like every other art—is much finer when confined within its own limitations. An oil painting of a lion is not calculated to deceive, and actual bars across the frame become silly. The same may be said of the spoken word in the photodrama.

The closest coöperation with the other arts takes place in the use of music, though, unlike opera, it is not part of the play but is employed to increase emotional tension.

I have not touched upon the financial quarrel of so many writers with our industry. No doubt many have been treated outrageously, but I assure you many studios are struggling hard to live down their shameful pasts. My purpose has been to tell our technic, which is so hopelessly misunderstood. Some writers have already sensed our needs and are now turning out short stories with ultimate film production in the backs of their heads. This makes their work more adaptable to the screen, and the translation less violent. But translation there will have to be until authors learn our technic in the studios. One can never learn to write music by simply attending the opera.

The improper crediting of translated photoplays has caused no end of trouble for the studios—and often not without reason. The name of the author should no doubt be given; followed, however, by that of the adapter. This divides the glory—and locates the responsibility. Where an entirely new scenario has evolved which the author might not wish to sponsor, the fairest crediting would seem to be somewhat as follows: Her Soul in Pawn, Scenario by Juliette Smithers—suggested by the story, Her Blushing Blunder, by H. Trevellyn Winks.

It will take many, many years to develop a whole class of photoplay writers who will address their art directly at the screen, but in the meantime have patience and do your best to understand our needs. Above all, do not "write down" to us. We may have gone down ourselves, but we have gone very, very wide. Our art is not wine yet; it is only grape juice. But for the sake of all that is beautiful, quit throwing eggs from your Olympian heights, and get in and reform from the inside. As a great modern moralist said in one of his fables: In uplifting, get underneath.

try this new antiseptic shave

AT one sure stroke, this creamy, soothing lather disinfects your shaving brush, your razor, and your face. Not a germ can live in its rich, safe lather. For it contains Lysol, the famous antiseptic that has been in use in hospitals for years.

LYSOL
Antiseptic Shaving Cream

It thoroughly disinfects even the slightest cut, every time the razor nips your skin.

Insures you against contracting, through shaving, unsightly and dangerous skin and blood ailments. Something entirely new. Yet costs no more than shaving creams that do not possess its exclusive and valuable merits. Price, 25c a tube, at your druggist.

Learn the satisfaction of the Antiseptic Shave—the safe, cool, quick refreshing shave with Lysol Shaving Cream

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Manufacturing Chemists
96 William St. New York
Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste and Lysol Disinfectant

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% in many of our leading industries.

MAKE MORE MONEY

We'll Help You!

Hundreds of men and women—people like you—make their spare hours bring them extra dollars! They put in a few minutes each day asking their friends and acquaintances (or even strangers) to subscribe for our widely popular publications, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. They earn from $5.00 to $20.00 a week *extra* by this easy, pleasant work.

Why not you too?

Let us make you our offer, and help you to get a good start—now. Write the Curtis Publishing Company, 485 Independence Sq., Phila., Pa.

THE Florsheim Officer's shoe is made according to Government specifications, with the added touch of style and workmanship that is expressed in every Florsheim model. Individuality combined with sturdiness.

Nine Dollars and up

Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

She Made $54.00 Extra in a month

Mrs. Nelson wanted to make some extra money in her spare time.

She hadn't a cent of capital, no experience, no talents which she could turn into "cash."

Yet, just by "happenstance," she hit upon a plan which netted her $54.00 *in her first month!* And she enjoyed the experience tremendously!

The story of how she did it—and of how any other woman can follow this same plan with equal success—is told in the September issue of a small magazine called *Making Money*.

A copy of *Making Money* will be sent free of charge to any *Saturday Evening Post* reader on request.

Address Box 483

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EGYPTIAN CHARIOT

(Continued from Page 11)

outward sign of his tumult. He smoked his cigarettes with extreme deliberation.

It was evening again, and they were sitting on the narrow porch. The west was a serene lake of fading light against which the trees made dark blots of foliage. Nantbrook seemed unreal, a place of thin shadow, the future unsubstantial as well; only the past was actual in Lemuel Doret's mind—the gray cold prison, the city at night, locked rooms filled with smoke and lurid lights, avaricious voices in the mechanical sentences of gambling, agonized tones begging for a shot, just a shot, of an addicted drug, a girl crying.

He tried to sing a measure of praise beneath his breath, but the tune and words evaded him. He glanced furtively at Bowman's complacent bulk, the flushed face turned fatuously to Bella. Under the other's left arm his coat was drawn smoothly on a cushion of fat.

Later Lemuel stopped at Flavilla's bed, and though she was composed he was vaguely alarmed at what seemed to him an unreal rigidity. She was not asleep, but sunk in a stupor with a glimmer of vision and an elusive pulse. He should not have listened to Bella but got a doctor as Frazee had advised. It appeared now that—with all Flavilla held for him—he had been strangely neglectful. At the same time he was conscious of the steady increase of his hatred for Bowman. This was natural, he told himself; Bowman in a way was the past—all that he, Doret, had put out of his life. At least he had thought that accomplished, yet here it was back again, alive and threatening; drinking beer in his rooms, whispering to his wife, putting the thought of Flavilla from his head.

In the morning even Bella admitted that Flavilla might be sick and a doctor necessary. He took one look at his daughter's burning face, heard the shrill labor of her breathing, and hurried downstairs with a set face. He was standing with Bella in the hall when June Bowman descended.

"Flavilla ain't right," she told him.

The latter promptly exhibited the wad of money. "Whatever you need," he said.

"Put it away," Lemuel replied shortly. "I don't want any of that for Flavilla."

Bowman studied him. Doret made no effort to mask his bitterness, and the other whistled faintly. Bella laughed, turning from her husband.

"He's cracked," she declared; "you'll get no decency off him. A body would think I had been in jail and him looking out for her all those ten years and more. I can say thank you, though; we'll need your help, and glad."

"Put it away," Lemuel Doret repeated. He was more than ever catlike, alert, bent slightly forward with tense fingers.

Bowman was unperturbed. "I told you about this flash stuff," he observed. "Nobody's forcing money on you. Get the bend out of you and give me a shave. That'll start you on the pills."

Lemuel Doret mechanically followed him into the rude barber shop; he was fascinated by the thought of laying the razor across Bowman's throat. The latter extended himself in the chair and Doret slowly, thoroughly, covered his lower face with lather, through which the blade drew with a clean smooth rip. A fever burned in the standing man's brain, he fought constantly against a stiffening of his employed fingers—a swift turn, a cutting twist. Subconsciously he called noiselessly upon the God that had sustained him and, divided between apprehension and the increasing lust to kill, his lips held the form in which they had pronounced that impressive name. He had the sensation of battling against a terrific wind, a remorseless force beating him to submission. His body ached from the violence of the struggle to keep his hand steadily, evenly, busied, following in a delicate sweep the cords of June Bowman's neck, the jugulars.

The other looked up at him and grinned confidently. "Little children," he said, "love one another."

Lemuel stopped, the razor suspended in air; there was din in his ears, his vision blurred, his grip tightened on the bone handle. A sweat started out on his brow and he found himself dabbing June Bowman's face with a wet cold towel.

"Witch hazel?" he asked mechanically.

Suddenly he was so tired that his legs seemed incapable of support. He wiped the razor blade and put it away with a lax, nerveless hand. He realized that he had been again at the point of murder. He had been saved by the narrowest margin in the world. For a moment the fact that he had been saved absorbed him, and then the imminent danger of his position, his weakness, filled him with the sense of failure, a heavy feeling of hopelessness. His prayers and singing, his plans for redemption, for a godly life, had threatened to end at the first assault of evil.

He temporarily overcame his dejection at the memory of Flavilla. Doctor Markley lived in a larger town than Nantbrook, a dozen miles beyond the fields and green hills, and he must get him by telephone. Then there was the problem of payment. The doctor, he knew, would expect his fee, two dollars, immediately from such an applicant as himself; and he had less than a dollar. He explained something of this over the wire, adding that if Markley would come at the end of the day the money would be forthcoming. That, the crisp, disembodied tone replied, was impossible; he must call in the middle of the morning, but no difficulty would be made about his bill; Doret could send the amount to him promptly.

He hurried back to the house with this information, and found Bella seated in the kitchen, the inevitable cigarette throwing up its ribbon of smoke from her fingers, and June Bowman at her shoulder. Lemuel ignored the latter.

"The doctor'll be here at about eleven," he announced. "Mind you listen to all he says and get Flavilla into a clean nightgown and sheets."

"What's the matter with your tending to her?" Bella demanded.

"I won't be here; not till night. I'm going to put up hay with one of the farmers. I hear they're in a hurry and offering good money."

Bella's expression was strange. She laughed in a forced way.

"We got to hand it to you," Bowman said genially; "you're there. I guess I'd starve before ever it would come to me to fork hay."

Lemuel's wife added nothing; her lips twisted into a fixed smile at once defiant and almost tremulous. Well, he was late now; he couldn't linger to inquire into Bella's moods. Yet at the door he hesitated again to impress on her the importance of attending the doctor's every word.

It seemed to him an hour later that he was burning up in a dry, intolerable haze of sun and hay. He awkwardly balanced heavy ragged forkfuls, heaving them onto the mounting stack of the wagon in a paste of sweat and dust. His eyes were filmed and his throat dry. He struggled on in the soft unaccustomed tyranny of the grass, the glare of sun, with his mind set on the end of day. He thought of cool shadows, of city streets wet at night, and a swift plunge into a river where it swept about the thrust of a wharf. He wondered what Doctor Markley would say about Flavilla; probably the child wasn't seriously sick. The day drew apparently into a tormenting eternity; the physical effort he welcomed; it seemed to exhaust that devil in him which had so nearly betrayed and ruined him forever in the morning; but the shifting slippery hay, the fiery dust, the incandescent blaze created an inferno in the midst of which his mind whirled with monotonous giddy images and half-meaningless phrases spoken and respoken.

Yet the sun was not, as he had begun to suppose, still in the sky; it sank toward the horizon, the violet shadows slipped out from the western hills, and Lemuel finished his toil in a swimming gold mist. It was two miles to Nantbrook, and disregarding his aching muscles he hurried over the gray undulating road. The people of the village were gathered on their commanding porches, the barkeeper at the hotel bulked in his doorway. The lower part of Lemuel's own house was closed; no one appeared as he mounted the insecure steps.

"Bella!" he cried in an overwhelming anxiety before he reached the hall.

There was no reply. He paused inside and called again. His voice echoed about the bare walls, he heard a dripping from the kitchen sink; nothing more.

"I'd better go up," he said aloud with a curious tightening of his throat. He evenly progressed up the stairs; suddenly a great weight seemed to bow his shoulders; the illusion was so vivid that he actually staggered; he was incapable of breaking from his measured progress. He turned directly into Flavilla's room. She was there—he saw her at once. But Bella hadn't put a fresh nightgown on her, and the sheets were disordered and unchanged.

Lemuel took a step forward; then he stopped. "The fever's gone," he vainly told the dread freezing about his heart at a stilled white face.

"Yes," he repeated with numb lips; "it's gone."

He approached the bed and standing over it and the meager body he cursed softly and wonderingly. The light was failing and it veiled the sharp lines of the dead child's countenance. For a moment his gaze strayed about the room and he felt a swift sorrow at its ugliness. He had wanted pretty things, pictures and a bright carpet and ribbons, for Flavilla. Then he was conscious of a tearing rage, but now he was unmindful of it, impervious to its assault in the fixed necessity of the present.

Later ——

He was sitting again on his porch, after the momentary morbid stir of curiosity and small funeral, when the unrestrained sweep of his own emotion overcame him. His appearance had not changed; it was impossible for his expression to become bleaker; but there was a tremendous change within. Yet it was not strange; rather he had the sensation of returning to an old familiar condition. There he was at ease; he moved swiftly, surely forward in the realization of what lay ahead.

Bella and June Bowman had left the house almost directly after him, and Markley finding it empty, with no response to his repeated knocking, had turned away, being as usual both impatient and hurried. Yes, Bella had gone and left Flavilla without even a glass of water. But Bella didn't matter. He couldn't understand this—except where he saw at last that she never had mattered; yet it was so. June Bowman was different.

There was no rush about the latter—tomorrow, next week would do equally. There was no doubt either. Lemuel Doret gave a passing thought, like a half-contemptuous gesture of final dismissal, to so much that had lately occupied him. The shadow of a smile disfigured his metallic lips.

The following noon he shut the door of his house with a sharp impact and made his way over the single street of Nantbrook toward the city. His fear of it had vanished; and when he reached the steel-bound towering masonry, the pouring crowds, he moved directly to a theater from which an audience composed entirely of men was passing out by the posters of a hectic burlesque.

"Clegett?" he asked at the grille of the box office.

A small man with a tilted black derby came from the darkened auditorium.

"Where have you been?" he demanded as he caught sight of Lemuel Doret. "I asked two or three but you might have been dead for all of them."

"That's just about what I have," Doret answered. "Mr. Clegett, I'd like a little money."

"How little?"

"A hundred would be plenty."

The other without hesitation produced a fold of currency, from which he transferred an amount to Lemuel Doret. It went into his pocket without a glance. He hesitated a moment, then added: "This will be all."

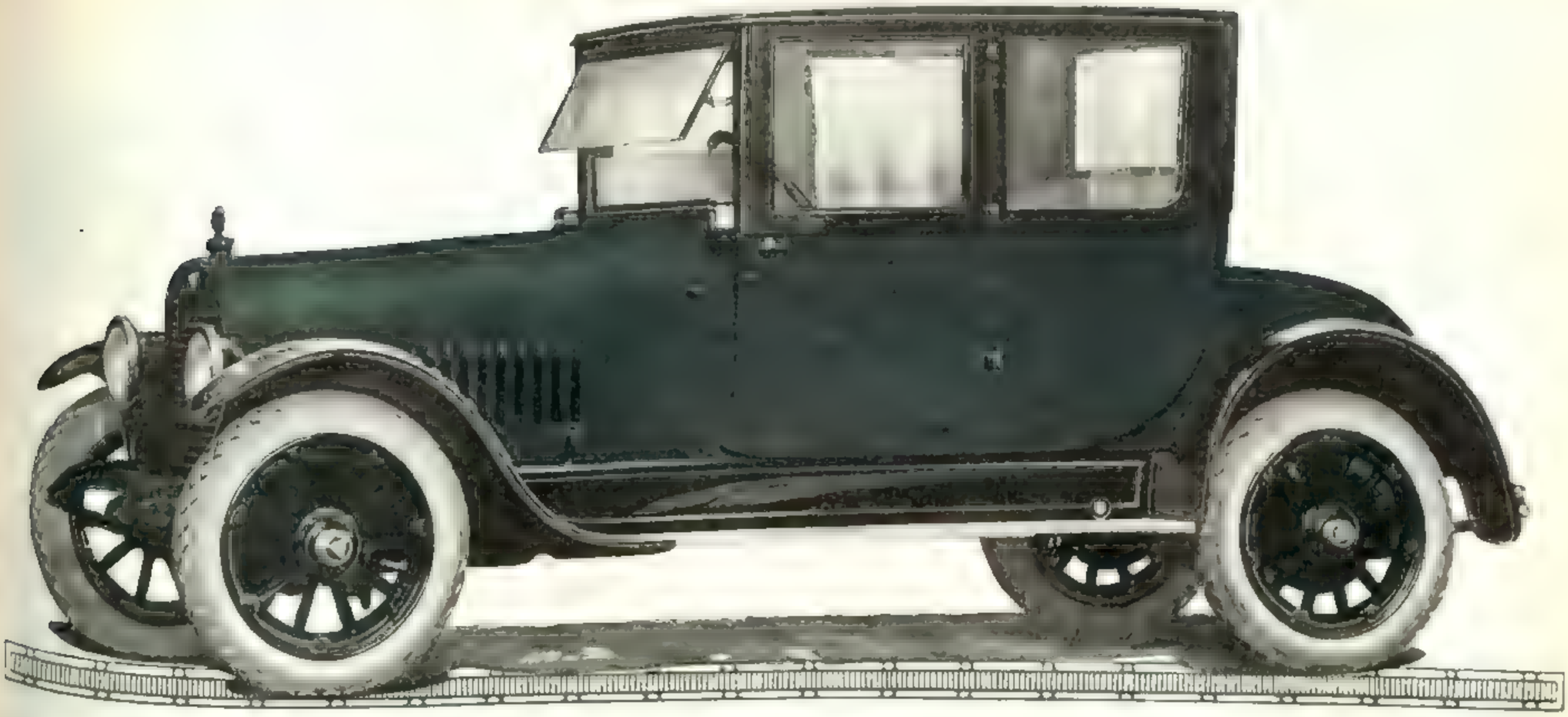
Clegett nodded. "It might, and it might not," he asserted; "but you can't jam me. You're welcome to that, anyhow. It was coming to you. I wondered when you'd be round."

It was not far from the theater to a glittering hardware store, a place that specialized in sporting goods. There were cases of fishing reels, brilliant tied flies and varnished, gayly wrapped cane rods, gaffs and coiled wire leaders, and an impressive assortment of modern pistols, rifles and shotguns.

"Something small and neat," Doret told the man in charge of the weapons.

He examined a compact automatic pistol, a blunted shape no larger than his palm. It was a beautiful mechanism, and as with his silken razors, merely to hold it, to test the smooth action, gave him a sense of pleasure.

(Continued on Page 77)



The Hudson *Four-Passenger* Coupe

Inside and Out, this Latest Hudson Body is Well Worthy of its Super-Six Chassis

Hudson designers have always anticipated the varying body needs and wishes of motor car buyers.

Yet no Hudson body has been built merely for the sake of "something different." Every Hudson model has behind it a distinct utilitarian purpose.

This is emphatically true of the latest Super-Six —the Hudson Four Passenger Coupe.

The Hudson Coupe fills a definite need for a comfortable, compact, all-weather car.

At the same time, it affords the increased passenger capacity that is so often desirable.

It is genuine four-passenger capacity too. Room for every occupant has been figured generously.

As for appointments, we have only one thing to say beyond inviting you to see the car for yourself.

There cannot be anything *finer* put into an automobile than goes into this new Super-Six body.

In every detail from the upholstery binding to the handle on the door, the best and only the very best of material and the very finest of workmanship have been utilized.

And Hudson Super-Six "fineness" extends of course to the engine.

Since its unprecedented power and endurance were first demonstrated, no road punishment, no race track grind, no mountain grade has been able to develop the need for a single radical change in the Super-Six engine.

They have brought out, however, opportunities for Hudson engineers to make a slight improvement here, a little better arrangement there, until the sum total is a really "*finer*" Super-Six.

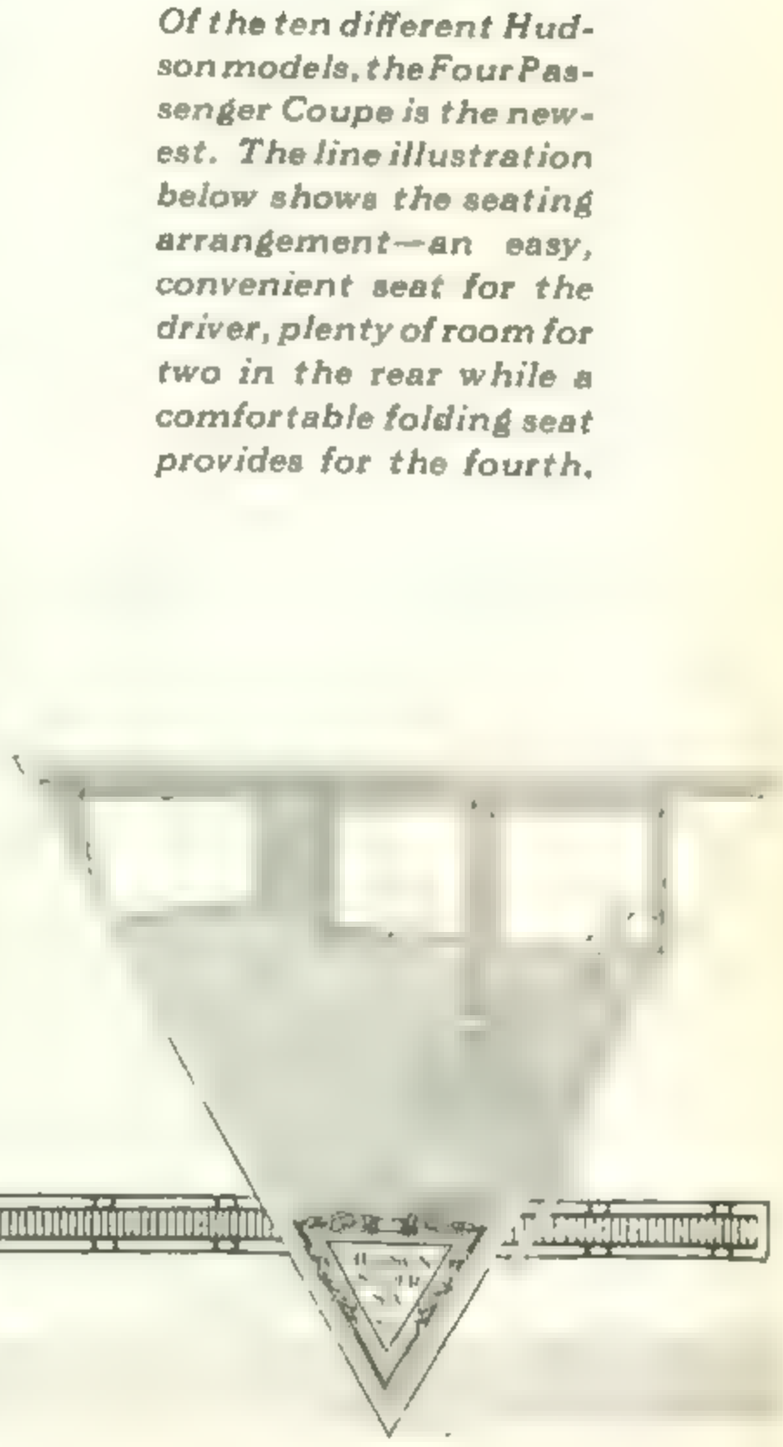
There can only be a limited number of Hudson Four-Passenger Coupes produced. If you want yours, make sure of it by placing your order now. Anticipate your needs even if they may seem to be quite remote.

Disappointment means much these days when your automobile plays such a necessary rôle in the conduct of your daily work and the patriotic activities in which you are engaged.

If you are fortunate enough to get a Hudson Super-Six, you have a car that will "see you through" no matter how long the shortage in automobile production continues.

See the Hudson Four-Passenger Coupe at your earliest convenience.

Of the ten different Hudson models, the Four Passenger Coupe is the newest. The line illustration below shows the seating arrangement—an easy, convenient seat for the driver, plenty of room for two in the rear while a comfortable folding seat provides for the fourth.



Hudson Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

Columbia Batteries

Dry Batteries

Ignition trouble is quickly cured with Columbia Dry Batteries.

It's a snappy, vigorous auto, motor-boat, truck, tractor, or farm engine, when fired by the hot spark of Columbias.

Columbias are universally used—they ring bells, make telephones talk, run toys—they meet every battery need.

The wise motorist will not be caught on the road without a few extra Columbias at hand. He knows that the spare set of Columbias is good economy and insurance against ignition trouble—he carries them along as a matter of course.

Columbias cost no more, and they last longer. Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts, if you wish, at no extra charge.

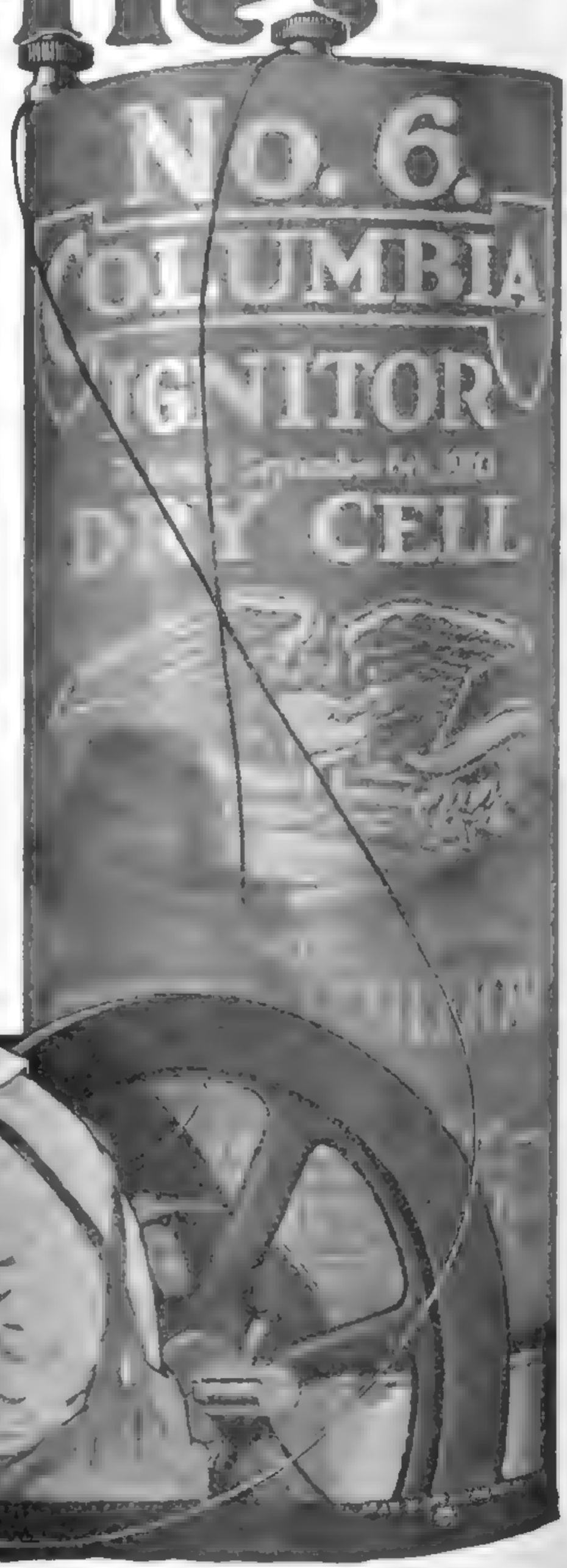
Storage Batteries

The Columbia comes to you with a definite seal. This seal protects your battery against the prying tools and inexperience of those unauthorized to render Columbia Service. It restricts the care of your battery entirely to *Official Columbia Battery Experts.*

Columbia Service is rendered (a) by Columbia Service Stations; (b) by Columbia Service Dealers.

The Columbia Service Dealer will give your battery every attention ordinarily required—***but he will not break the seal.*** Should repairs which necessitate breaking the seal be required, he will send your battery to the nearest official Columbia Service Station.

It is this standardized Service which makes possible the guarantee back of every Columbia—the guarantee which insures you another battery if the original fails within the guarantee period.



Columbia is the Symbol of Supremacy

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada Columbia Batteries are made and sold by
Canadian National Carbon Co. Limited Toronto, Ontario

H-700

(Continued from Page 74)

Later, seated in a quiet café, an adjunct of the saloon below, he could not resist the temptation of taking the pistol in its rubber holster from his pocket, merely to finger the delicate trigger. There was no hurry. He knew his world thoroughly: it was a small land in which the inhabitants had constant knowledge of each other. A question in the right place would bring all the information he needed. Lemuel was absolutely composed, actually he was a little sleepy; longing and inner strife, dreams, were at an end; only an old familiar state, a thoroughly comprehensible purpose remained.

A girl—she could have been no more than fourteen—was hurriedly slipping a paper of white crystalline powder into a glass of sarsaparilla. She smiled at him as she saw his indifferent interrogation.

"It's better rolled with a pencil first," he said, and then returned to the contemplation of his own affair.

The result of this was that, soon after, he was seated in the smoking car of an electric train that, hurtling across a sedgy green expanse of salt meadow, deposited him in a colorful thronging city built on sand and the rim of the sea. It was best to avoid if possible even a casual question, and Bowman had spoken of Atlantic City. The afternoon was hot and bright, the beach was still dotted with groups of bathers; and Lemuel Doret found an inconspicuous place in a row of swing chairs protected by an awning . . . where he waited for evening. Below him a young woman lay contentedly with her head in a youth's lap; a child in a red scrap of bathing suit dug sturdily with an ineffectual tin spade.

The day declined, the water darkened and the groups vanished from the beach. An attendant was stacking the swing chairs, and Lemuel Doret left his place. The boardwalk, elevated above him, was filled with a gay multitude, subdued by the early twilight and the brightening lemon-yellow radiance of the strung globes. Drifting, with only his gaze alert, in the scented mob, he stopped at an inconspicuous lunch room for coffee, and afterward turned down a side avenue to where some automobiles waited at the curb. A driver moved from his seat as Lemuel approached, but after a closer inspection the former's interest died.

Doret lighted a cigarette. "How are they hitting you?" he asked negligently.

"Bad; but the season ain't opened up right yet. It'll have to soon, though, if they want me; gas has gone to where it's like shoving champagne into your car."

"The cafés doing anything?"

"None except the Torquay; but the cabaret they got takes all the profits. That's on the front. Then there's the World, back of the town. It's colored, but white go. Quite a place—I saw a sailor come out last night hashed with a knife."

He found the Torquay, a place of brilliant illumination and color, packed with tables about a dancing floor, and small insistent orchestra. He sat against the wall by the entrance, apparently sunk in apathy, but his vision searched the crowd like the cutting bar of light thrown on the intermittent singers. He renewed his order. Toward midnight a fresh influx of people swept in; his search was unsatisfied.

The cigarette girl, pinkly pretty with an exaggerated figure, carrying a wooden tray with her wares, stopped at his gesture.

"Why don't you hang that about your neck with something?" he inquired.

"And get round shouldered!" she demanded. Her manner became confidential. "I do get fierce tired," she admitted; "nine till two-thirty."

He asked for a particular brand of cigarette.

"We haven't got them." She studied him with a memorizing frown. "They are hardly ever asked for; and now—yes, there was a man, last night, I think ——"

"He must have made an impression."

"Another move and I'd slapped him if I lost my job. They got to be some fresh when they disturb me too."

"Alone, then?"

"That's right. Wanted me to meet him, and showed me a roll of money. Me!" her contempt sharpened.

"He was young?"

"Young nothing, with gray in his shoebrush mustache."

By such small things, Lemuel Doret reflected, the freshness that had fixed June Bowman in the girl's memory, men were marked and followed.

"I told him," she volunteered further, "he didn't belong on the boardwalk but in the rough joints past the avenue."

Paying for his drink Doret left the Torquay; and following the slight pressure of two suggestions and a faint possibility he found himself in a sodden dark district where a red-glass electric sign proclaimed the entrance to the World. An automobile stopped and a chattering group of young colored girls in sheer white with vivid ribbons, accompanied by sultry silent negroes, preceded him into the café. He was met by a brassy racket and a curiously musty, heavy air.

The room was long and narrow, and on one wall a narrow long platform was built above the floor for the cabaret. There was a ledge about the other walls, the width of one table, and below that the space was crowded by a singular assembly. There were women faintly bisque in shade, with beautiful regular features, and absolute blacks with flattened noses and glistening eyes in burning red and green muslins. Among them were white girls with untidy bright-gold hair, veiled gaze and sullen painted lips; white men sat scattered through the darker throng, men like Lemuel Doret, quiet and watchful, others laughing carelessly, belligerent, and still more sunk in a stupor of drink.

Perhaps ten performers occupied the stage, and at one end was the hysterical scraping on strings, the muffled hammered drums, that furnished the rhythm for a slow intense waltz.

Yet in no detail was the place so marked as by an indefinable oppressive atmosphere. The strong musk and edged perfumes, the races, distinct and subtly antagonistic or mingled and spoiled, the rasping instruments, combined in an unnatural irritating pressure; they produced an actual sensation of cold and staleness like that from the air of a vault.

Doret ordered beer in a bottle, and watched the negro waitress snap off the cap. He had never seen a café such as this before, and he was engaged, slightly; its character he expressed comprehensively in the word "bad."

A wonderfully agile dancer caught the attention of the room. The musicians added their voices to the jangle, and the minor half-inarticulate wail, the dull regular thudding of the bass drum were savage. The song fluctuated and died: the dancer dropped exhausted into her chair.

Then Lemuel saw June Bowman. He was only a short distance away, and—without Bella—seated alone but talking to the occupants of the next table. Lemuel Doret was composed. In his pocket he removed the automatic pistol from its rubber case. Still there was no hurry—Bowman was half-turned from him, absolutely

Aladdin Dye Soap
Colors While it Cleans
10¢

The Women of America

by millions, are marveling at the unlimited color delights of Aladdin—the original perfect dye soap. No boiling—no stains—stays fast—cannot injure the most delicate fabrics.

There has never been such an easy and satisfactory way for making new—while washing—all waists, lingerie, silk gloves, hosiery, wash frocks, infant wear, curtains and all washable fabrics.

Wash—and Aladdin dyes for you—Rinse—and the work is done.

On Sale Everywhere

If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and 10c to the Aladdin Products Company, 314 N. May St., Chicago, and we will send you, prepaid, any desired Color.

Khaki—the New Aladdin Color

For Soldiers, civilians and the women too—Khaki has been added to our 14 perfect colors. Send a cake of Aladdin Khaki color to your soldier boy—renews faded uniforms in a jiffy.

Flesh
Pink
Peach
Red
Light Blue
Dark Blue
Orange
Lavender
Green
Gray
Tan
Rose
Salmon
Yellow

Copyright 1918—Aladdin Products Co.

SENSIBLE
UNION MADE
COMBINATION WORK SUIT
"THE MOST COMFORTABLE WORK GARMENT IN THE WORLD"

Men Who Know

RAILROAD men, shipbuilders, mechanics, workers of every craft wear "SENSIBLE" Work Suits because they are non-binding; have no shoulder straps to chafe; no superfluous cloth to bother with. You will always wear the "SENSIBLE" Work Suit if you will only just once compare their convenience and test their service.

NOTE: Many leading industrial concerns are furnishing "SENSIBLE" to their employees (both men and women) because of the increased efficiency, safety and comfort which they insure.

Write for Descriptive Booklet I.

Made only by
JOHNSTON & LARIMER MFG. COMPANY
Desk 1 Wichita, Kansas

LIVE DEALERS Write for "SENSIBLE" at a popular price. Don't accept substitutes.

We make the "SENSIBLE" for Men, Women and Boys in Khaki (Cotton) Cloth, Covert Cloth and other materials.

Showing the convenient drop seat arrangement

Skirt up showing suspenders which are attached to the back of jacket

Patented skirt showing neat jacket effect.

Food Bargains

Which You Get in Quaker Oats

Nutrition costs in Quaker Oats less than 5c per 1000 calories.

In meat, eggs, fish and fowl it costs 8 to 10 times as much.

Buying Quaker Oats at 13c or 32c per package is like buying steak at 4½c per pound.

Or eggs at 4 1-5c per dozen.

Quaker Oats is twice as nutritious as round steak.

One-fourth cupful yields as many food units as an egg.

Every dollar's worth used to displace meat saves about $7.

We compare it with major foods. There are other foods that cost as high as 20 times what oats cost.

The Basic Food

Use other foods for variety. But Quaker Oats in these times should be the basic food.

It should form the breakfast. It should be used in cookies. It should be mixed in flour foods.

It is your greatest food, your cheapest food. Oats have always held supreme place.

Food cost in most homes could be cut in two by using more Quaker Oats.

One large package—30 to 32c—contains as many food units as 89 eggs, or seven pounds of lamb, veal or round steak.

Quaker Oats

The Fragrant, Flavory Flakes

Get Quaker Oats for the extra flavor. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the big, luscious grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

It doubles the delights of oat foods without any extra cost.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
[illegible] sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
[illegible] lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour [illegible] boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise [illegible] Knead down, let rise again and put in pans. Let rise again and bake [illegible] This recipe [illegible] and the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats [illegible] cups flour 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, [illegible] 2 cups sour milk, 2 cups hot water, 1 cup boiling water, [illegible] 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter [illegible]

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

1½ cups Quaker Oats [illegible] cups flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup water, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, [illegible] tablespoons sugar.

Let stand 1 hour. Soak Quaker Oats in usual five minutes in milk, then add water, [illegible] sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans. (1980)

at his command. The other twisted about, his glance swept the room, and he recognized Doret. He half rose from his chair, made a gesture of acknowledgment that died before Lemuel's stony face, and sank back into his place. Lemuel saw Bowman's hand slip under his coat, but it came out immediately; the fingers drummed on the table.

The careless fool—he was unarmed.

There was no hurry; he could make one, two steps at Bowman's slightest movement. . . . Lemuel thought of Flavilla deserted, dying alone with a parched mouth, of all that had gone to wreck in the evil that had overtaken him—the past that could not, it appeared, be killed. Yet where Bowman was the past, it was nearly over. He'd finish the beer before him, that would leave some in the bottle, and then end it. With the glass poised in his hand he heard an absurd unexpected sound. Looking up he saw that it came from the platform, from a black woman in pale-blue silk, a short ruffled skirt and silver-paper ornaments in her tightly crinkled hair. She was singing, barely audibly:

"Oh, children. . . . lost in Egypt
See that chariot. . . .
. . . good tidings!"

Even from his table across the room he realized that she was sunk in an abstraction; her eyes were shut and her body rocking in beat to the line.

"Good tidings," she sang.

A negro close beside Doret looked up suddenly, and his voice joined in a humming undertone, "See that chariot, oh, good tidings . . . that Egyptian chariot."

A vague emotion stirred within Lemuel Doret, the singing annoyed him, troubled him with memories of perishing things. Another joined, and the spiritual swelled slightly, haltingly above the clatter of glasses and laughter. The woman who had begun it was swept to her feet; she stood with her tinsel gayety of apparel making her tragic ebony face infinitely grotesque and tormented while her tone rose in a clear emotional soprano:

"Children of Israel, unhappy slaves,
Good tidings, good tidings,
For that chariot's coming,
God's chariot's coming,
. . . coming,
. . . . . .
. . . chariot out of Egypt."

The magic of her feeling swept like a flame over the room; shrill laughter, mocking calls, curses were bound in a louder and louder volume of hope and praise. The negroes were on their feet, swaying in the hysterical contagion of melody, the unutterable longing of their alien isolation.

"God's chariot's coming." The song filled the roof, hung with bright strips of paper, it boomed through the windows and doors. Sobbing cries cut through it, profound invocations, beautiful shadowy voices chimed above the weight of sound.

It beat like a hammer on Lemuel Doret's brain and heart. Suddenly he couldn't breathe, and he rose with a gasp, facing the miracle that had overtaken the place he called bad. God's chariot—was there! He heard God's very tone directed at him. Borne upward on the flood of exaltation he seemed to leave the earth far, far away. Something hard, frozen, in him burst, and tears ran over his face; he was torn by fear and terrible joy. His Lord. . . .

He fell forward on his knees, an arm overturning the bottle of beer; and, his sleeve dabbled in it, he pressed his head against the cold edge of the table, praying wordlessly for faith, incoherently ravished by the marvel of salvation, the knowledge of God here, everywhere.

The harmony wavered and sank, and out of the shuddering silence that followed Lemuel Doret turned again from the city.

THE HAS-BEEN

(Continued from Page 13)

A young man in the secretary's chair at the Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank—a brisk, live fellow with a professional impersonality that seemed quite incompatible with his pinkness; and he was charmed indeed to meet the father of his two live and substantial young clients.

"We've come to see you about that loan which falls due on the seventeenth, Hamilton," said Lincoln. "Here are the arguments that will show you, better than any amount of airy conversation, just why we'd like to have an extension on it." And he laid the collection of papers on the table in front of the secretary.

"Second extensions are against the rules, Link," observed Hamilton, in response to his sense of duty; then with a keen eye and a concentrated manner that won him the immediate approval of Jim Kinley he examined the papers, reports and letters, cogitated a moment with his thumb and forefinger clasping his well-pointed chin, and looked up with a smile.

"That's an excellent showing, boys," he admitted. "It seems sound and substantial, and if we don't extend that note I suppose you'll take these things to another bank and borrow the money to pay us."

He winked at the father of the successful Kinleys.

"Exactly that," agreed Lincoln triumphantly, then twirled his little mustache and glanced at Frank. "This will be your last favor for us, Hamilton; at least for a while." Frank was pursing his lips as if suppressing an inclination to whistle nonchalantly. "You know we've enlisted."

"No. Have you?" It was closely noted by both boys that he drew toward him the slip of paper on which he had been figuring. "Who is to conduct your business?"

"Father."

And after this boast both young men looked searchingly, not at father but at Hamilton, as that strictly impersonal young man crumpled the piece of paper and dropped it into the wastebasket.

"I am afraid that alters the matter," said he. "Our loans to you have been based on your proved soundness of business methods, and on your proved ability to turn those loans to good commercial advantage."

"Correct," agreed Frank Kinley promptly and emphatically. "And we're still all right, for dad built the Kinley Cabinet Company out of nothing, financed it up to half a million, drew out a half-million surplus for himself, and turned the concern over to us boys five years ago without a dollar of indebtedness."

"It's a substantial family, Hamilton," exulted Dad Kinley; and he glanced with pride at his two worthy sons. He still approved of young Hamilton.

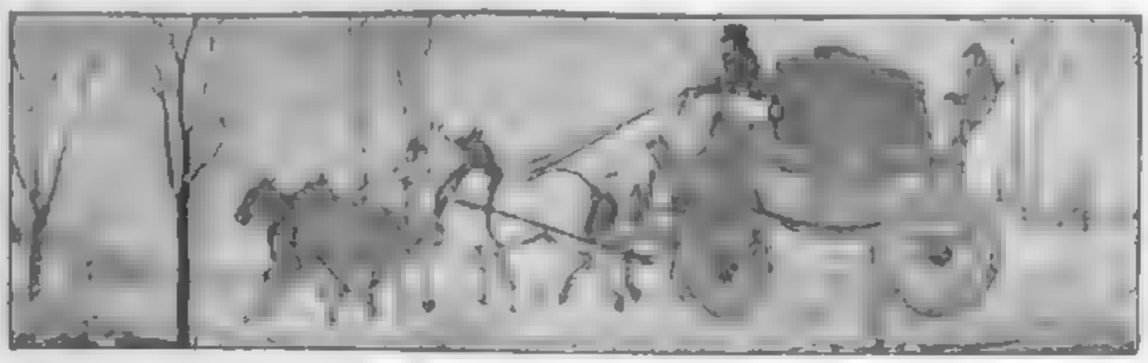
"Quite true," admitted Hamilton, still impersonally.

"Your commercial record was no doubt very well known to the older generation, Mr. Kinley, but your handling of modern commercial conditions is a thing to be proved, particularly in these days of rapid development and unexpected changes. I should not be doing my duty by the Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank, especially on the eve of my departure for my training camp, if I made the bank a responsible party to your experiment."

The change in Jim Kinley was abrupt and total. He rose with a wrath that he did not attempt to conceal.

"Experiment! Do you mean to tell me that you will not consider an extension of this loan because I am going to take charge of the successful business that I built?"

(Continued on Page 81)



See What Happens in an "Acid-Mouth"

Every time you eat a meal, tiny shreds of food are bound to wedge themselves between your teeth. In the constant warmth of your mouth, these particles break up, and through the action of the saliva produce "Acid-Mouth."

The hard enamel of the teeth is weakened by acid. Month after month of this condition, until decay penetrates into the soft inner pulp of the teeth, and you have a painful cavity.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Merely cleaning or polishing your teeth is not sufficient to counteract "Acid-Mouth." But Pebeco Tooth Paste does both. It cleans and polishes. And it is a scientific answer to "Acid-Mouth."

Have you "Acid-Mouth"? You probably think not. But, do you know positively that you have not? Dental authorities estimate that 95 out of every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth."

How to know whether you have "Acid-Mouth"

Free Litmus Test Papers that we send you will quickly tell you whether or not you have "Acid-Mouth." Moisten one of the little blue papers in your mouth. If it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Then brush your teeth and gums well with Pebeco Tooth Paste which you can buy at any drug store. Then make the test again. You'll see that Pebeco has for the time removed the acid condition, and the Litmus paper remains blue.

Pebeco has been and is made in New York City. Every share of Lehn & Fink stock and every dollar's worth of bonds are owned by American citizens.

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold by druggists everywhere

Manufactured by LEHN & FINK, Inc., 122 William Street, New York

Under sole license granted by the Federal Trade Commission

A pledge to save is a pledge to fight. Buy W. S. S.

Weed Tire Chains Prevent Accidents Like This

The *Black Car* skidded. In a flash pleasure was changed to peril. The driver had neglected to put on Tire Chains—he "took a chance."

Down the wet, slippery road he came, but at the turn the rear tires skidded —the car spun around, crashed through the fence and brought the occupants ***face to face with death.***

The *White Car* came down the same road and with only a slight slackening of speed rounded the sharp turn in *perfect safety.*

The rear wheels followed the front wheels exactly—they tracked true as flanged car wheels upon steel rails—all four tires were equipped with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

The Only Dependable Safeguard Against Skidding

See the great cost of folly. See how cheaply you can purchase safety. If you don't put Weed Chains on all four tires in wet weather your car may skid—the wreck may be yours—it may be your life that is snuffed out without a moment's warning.

Make safety yours. Stop at your dealer's today for two pairs of Weed Chains and always put them on at the first drop of rain.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT A·C·C CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

(Continued from Page 78)

"Well, I wouldn't put it just that bluntly, Mr. Kinley, but ——"

"Never mind the buts!" roared the original Kinley. "I'll have the money here to discount that note before three o'clock this afternoon!"

At the curb he hailed a taxi with an upraised hand that was almost a fist, and he dismissed his worried sons as he jerked open the door of the cab.

"You may go back to the office if you like. I don't need any introduction at the Colonial Traders'!"

He was quite right in that. President Ayers, of the Colonial Traders', a heavy old man who was so smooth and neat that he looked like hot pressed vellum, greeted Jim Kinley as a long-lost brother, and seated him in the big leather rocking-chair by the cozy smoking table in the bay window, handed him a cigar and a match, lighted a cigar for himself, and sat down opposite his old friend Jim in a duplicate of Jim's well-padded chair.

"Now what can we do for you, you old gentleman-farmer loafer?"

"Take my ninety-day note for fifty thousand."

"Easiest thing you could have asked me," asserted Ayers happily. "Are you supposed to offer us anything for this?"

"Oh, yes, plenty." And a momentary shade of annoyance rested on Kinley's brow. "I forgot to bring the—the dope with me, but the money's for the Kinley Cabinet Company. My boys have enlisted, Sam: both of them."

"They're fine boys, Jim; fine," said Ayers. "My Sam, Junior, is over there now. He's in the medical corps."

"Near the Front?"

"Right on the Front! He got a flesh wound in the thumb from a splinter of shell the other day. Those damned infernal Huns!"

"Sam's a fine boy."

And the two men smoked in silence for a while and considered with bursting pride the fineness of their respective sons. It seemed a closer bond between them.

"So you're going back into the harness, of course, Jim? Well, you'll make the business hum again." He glanced at the clock. "How much did you say—fifty thousand for ninety days?"

"Ample," returned Jim, twirling his thumbs with satisfaction, with his fingers locked over his lean stomach and his cigar pointed at the ceiling. This was more like it

"We'll be glad to have your business again," remarked Ayers with a heartiness that was sincere, and he rose. "Just make yourself comfortable, Jim. I'll be back in a minute."

He was gone a long time, however, and when he returned his gray hair, usually well smoothed over the bald furrow on top of his head, was considerably rumpled.

"Jim, we're up against it. My notes-and-securities man says no."

"Your what?"

"A young smart-Aleck that I've hired to thwart me, and I only endure him because he's never made a mistake and stands between me and harm. He says that the Kinley Cabinet Company is growing so fast that only the nurses who have fed it this far can be responsible for its physical condition."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" demanded Kinley, irritated. "Didn't you tell him that I built the business myself?"

"Of course I did," responded Ayers, as much aggrieved as his visitor; "and that I saw you do it. But he points out that you're an unknown quantity in the business now; that taking a risk on you is like taking a risk on a beginner, only worse, because a beginner wouldn't make bull-headed mistakes. And he's right, Jim; by thunder, he's right!"

The wrath of Jim Kinley was something terrible to contemplate. He almost spluttered as he let out his spleen on his old friend Sam; and Sam allowed him to do it until he had run clean down.

"I agree with all you say, Jim. I'm a feeble-minded old idiot and a turncoat and everything else; but the fact remains that as a conscientious officer of this bank I can't let the Kinley Cabinet Company have that money with you in charge! If it were your sons, now, we'd ——"

"What are you iffing about?" broke in the furious Kinley. "I told you they're not running it. I am!"

"And you've been away from it too long," interrupted Ayers. "I'll tell you what I can do, Jim. I can let you have fifty thousand on your personal responsibility."

"The hell you can!" blazed his old friend Jim. "I won't have it! I want the money as a business man, not as a retired old fluff!"

"Yes, I can see that, Jim," returned his old friend Sam, after a cogitation that was entirely unruffled by Jim's violent agitation or by his abuse. There wasn't an ounce of resentment in him anywhere. "I'll tell you the best I can do. I can lend that money to the Kinley Cabinet Company, with your private indorsement. Now you can cuss all you like for five minutes, Jim Kinley, but at the end of that time you can take my offer or leave it; and that's the last word."

He returned in five minutes, with the note made out for signing, and Jim Kinley signed it, but the fire of wrath was out of him, and something else.

III

A HARD week had passed for Jim Kinley, and his ruddiness had gone sallow, his shoulders and his neck were not quite so confidently erect, and his twinkles were merely wrinkles. He was irritable, too, and when, on the morning that began the second week, he found the boys waiting in the office with gloomy faces his tension burst.

"Have you gone into the undertaking line?" he testily demanded. "I wish you two would take to drink or something, and liven yourselves up. What's the matter with you?"

The crabbedness of his manner, so unlike his old bluster, was perhaps responsible for the bluntness with which he had his answer. It came from Lincoln.

"Oh, nothing, dad; only you came down here to swing this elephant round your head by the tail, and somebody greased the tail."

"To be more specific," said Frank, sitting solidly in his own chair at his own desk, "we have a glittering chance to use our credit for a proposition that would be a future gold mine, only after chasing all over town we find we have no credit."

Jim Kinley winced at that naturally. The boys had very carefully built up a mighty good line of credit, but their credit didn't seem to be his.

"Don't whimper at the first blow," he objected. "I'll get your credit back for you all right."

"Not by sending Dolliver round to our good customers to try to get orders for the out-of-date goods you used to make."

Another wince from Jim Kinley, for the Dolliver trips had been a hundred per cent failure.

"Why shouldn't I?" he roared. "It's good stuff! You're still making it."

"Only enough of it to satisfy some old-fashioned customers of yours who are also carrying our new line of hardwood goods," answered Frank with a patience that was in itself aggravating. "But you couldn't sell it to new customers, dad, or to old

Well dressed men *this year* are practicing economy—are buying dignified styles and good quality that is long-wearing. Many of them select HAYS

Superseam Gloves

—Because they are authoritative in style. Two models only—CIVILIAN, with regular button and MILITARY, with button wrist strap—both made with the accepted pinch seam Military back.
—Because Superseam Gloves are made from selected, first grade Buckskin or Cape—the Hays long-wearing quality.
—Because Superseam Gloves are super-stitched—will not rip even though you cut the thread. Every glove must be up to Superseam standard to receive the Superseam stamp—you could almost call them Super gloves, they are so well made of such carefully selected material.

Ask your dealer to show you the Economy Glove—Superseam

THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY
Gloves Since 1854
Factories: Gloversville, N. Y.
New York and Export Division, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Just Dip the Brush

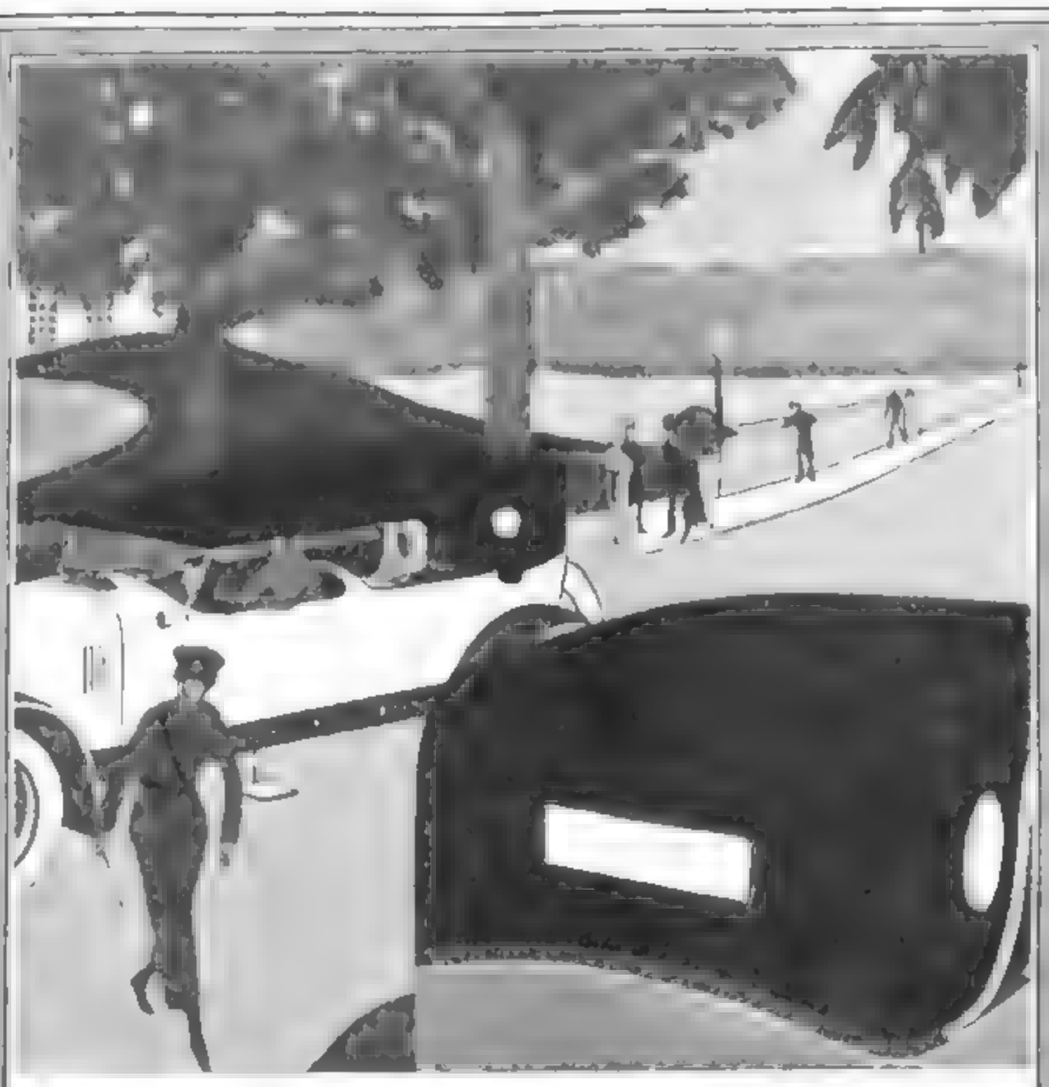
TO brighten one's home without effort, without fuss, giving new life and *long life* to furniture, woodwork and floors

Kyanize
FLOOR FINISH

Does the trick with very little help from you. It's waterproof *absolutely*, a durable varnish that comes in eight beautiful colors and "Clear." Easy to use, easy to care for, but hard to abuse.

Your name on a postal will bring to you "The Inviting Home," a helpful, handsomely illustrated guide for home loving people.

Boston Varnish Company
91 Everett Station, Boston, U. S. A.



Stylish Motors Use the Stylish Top—NEVERLEEK

Breezing along the boulevard, creeping in traffic, or parked along the curb, NEVERLEEK-topped vehicles are conspicuous for their smart appearance.

That trim, taut stretch of NEVERLEEK top-material from windshield to rear window is a delight to the eye. NEVERLEEK is the right material to use with plate glass windows for best effect.

More than fifty manufacturers of foremost motor-vehicles use NEVERLEEK as standard top-material. With them, "style and durability" is more than an advertising phrase; their choice is founded on the cold, hard fact of superior service.

NEVERLEEK will not leak, crack, nor fade. It is thoroughly guaranteed. It defies bleaching sun, torrential rain and chisel-y sleet. "It's always fair weather 'neath NEVERLEEK." There are several grains and colors to choose from. Write for booklet and samples.

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach St., Boston 969 Woodward Ave., Detroit

1. NEVERLEEK surface, rich in appearance, tough, weather proof.
2. Fine-weave cotton layer
3. Additional water-proof layer combining two fabric layers
4. Heavy lining, made in various colors and shades.

NEVERLEEK

TOP MATERIAL

This trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) appears on every other yard of NEVERLEEK lining

ones who have dropped it. Grimshaw has taken all that trade."

"And you let him!" hotly charged Kinley, Senior. "He's making money at it, isn't he?"

"Yes. His books show it. He's working overtime, and he's kept abreast of the market." Lincoln this time, and his little mustache was out of curl. "He's made improvements in his line that show yours up as museum pieces."

"You could have improved too."

"There was more money in throwing it away," put in Frank. "Now look here, dad; all things change, and you don't seem to realize it. We've moved with the times, and you know that we've made money, progress, advancement, and we're right. We've proved it. Grimshaw himself is a proof. He's put in a hardwood line similar to ours, though he isn't selling much of it."

Both boys smiled with keen appreciation of that fact. Their grin was like Jim Kinley's.

"I had a talk with Hartman last night," broke in Lincoln abruptly. "He's the biggest exclusively hardwood-furniture jobber in the world."

"Is he?" inquired their father incredulously. "He wasn't in better than seventh or eighth place in the days when I was in business."

"He has absorbed, merged, consolidated and throttled. He wants to handle our total output for the next three years, besides the contracts we now have."

"It means a fifty per cent increase in our business," stated Frank; then he added in a tone of discouragement: "and of course some additional capital, since we have—no credit! For one thing, there's a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar hardwood bargain that we should need to swing."

"I see."

Jim Kinley couldn't seem to thrill over this opportunity. What was the matter with him? The worry that had grown on him for the past week seemed to increase. Somehow he couldn't get in line with things! The feeling of mastery with which he had entered the office a week ago was slipping away from him. Could it be possible that he was a has-been and an old fluff, as had been intimated? A week ago he would have been furious with himself for harboring that thought, but now he felt a trace of dread.

"Grimshaw has been out a dozen times to see Hartman," observed Lincoln.

"But he couldn't get that contract, eh?" For the first time in the hard week the twinkles came back into Jim Kinley's eyes and his teeth flashed in the old grin. "You're keeping up the traditions of the family that far, anyhow." He laughed again. "There's nothing would please me so much as to have the name of Kinley a thorn in the flesh of Grimshaw till his last breath!"

"That's another progress you haven't kept up on, dad." Frank had risen and was pacing the floor. "There's no personal side in modern business, no grudges and no passion. It's purely a mathematical proposition of trade, competition and money."

"Then it's no good!" blazed Kinley, Senior. "It has no heart and no soul, and is bound to freeze to death."

"Mr. Henry Grimshaw," announced the black-haired girl; and there was a certain amount of concern in her eyes as they rested on the new boss.

"Grimshaw?" he demanded, turning to his two sons. "What brings him here?"

"Appointment, father." Frank squared his shoulders. "We're going to thrash this thing out right now. It's as important to you as it is to us, if you could only see it."

Kinley rose abruptly and went to the window. He as suddenly wheeled.

"Have him in."

Grimshaw was older by far in appearance than Kinley; he was a heavy man who had begun to shrink, but his old stolid strength was nevertheless still in him as he walked across the room and extended his hand.

"Farming agrees with you, Jim," he observed in his dry, matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes," acquiesced Kinley. "I feel like a boy."

And he exulted as he saw Grimshaw's envy of his firm, smooth cheeks, and the ruddy color under the bronze, and the straight carriage and easy movement and youthful set of the neck and head. "What's on your mind, Henry?"

"Common sense," returned Henry, and there was a brightening in him immediately as he came to talk business. "We lost many a dollar, Jim, you and I, through not having common sense. Remember the five-year stretch we spent, just before the first Bryan campaign, cutting prices and starving?"

"Remember how I finished that by switching my line and cornering the soft-wood lumber market?" Kinley retorted with satisfaction. "I all but drove you to a pauper's grave that next year."

"But you didn't, Jim; you didn't!" he was sharply reminded. "However, there's no use digging up the hatchet. I've almost a monopoly now on the cheap softwood furniture, and your boys on the cheap hardwood. It seems to me like good gumption on the part of all of us to combine to our mutual advantage. I'm in touch with the business, Jim, from every angle. Your boys are going away, and you're out of touch, as you've proved to yourself this past week." A glint in his eye as he detected the wince. "Now if we could combine on any just and reasonable basis we could about fix prices to suit ourselves and have everything our own way."

Frank and Lincoln stood together on the other side of the room, listening with breathless attention.

They scarcely dared to breathe for fear they should influence adversely the trend of events. Their father took a long time before he spoke.

"Let's see, Grimshaw," he said at last. "I wasn't the original hog. You started it. You were already in business when I set up for myself; and you threw every stone in my path that you could, at a time when there was plenty of room for both of us in trade. We fought each other for a quarter of a century, you crooked and me fair, and when you found you couldn't lick me you tried time and again to consolidate. I had a reason for refusing, and the reason was justified by this—that when I quit five years ago with half a million for myself and left a clean, clear half-million-dollar company to my boys your whole total assets wouldn't count up to half a million. That proves I didn't need you then; and I don't need you now. What's more, I won't have you!"

"Wait a minute, Jim." Grimshaw pounded on the desk with his forefinger, comma by comma and period by period. It was stubbed flat from many years of such exercise. "Frank and Lincoln have some rights in this matter. You left them a half-million-dollar company, yes. But they've earned, and well earned, the difference between that and the present valuation. They have a right to protect it, and I hate to remind you that the stock is still in their names!"

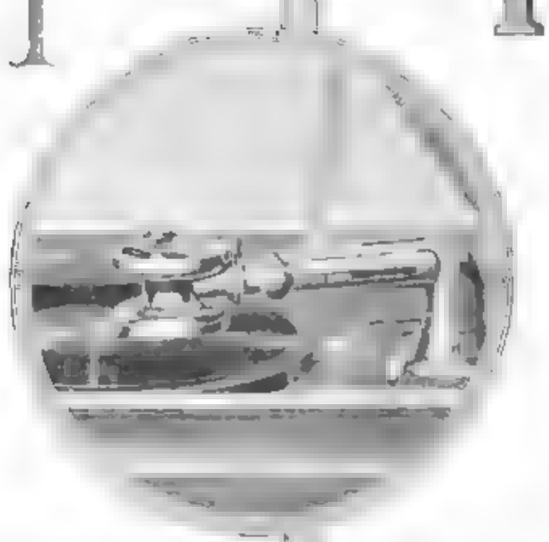
The prompt and loud repudiation of that suggestion, on the part of both boys, took the whole rankle of the idea out of Jim's breast, and he glanced triumphantly at Grimshaw, then turned to his sons.

"I do agree that you boys and your families should be protected," he said with dignity; "but first I want to find out something. I suppose that you expect through the coalition with Grimshaw to put through that hardwood deal and take up the contract with Hartman?" He saw by the faces of all three that this was the

(Continued on Page 84)

Two Great Features

of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The Ultona—

a unique feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Now you can play all makes of records at their best.

THE Brunswick Method of Reproduction has opened a new era in phonographic art—bringing inevitable refinements. Heretofore phonographs in themselves were wonderful enough. But now their novelty is past. Music lovers are more critical. Old standards do not satisfy.

Henceforth, we believe, these new ideals must prevail:

First, you want a phonograph which plays *all* records exactly as they are designed to be played.

Records are not yet standard. Different artists sing or play for different concerns. So there is no universal reproducer, no universal needle.

Until The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brought The Ultona, one had to be satisfied with a one-record instrument or else resort to makeshift attachments.

The Ultona makes The Brunswick a universal player—each record is played precisely as the maker specifies. The Ultona presents to each type of record the proper diaphragm and needle.

Yet please understand that The Ultona is not an attachment, but an altogether new and exclusive conception.

At the turn of the wrist it adjusts itself. It is always ready.

You can play one record after another, of different make, without the slightest hesitancy. There is nothing to take on or off.

Second, you want a phonograph like

The Brunswick

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

2

because of its superior tone. The Brunswick attains the utmost in reproduction. It regains all the tones hitherto lost, for it embodies a new amplifier, built entirely of wood.

Metal construction, we ascertained by test, cannot release and expand sound waves with the rare fluency of wood.

So the "throat" and the "mouth" of The new Brunswick are of rare holly wood, moulded to meet acoustic requirements. We use no metal castings here, no tin.

The result, as you will note instantly, is more faithful reproduction, with complete avoidance of the metallic, rasping noises.

We do not ask you to accept these statements as evidences of our own enthusiasm nor that of the thousands of satisfied Brunswick owners.

Prove to yourself that The Brunswick is your personal choice. A comparison is simple. Your ear can decide. And we gladly urge you to make these tests before you buy. Brunswick Dealers everywhere join us in inviting you to hear The Brunswick.

The Brunswick Amplifier—

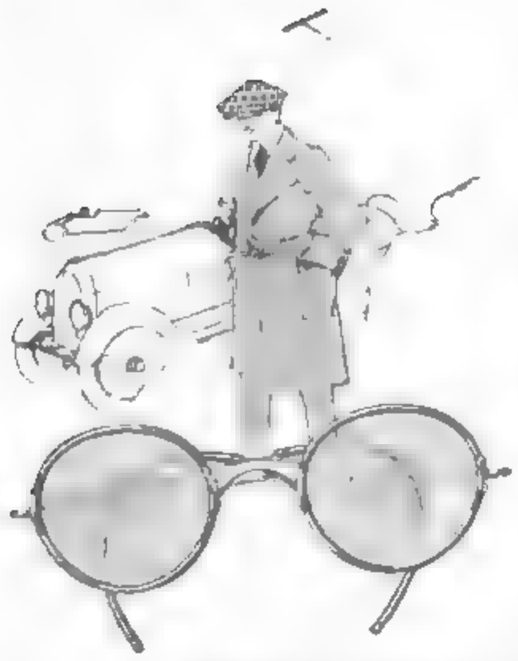
a new idea in tone reproduction, departing from old-time crudities. Tones hitherto lost are now brought out in rich clarity.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors, Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto



Shelltex Rimmed

Shur-on

EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

Style—Service

That comfortable "feel" of security, that attractive "look" of smart distinction, are yours when you wear the real Shelltex Shur-ons. *They cost no more*—and assure lasting lens protection.

The genuine (made only by Kirstein) always bear the name Shur-on or Shelltex in the mounting. Look for it at your dealer's.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
260 Andrew St., Rochester, N.Y.

Shelltex-rimmed and rimless Shur-on eyeglasses and spectacles. Established 1864.

$500.00
for your
Spare Time

THIS is the amount that scores of our workers earn each year.

Between now and Christmas about three-quarters of a million subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will be placed.

Our representatives will make liberal profits amounting to thousands of dollars on these subscriptions.

Why not become one of these money-makers?

The work is easy and pleasant. It may all be done in evenings or other odd hours. And the profits are *very liberal*.

The coupon will bring you full details of how you can earn $10.00 a week extra from the very start.

---- CLIP OFF AND MAIL ----

The Curtis Publishing Company
478 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Tell me all about your spare time money-making plan. I'm interested.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 82)

proposition. "What were the terms you and Grimshaw discussed?"

A moment of silence, then Frank gave him the information.

"A sixty and forty per cent of stock, plants, contracts, trade and goodwill."

"The sixty per cent to you, of course," surmised Kinley. "It's a small proportionate valuation."

"Well, father, in the circumstances ——"

"What circumstances? You going to war and leaving your business in the hands of an old fluff? All right, I'll swallow that. My throat's expanded in the past week. But what I want to know is this: How does Grimshaw plan to get his claws on that unabsorbed stock in your absence, obtain control and toss you out, and monopolize the hardwood business as you've let him monopolize the softwood?"

"I object to that way of putting it!" snarled Grimshaw, and there was a crack in his voice—not a crack of old age, for the crack had always been there when he was angry.

"You object and be damned!" blurted Kinley, and paid no more attention to Henry Grimshaw. "Boys, I'll personally finance that hardwood deal, and whatever expansion is necessary."

A moment of tense silence; then said Lincoln:

"I'm afraid it's a mistake, father, and I'm worried as much on your account and mother's as on our own."

His father compressed his lips.

"Is that your opinion, Frank?"

"I'm afraid so, dad. There seems something wrong in your attitude toward the business."

"No! There have been times when I have thought so, too, and the thought wasn't pleasant; but I have a choice of depressions now. I've either to conclude that I really am a has-been, as intimated, or that there is something wrong with your business; and, by blazes, I believe it's the latter!"

"What is it?"

Both Frank and Lincoln were on their feet at once, indignantly demanding what, in his august opinion, could be wrong with the best and most substantially progressive enterprise in their progressive community?

"I'm darned if I know," confessed Jim Kinley, and smoothed back his thatch of evenly cropped white hair. There was once more in him a return of the worry that had been growing in him all week. "It isn't the finance, crazy as that seems to a man of a more conservative period; and it isn't manufacturing methods, for I am certain that had I remained in the business I should have made the improvements you have made; and it isn't selling, for you've been whales at that; and it isn't buying, for you've been as forehanded in it as ever I was; and it isn't price, for you're working on a good margin of profit."

Both boys summed all that up in their minds and revolved it well, before Frank announced: "There isn't anything else."

"Yes, there is! There's a fatal lack, for me, of impulse and intuition, of life and heat and fighting temper in your scientific, analytical, mathematical, impersonal, cold-blooded efficiency. It isn't human!"

"I'll tell you something else that isn't human, Jim Kinley," shrilled Grimshaw, and his voice was all cracks now: "It isn't human to be happy when you're broke! And broke you'll be if you put your own money back of a business you're too much out of date to run! You'll break this company, and yourself, and your wife, and your sons and their families, and you'll all be paupers together, just because you're selfish and hotheaded and stubborn! And when you're busted I'll laugh at you. I'll go out of my way to do it!"

"You can go home!" roared Jim Kinley. "I'll finance this company and run it if it's the last thing I do on earth!"

But when he reached the farm that evening the boys were there ahead of him, and Mary Kinley in deep distress sat on the portico in the stiff wicker chair, her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"I never refused you anything in my life, Jim," she told him. "But what you want to do means risking everything we have in the world; and now we haven't the right to do that because we have Frank's and Lincoln's families to look to us. So please, Jim, don't ask me to sign any mortgages."

Jim Kinley's lips were pale, and in his eyes was a hurt that would have been no worse had he received a mortal wound at her hand.

"You, too, Mary?" was all that he could say.

IV

WAS there a fog? No. It was but a mist that added rosiness to the sunlit morning. Was there a chill in the air? No. It was but a briskness that set the blood to pleasurably tingling. So does Nature attune herself to a winner, and so she attuned herself to Henry Grimshaw as he walked sturdily across Oak Street to his manufacturing plant. O ye gods, but it was great just to be alive, and to greet each morning as it dawned on him, the victor!

There had been nearly a month of this bliss since Kinley, taking his final blow from his lifetime partner, Mary, had acknowledged himself defeated and had withdrawn all opposition to the consolidation, and now only two days remained until the old competing firms should be no more, and their long-opposing entities be merged into the Grimshaw-Kinley Corporation. The next glorious day would be when, with Jim Kinley a broken man and out of the game forever, and Frank and Lincoln somewhere in France, it would be all Grimshaw and no Kinley, the latter hated word being thus wiped forever out of the furniture trade!

Oak Street was a bare and uninteresting thoroughfare of cobblestones and curbs and dull brick walls, but to Henry Grimshaw this morning the pathway was bordered with roses, and gay-winged butterflies flitted from bud to bud. The name of Kinley ——

Suddenly that name, so much in his mind, was also in his vision, and he stopped abruptly.

"The Kinley Economy Cabinet!"

The roses and butterflies disappeared as if by magic, swallowed up in a piece of furniture that stood in the show window of a vacant store. The cabinet was as plain as could be made out of softwood boards, but with a superior neatness that had always attached to any of the Kinley goods, confound them! It looked thin.

He tried the store door. Of course it was locked, but nevertheless he tried it again, and even shook it violently, though the rattle of it aggravated him. He suddenly wheeled, and as fast as his legs would carry him traversed the length of Oak Street, and up Garfield, and through Greggory Alley to the plant of the Kinley Cabinet Company, where he burst in on the boys like a bombshell.

"What do you mean by getting out a new line of flimsy softwood goods at this time, without consulting me?" he demanded. "Am I or am I not an important factor in our prospective business?"

The boys, in kahki now and on leave until the winding up of their highly advantageous new commercial connection, looked up at Henry Grimshaw with sober consideration. Had they not been of the modern school, which knows no personality or

(Concluded on Page 87)

The Two Men Smoked in Silence for a While and Considered With Bursting Pride the Fineness of Their Respective Sons

"Cravenette" Finish

Mallory Hats

"Molesheen" Finish

A Quality Reputation Since 1823

WHEN you buy your Fall hat, see that it bears the maker's name. As an added precaution, see that it bears the Mallory name. Now, more than ever, the stability, skill and experience of the organization back of the Mallory hat can save you from disappointment.

The situation in hatters' fur is serious. Good fur is scarce Nobody can make the kind of fur felt hat we think you ought to wear for less than the Mallory price.

You also want Style, the kind of Style having behind it that wearing quality which makes a Mallory hat a true war-time economy

Cravenette Finish is an exclusive Mallory feature. It affords protection against the weather. No hat except a Mallory has it.

Dealers—identified by the Mallory sign—are showing the new Mallory Fall Styles. *Prices: $4.50, $5 and $6; Velours, $8 and $12. Made in America since 1823.*

234 Fifth Avenue, New York **E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.** **Factory: Danbury, Conn.**

Ripe Tomato richness

Wilson's Certified Brand Catsup and Chili Sauce

PLUMP, ruddy tomatoes with firm, solid meat—grown from selected seed in sections where soil and climate produce a distinctive flavored Tomato—are what we use, for our Certified Brand Catsup and Chili Sauce. We cook them in our model kitchens and blend them with spices of high quality which afford the palate-pleasing flavor which is absolutely necessary.

The choicest oysters are given a new zest when you use Wilson's Certified Brand Catsup for your cocktail sauce. And when you pour our Certified Brand Catsup or Chili Sauce onto your plate with hot or cold meats, macaroni dishes, beans, fish, etc., you realize how the skill of the chef can give you the best that nature offers.

With our catsup and chili sauce you have the advantage of the constant care and cleanliness, the rigid standards of excellence, the handling with *respect*, which govern the production of our Majestic Ham and Bacon, of our Certified Brand canned fruits, vegetables and table delicacies and of all Wilson food products.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Wilson's Certified Brand write us and we will quickly arrange for him to be stocked. Our distribution is national.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO

Branches in all principal cities

War-time Recipes—Send for our free book telling how to conserve in using meats.

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Brand Products sold under our "money back" guarantee

Sweet Corn	Hawaiian Pineapple	Jams
Green Peas	Cherries	Preserves
Tomatoes	Blackberries	Peanut Butter
String Beans	Blueberries	Olives
Beets	Loganberries	Sardines
Pork and Beans	Raspberries	Salmon
Pumpkin	Strawberries	Corned Beef Hash
Giant Asparagus	Catsup	Ox Tongue
Asparagus Tips	Chili Sauce	Lunch Tongue
California Peaches	Jellies	Veal Loaf

(Concluded from Page 84)

passion, they could easily have cultivated in themselves a hearty dislike of this man!

"What do you mean by assuming that we've done such a thing?" demanded Lincoln, slapping his spur with his riding crop and making the rowel whirl.

"Saw it with my own eyes!" returned Grimshaw impatiently. "Right within two blocks of my factory! Your new Economy Kitchen Cabinet!"

"Our what?" Frank was puzzled. "Our economy cabinet? We make no line under that name."

"The Kinley Economy Cabinet!" insisted Grimshaw. "It's printed on a showcard as plain as the nose on your face!"

"And I tell you it's not ours," insisted Frank.

The three men looked at each other for a solemn minute, and the same thought dawned on all three of them at about the same time.

"Where's your father?"

"Out of town," said Lincoln hastily, and between him and Frank there flashed a quick glance.

Where, out of town? Word had been left for them at the farm, right after their father had given his consent to the consolidation, that their father and mother had gone away for a rest, destination ungiven. Just why they should feel so guilty about Jim and Mary Kinley's taking a rest they could not figure.

"Well, if your father's trying to start fresh at the game at his time of life, and trying to compete with our Grimshaw line, he's a blamed fool, that's all I got to say!" shrilled Grimshaw, sudden cracks in his voice.

"You might say that outside!" advised Lincoln.

Frank touched the Number One button.

"Bring me the daily incorporation lists for the past month," he requested of the black-haired young lady; and when they came all three bent impatiently over them; but the keener-eyed boys found it first: The Kinley Economy Cabinet Company, capital one thousand shares of no stated value; and in the list of incorporators with James Kinley were three unknowns and a Mary Kinley!

"He's got no right to that name!" was Grimshaw's first splenetic thought. "It don't make a dang bit of difference what he's going to try to manufacture, because anything he can do can't hurt us, but I want the Kinley name—aside from our use of it, of course—out of the market! I'll see my lawyer."

"Dad has a right to the Kinley name," Lincoln told him; "the first right, in fact, and ——"

"What do you know about the law?" snapped Grimshaw. "What you think's right has nothing to do with it. I'm going down to see my lawyer, I tell you!"

"That's what I should advise," remarked Frank dryly; and both boys breathed sighs of relief when the irate Grimshaw had left them to themselves.

Frank broke the worried silence with: "Link, this incorporation notice means that he has persuaded mother to raise money on all their property, for investment in a dying business, against hopeless competition, in a time of tricky and uncertain finance; and him a broken old man!"

Poor dad. Both boys were intensely sober on this, and both were impressed by a thought that they could not bring themselves to express; that it was they who had driven him to it!

Frank came the nearest to wording it when he blurted: "We've done the best thing we could, Link. What we're doing is vitally necessary. We have nothing, either as business men or sons, with which to really reproach ourselves."

"No," agreed Lincoln without enthusiasm; and they were both profoundly miserable. "I'm going to call up the farm to find if there's any news."

But the call was futile. There was no news of Jim or Mary Kinley on that day or the next.

On the following day, however, the broken old man strode into the board room of the expiring Kinley Cabinet Company, and the dozen or so gentlemen who had gathered there to assist in the obsequies stared at the supposedly superannuated ex-manufacturer in astonishment.

He seemed about ten years younger, and he was fairly crackling with vitality as he greeted them with a loud: "By thunder, I thought that train would make me late for this meeting! Say, you cubs do look fine in your uniforms! Your mother sends her love. You haven't done anything yet?"

"We're just going to!" stated Grimshaw, in popping aggravation. "Gentlemen, I move we call the meeting, close the doors and go at once into executive session."

"We've ten minutes before the call time," objected Frank, taking his father's hat.

"Where have you been, dad?" asked Lincoln.

Grimshaw gave him no chance to reply.

"What do you mean, Jim Kinley, by trying to trade on the name of this firm with your rattletrap furniture?"

"My Economy line is the best softwood furniture on the market!" returned Jim Kinley, fire in his eye; and his sons saw with dismay that his enthusiasm was genuine. "It's twenty per cent better, twenty per cent cheaper, and twenty per cent less shipping expense, because it's twenty per cent lighter!"

"Then you can throw a cat through it. Nobody can take an ounce out of my models and have 'em strong enough to stand up long enough to sell to a customer."

"The Economy will stand up long enough to break you!"

"Softwood! You poor old has-been!" Grimshaw was staring at him incredulously.

"Has-been, am I!" snorted Kinley. "That's what you all thought. Why, you almost had me believing it myself. But it's you who are pushing your feet into those loose slippers! You thought the softwood trade was gone, and that hardwood exclusively had come to stay, just because the sales keep mounting up and up. Well, you're wrong! You're all wrong. Hartman would go broke on that three-year exclusively hardwood contract, and would break you. The ending of the war will bring about a condition that you are not prepared to meet, a reconstruction during which sane economy will be popular. And I'm prepared to ride on it!"

"If anybody rides it's me, because I have a monopoly on the softwood trade," promptly declared Grimshaw. "But who told you it was a good commercial bet?"

"This dope!" suddenly roared Jim Kinley; and into the hand of his nearest startled son, who happened to be Frank, he slapped a sheaf of papers. "Boys, I've arranged for the financing of that hardwood bargain; a quarter of a million dollars."

"Once!" shrilled Grimshaw. "But you can't pauperize your family every day! You've done it your once!"

The boys waited for the corroboration of the sickening certainty. Frank still held "the dope" unopened in his hand.

They saw their father swell his chest to gather breath enough for a violently explosive "Lie! The Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank will float that deal."

"Hamilton?" gasped the young Kinleys.

"Yes, Hamilton! He's a fine lad, sensible and game. I got him through my standing with the Colonial Traders'—my commercial standing! Ayers is financing my softwood company, and I got Ayers with that dope. Why don't you open it?"

Three heads almost bumped as with breathless astonishment they gathered the import of "the dope." Contracts! Contracts with the seven leading jobbers of the country, exclusive of Hartman. Contracts that would use the capacity output of an enormous plant for five years; a "Kinley Alternative Contract"—it said it on the top—which gave a jobber who took a hundred carloads a year, for instance, the choice, on three months' notice, of hardwood or softwood deliveries, whichever way the cat jumped.

Frank's face was a study in pale stupefaction; Lincoln's was pink, and there began to be traces of a twinkle; Grimshaw's was green. Jim Kinley's was purple with his self-enforced silence, and he could endure it no longer. He had another wallop in his good right arm.

"Expansion is the next thing. I must have more capacity. So I'll use this plant for our present hardwood contracts, and I'll take Grimshaw's for our new Economy line."

"You'll what!" shrieked Grimshaw. "Why, you're crazy!"

"You're worse; you're out of business!" blazed Kinley. "I'm going to consolidate with you myself, just before I consolidate with my boys—but I'm going to consolidate with you on the same principle that a fox consolidates with a hen: by absorption."

"I'll see you toasting in the devil's brimstone first!" And Grimshaw's voice was now a high falsetto. "You can't scare me out! I'll fight you! I've fought you for twenty-five years, and I'll fight you for twenty-five more!"

"Will you? This day I remove your scalp and hang it up to dry. Come along!"

And taking Grimshaw by the arm he led the way to the second story of the warehouse, followed by the bewildered young Kinleys and by the dummy directors of both companies. The latter seemed highly interested.

At the edge of the huge elevator shaft there stood two kitchen cabinets, side by side.

"This is yours, Grimshaw," observed Kinley. "Look it over and see if it's a good sample."

Grimshaw, afraid to comply and afraid not to, looked it carefully over, inside and out.

"Yes, it's a fair sample," he cautiously admitted, "so far as I can see. What of it?"

"Compare it with mine!" invited Kinley proudly.

"Somebody'll set a canary on that thing and smash it," scornfully criticized the rival. "The jobbers'll throw them back on your hands, contract or no contract; for they won't stand the knocks!"

"No?" Kinley triumphantly threw open the door of the neat Economy. "Notice, gentlemen, my newly invented two-wire truss brace, which permits the lightest and strongest cabinet construction ever devised. Fully covered by patents applied for. And notice this also. Look out below!"

And suddenly he pushed both cabinets over the edge of the elevator shaft.

There was a crash, and the wondering group pressed forward to look down. Grimshaw's cabinet was mashed flat, but Kinley's was intact except that its legs were broken off.

"This is an even better test than any of those I saw at the warehouses of the jobbers, Jim," broke in a suave easy voice at Grimshaw's shoulder.

Grimshaw was staring down at the wreck, paralyzed with a rage that found its only expression in the grinding of his false teeth. He turned with a start to find smooth-pressed Sam Ayers there. Over the other shoulder came the quiet voice of Kinley.

"Hank Grimshaw, will you stand for expert investigators in your factory? I have reason to suspect that the overtime with which you impressed my boys merely bulges your warehouses with unsold goods, and that you keep another set of books than the ones you showed Frank and Link."

Sam Ayers cast at his old friend Jim a startled glance, then his suave voice observed over Hank's other shoulder: "I'd advise you to do business with Kinley, Grimshaw."

Grimshaw looked Sam Ayers steadily in the eye for some little time. He had some important notes in the Colonial Traders'. He swallowed something, and it went down hard.

"Where do you figure me in, Jim?" he asked.

"You're figured out—modern fashion," the victor chuckled. "You're to be the sponge for the unabsorbed water in the present Kinley Cabinet Company."

He found himself walking between his admiring soldier sons as they headed for the office, and the three Kinleys looked strangely alike as they grinned.

"Thanks, dad," said Captain Frank; "thanks."

"Some kiteflier, dad!" was the manner in which Lieutenant Lincoln acknowledged his defeat and proclaimed his praise.

"If you've learned to fly them once you never lose the knack," considered Jim Kinley, his eyes twinkling.

He was quite his old self again. He had proved that the qualities that make for success are fundamental in a man.

A loud wail resounded throughout the administration building as they neared the office, and the three men hurried their footsteps as they were thus made aware of the Kinley ladies, who had come to assist in the Kinley reorganization. The wail stopped instantly as Grandpa Kinley, stooping for the outstretched arms of tiny Mary, hoisted her to his shoulder, where she could clutch his smoothly cut white hair.

The entire family beamed on that tableau. They felt that the future of tiny Mary was quite safe in the hands of the ex-has-been!

STRAIGHT FROM FIFTH AVENUE

Fifth Avenue is noted —the world over—for its well and correctly dressed men.

Here on that famous old street, we watch the trend of the styles for you.

From us, your dealer gets the best, quite as soon as the man on the Avenue.

This service, backed by superb quality and the expert workmanship applied to Vanity Hats has made many of the most up-to-date dealers in the country proud to handle the "Vanity V".

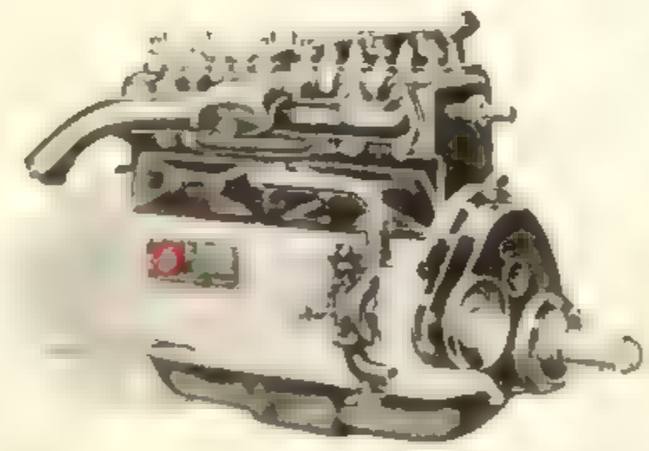
You may choose a conservative or a progressive model with absolute assurance that the "Vanity V" is always the hat for a gentleman.

The Trent
A favorite for young men who like the throw-brim effect

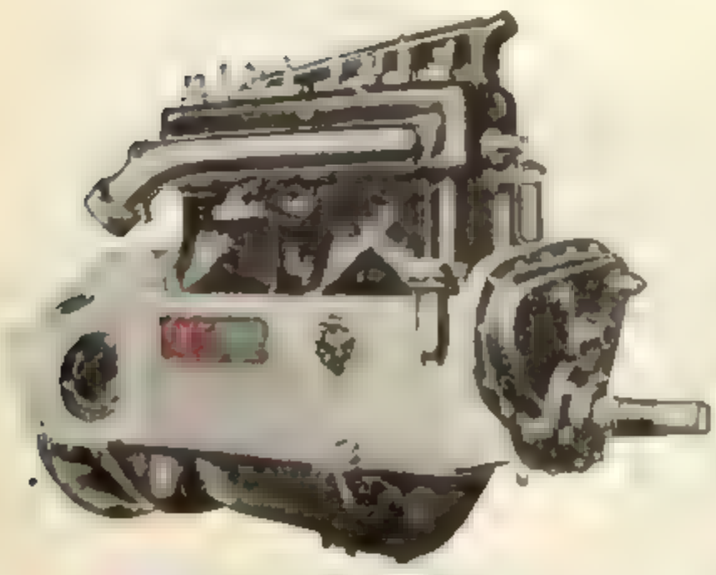
NONAME HAT MFG. CO.
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Plant at Orange, N. J.
since 1883

Buy W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT *Buy*

"The whole car is of the same high quality as its Red Seal Continental Motor."



America's Standard Passenger Car Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.



America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.

The manufacturer who uses the Continental Red Seal Motor in the car or truck he makes, is a manufacturer whose standards are high.

He uses the Continental because he knows it is a motor he can depend on—a motor embodying nothing untried, nothing experimental—a motor whose worth is a *certainty*. He knows this because he has seen the Continental proved in hundreds of thousands of automobiles and trucks—of many makes and kinds—under every conceivable condition of service.

Naturally, he exercises the same good judgment in the selection of the other units that go to make up his car or truck. Reliability is his watchword, and he sees to it that everything in his product measures up to the high standard set by the Continental Red Seal Motor.

Today over 160 manufacturers use this famous motor in the cars or trucks they make. It is significant that among these are found many of the leaders in the motor vehicle industry. It is equally significant that the dealers in Continental equipped vehicles is usually a very successful one.

Look for the Red Seal (shown above) on the motor in the car or truck you buy. It's your guarantee of motor quality—as well as your assurance of a good car or truck.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan
Factories: Detroit—Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR AUTOMOBILES AND TRUCKS

TICKLISH WATERS

(Continued from Page 19)

"I will work out the dead reckoning for you if you want the ship's position."

"Thank you."

"Much good an S O S would do us in a pinch, though. It's merely a signal to steer clear in these hard times."

"Well, that's some help to the other fellow, isn't it?" inquired Sparks. He added encouragingly: "There are two ships being shelled north of us, and two south of us have sunk with torpedoes in their hides already this warm evening."

"Cheerful! Cheerful! And here we go sneaking in between. Well, I'll send you the dead reckoning."

"I wish you would," said the Sphinx calmly.

"There might be a wandering destroyer round here."

"Just as you say."

Mr. Williams dispatched the junior to work out the dead reckoning and himself swept the dark horizon with his glasses. The sea was going down, he fancied; the ship was laboring less heavily and shipping less water. By morning, at this rate, it would be fine submarining weather. By morning; if, indeed, fate held off so long.

Dawn was the time for it, of course; dawn and twilight, when the periscope would pass unobserved among slightly breaking seas—perhaps with a stuffed sea gull fastened to its top. It could no more be sighted than the neck of a loon coming up to breathe at that distance. Whereas the ship would blossom as a fat black target against a background of still-glowing light. The moon, too, was fatal to their chances. What they really needed was a coat of invisible paint.

Treading the bridge silently, Mr. Williams found time to be thankful for the dark night, as a naked man is thankful for a garment. It fell over his shoulders in thick folds—he could scarcely see across the bridge; he placed the funnel amidships only by a stream of tiny sparks, of low visibility luckily. But this heavy dark, in muffling them from one danger, introduced them to another—the danger of crashing into other ships, which increased the closer they got to soundings. If it continued they would be forced to show weak running lights as the lesser of two evils.

This was the hour of suspense; the graveyard shift, in truth. It would be intolerable to come to grief at the eleventh hour. To come to grief? He could form no conception of such a thing. Unconsciously again he attributed to the ship a species of impregnability, a happy fortune in picking her way through ticklish waters all founded on the naïve belief that he himself was going to live forever; or if he came to an end, then not to a sudden end, but only after an enormous lapse of time, at a period so remote as to be negligible. He was not one to gleam and go out like those sparks from the funnel. And he gave to the lives of the whole ship's company a like perpetuity. At the same time he had a faint underlying consciousness that he was cherishing an absurd illusion.

His chin on the dodger, he renewed his watch for torpedoes. These engaging playthings would leave a narrow and consistent wake, a streak of white, moving continuously, unswervingly. . . . Ah, what was that, for instance? He advanced his chin through the baffling dark. He had seen just such a streak of white as the commander of the armed guard had cautioned him to watch for; a pearly gleam; a track of foam on the beam, arrowlike, pointed for the ship's vitals.

"Ah-h!"

This gleam broke and vanished, a mere wave tip, to be succeeded by other wave tips, angry crests, bone-white, shooting at him through the dark like rumor's many tongues. The Old Man of the Sea had got into the substance of these waves and was making faces at him.

A spark of phosphorescence gave him pause. Was that lingering streak of fire the prelude of disaster? . . . It was gone.

He looked earnestly ahead; too earnestly perhaps. The eye cannot look continuously and rationally at anything so monotonous as water. The man in the crow's nest was relieved every hour; the officer on the bridge must stare for four hours at a time. He turned away. And yet again and again he must turn back, haunted by a premonition that something had drawn near—a sort of swift foreshadowing.

He embraced the whole visible round of waters in one devouring scrutiny. What was there, save the power of his eye, to guarantee the life of the huge mechanism tossing underfoot? Nothing could take the place of seeing—no device; no stratagem. A man had to keep his eyes peeled. He had under him a blind leviathan, charged with a mighty force, over which a handful of frail men exerted their dubious influence.

He looked intently to windward, building shadows into shapes, reflecting that this might be that one inspired three-million-dollar look which would save the ship, their lives, and the more precious cargo. He saw nothing. Not more black and sinister appeared, on a starry night, the coal-sack in the Milky Way, that rift in the infinite which he had more than once looked at with a shuddering soul, directing the ship's telescope toward it again and again and wondering how a man might feel who should be hurled into the shadows of such a night as that.

And if, like the lady who looked under her bed once too often, he did see something, what then? The Old Man had said simply:

"If you see anything put her tail to it."

A vague direction, difficult and perhaps impossible to follow. A ship is not a fox for doubling. Mr. Williams rehearsed the possible action he might take. Experience in dealing with emergencies can come, in the nature of things, only in these protracted and silent imaginings in the course of which an officer may sink or save his ship, according to his temperament, a dozen times a watch.

Suppose the strike should come from forward of the beam—say, two points on the starboard bow—and the wake to be sighted at five hundred yards. Then he would port his helm and shove her nose into it; always remembering that the fatal blow would be amidships, since the ship's flank was vulnerable.

"You have to remember that your ship is just about as strong as an egg, and in the same direction," the local inspector had dropped out in the course of one of his satirical speeches.

Slim Williams had listened, muted by a cold fear that the fellow was going to refuse him his license after all. A terrible moment! It came back to him now. The inspector's eyes, under shaggy brows, had pierced him, destroyed his confidence, seeming to light up in shocking fashion the waste regions or bad lands of his soul.

"Let me hear good reports of you," the inspector had said finally, with a scratch of the pen.

"Yes, sir. I'll try —I ——"

"Try? You'll have to do more than try, sir."

He stood fumbling with his hat, thwarted, choked, his tongue paralyzed, his whole body stunned by the fulminating effect of half a dozen words; words that had meant hardly anything when looked at closer and later. But, merely because they had proceeded from the lips of that man, they had struck him dumb. Weeks afterward he remembered in one dark watch, that he ought to have said: "Try never was beaten, sir."

Why hadn't he done it? Why had God created him a fool and the inspector a wise man, only to bring the two of them together after all? His masterful imagination had since been many times at work, summoning the inspector out of rushing darkness, plucking him out of that padded chair and transporting him over seas mountain-high, plumping him down here at length, an abject and contrite figure.

"You remember telling me once that I'd have to do more than try, sir. Well, I'm here to tell you that try never was beaten."

The inspector, a chastened man, said humbly:

"That's very true, Mr. Williams. If I had known what you had in your brain at the time ——"

"If you had known, sir! Why don't you take the pains to find out? I don't mind saying now that you treated me like a Chinese coolie who had lost his queue. Just about! I guess you have dealt so long with squareheads that you don't know how to act when a bred-in-the-bone American citizen comes walking in on you. Eh?"

"Let her go due south, Standard, sir."

Mr. Williams started slightly. This harsh voice could never belong to the compliant local inspector of his dreams. It was much more like reality; in fact, it was the Old Man himself.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Williams jumped for the Standard compass to steady the quartermaster on his new course. Faint yellow light shone on his resolute face. His own voice became harsh, in turn, as he called:

"Ten more to go. . . . Don't give her too much wheel. . . . Now you're coming up to it—steady! Right on—right on—right on—right on now!"

He jumped down and looked into the steering compass.

"What did you have here?" he inquired.

"South, 25 East, sir."

"That's your course."

He turned away. These compasses were the devil supposed to point north and never did! He was willing enough to believe in their Chinese origin. But scarcely had he steadied her on this new course when the Sphinx appeared and shoved another slip into his hand.

"Water! Water all round," he murmured, retiring. "I thought you might like to see that," he flung back over his shoulder casually.

"Another warning, I suppose" the watch officer returned, with the same lightness of tone.

"Yes."

Mr. Williams stole up to the enormous black figure of the captain, stationed in the port wing.

"Submarine dead ahead, sir," he said, barely concealing a wicked grin.

"What's that? What's that, sir?"

"Bowled him over!" thought the second mate. "He heard me well enough. Only trying to gain time on that sub." Aloud he said: "Submarine reported dead ahead as she goes now, sir—if our figures are correct."

He thanked God silently that his figures seldom were correct. The submarine might be six or sixty miles away for all that calculations could prove to the contrary; or she might be underfoot.

"My goodness! We'll be sunk before morning!" the Old Man uttered dismally.

"I think not, sir," said the second mate coldly, turning away and raising his glasses.

The unwonted use of the words "My goodness!" revealed his captain in the act of making ready to kiss the hem of Eternity's gloomy skirt. "He's coming unglued," thought Mr. Williams.

"You think not!" cried the old madman furiously. "What call have you got to think? You do the looking and leave the thinking to me. Eh? Let her go Southeast."

Mr. Williams turned her head again. The captain had all this while been staring down at the ship's streamline from the port side of the bridge. He now cried out:

"She's stopped—or as good as stopped! Are those fools trying to sink her deliberately? They're going a good way about to do it. Mr. Williams, I'll take the ship. Go down into the engine room, sir, and give those people a shaking up. Get some steam on her at once, sir, if you have to wring it out of their yellow hides."

"Yes, sir."

x

"WHAT'S the matter with her?" Slim Williams inquired severely as soon as he reached the floor of the engine room.

"What isn't the matter with her?" retorted the engineer. He wiped his hands on a bit of cotton waste.

The golden-haired Olympian from the bridge, immense in his oilskins, his cheeks ruddy, his blue eyes sparkling, looked sympathetically at this goblin of the engine pits; an imp with sunken cheeks, with weary eyes turning feverishly under a sweating brow. The attitude characteristic of him was that of a listener, critical of the undertones of a piece of wild music which stirred him to the soul.

Such, indeed, he was—a listener habituated to the song of the purring engines; a man with his finger on a pulse acquainted with fevers, nervous at their approach, solicitous to allay them; a frail fleshly link between the animate and the inanimate—between matter and force.

"One moment," he said. "I have got to dive back there for a look at those pumps. With you directly."

"A queer joint," the second mate always reflected on coming here.

He no more thought of intruding, unless on business, than the engineers would

The Gun He Left Behind Him

THE man in the service knows firearms. So, when it comes to selecting a revolver for the defense of the home, a revolver that women can handle without fear, he unhesitatingly picks the Iver Johnson.

Accidental discharge of an Iver Johnson is impossible no matter how hard it is bumped, dropped or jarred. There is only one way to make it go off and that is by pulling the trigger all way back.

Because of its super-safety, the Iver Johnson is the recognized Family Revolver of America. You should get an Iver Johnson today. The dangerous emergency may come tonight—you cannot tell.

Write for these interesting Free Booklets

Mention the ones you would like to read: A—"Firearms" B—"Bicycles" C—"Motorcycles"

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

147 River Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts

717 Market Street, San Francisco
99 Chambers St., New York

IVER JOHNSON REVOLVER

GIRLS

Who Make Money

Is the title of a fascinating new booklet giving the money-earning experiences of several delightful girls who—starting with neither capital nor experience—succeeded in earning substantial sums of money in their *spare time*.

These girls tell *exactly how they did it*—so that any other girl who reads the booklet may also easily make money in this same interesting way.

A copy of GIRLS WHO MAKE MONEY will be sent free of charge to any Saturday Evening Post reader who asks for it.

Address Box 482
The Saturday Evening Post
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
THE dollar 'Ever-Ready' Khaki Kit is an achievement. It's the favorite razor "over there" and "over here." Compact, waterproof case—10-year guaranteed frame and those marvelous "Radio" Blades. Gives the joy-shave to millions.
Extra 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades 6 for 40 cents
Sold by dealers everywhere, including England, France and Italy
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Also makers of the famous 'Ever-Ready' Shaving Brushes
$1.00 Complete
BLADES
BLADES

think of appearing on the bridge to take an airing. These departments let each other severely alone, each, while pretending the contrary, having a whole-hearted respect for the other. Twin mysteries—one the root, the other the branch.

It seemed to Slim that he had got into the presence of a vast orchestra of wind instruments; the flash of polished rods confused him—to some extent intimidated him, for he was unfamiliar with their action. How did they know where to lay their hands on anything down here! Such an infernal jumping up and falling out of sight again! The very atmosphere was foreign to him. He thought he had dipped his head into a sponge filled with hot water and presently he felt a warm trickle down the channel of his back

On either hand the colossal green frames and supporting columns trembled under repeated expansions of the steam. Built up like the letter A, three to each engine, they were so placed that their legs straddled a deep and dark pit, running with the keel of the boat, one for each shaft. In these pits the shafts lay like guarded monsters, going thence through mysterious alleys, and at the last quite through the skin of the ship, terminating in propellers whose blades revolved in a twelve-foot circle. It was there, in the stern tubes, when the bearings of lignum-vitæ were worn, that a ship might be expected to leak; and the Poetess failed not to leak where she was expected, and without stint.

At the apex of each letter A was a cylinder, or steam barrel. Out of these barrels darted piston rods, to which were attached connecting rods with forked ends, and these rods, in turn, were pinned to the enormous crank webs, which provided a means of turning an up-and-down motion into a round-and-round one. In short, it was nothing more or less than a land-abiding locomotive balanced on its nose, with a shaft to turn instead of a wheel.

Mr. Williams saw with satisfaction that the rogue among the crank webs was still bearing his part, despite that grievous finger flaw. Perhaps, after all, it was a superficial flaw. The metal, so cheesy on the surface, might be sound at heart. Many shafts, good enough to look at, had been known to snap off like pipestems in a seaway.

Standing back, a little more at ease now, he watched the minor activities of this forest of parts—the weird motions the eccentrics imparted to a maze of sliding rods, the valve gear; a rocking of slotted levers, deft thrusts and counterthrusts of reciprocating parts, cunningly caught up and transferred to the rotating motion of the vast shafts themselves. These shafts revolved under pillow blocks bolted down with nuts as big as coconuts.

It was enough to put a man in a trance to watch the precise action of the mirror-like piston rods, one instant withdrawn into the barrels of the cylinders perched high above, and the next, with a downward swoop, giving a smooth and powerful kick to the connecting rods, the very kick which turned the shaft and the screw and sent them all ahead; a kick so terrific as to exert a true capsizing movement on the engine frames, and through these on the hull of the ship itself.

Here, with these mighty torsions, began that puzzling lateral or snakelike twist of the long body, whose parts, resisting the motion by reason of their mass, received a vibration felt from stem to stern.

Through a maze of copper piping he caught a glimpse of the engineer, stooping over a row of pump plungers. Up and down, up and down they plied, held to their task by the faithful might of a green lever pinned to the low-pressure cylinder crosshead. Behind them, and nearer the skin of the ship, were still other pumps, enormous squat auxiliaries; all working. These clanking froglike horrors were all that kept the two bottoms apart now.

Strange that these mighty devices could be sunk in a twinkling, willy-nilly, surprised in the midst of their labors. Incredible! There was something invincible in the harmonious and unreasoning industry of these parts—a dexterity in the comic interplay of metals testifying to the breath of an informing spirit; a darting something; a busy somebody manifested in the trampling of the rods, in the steamy glow and palpitation of the cylinders, making himself audible in certain sounds—now like the clash of cymbals, now the roar of a water hammer in the cylinders; again, a soft bell-like note, no sooner uttered than lost in harsh rumbling whispers, vast blowings, tinklings, clackings.

"It all came of Jim Watt's watching that kettle," he thought, amazed. "Lazy devil! Look what he has got a lot of respectable citizens in for!"

There was, in fact, then, such an informing spirit—the steam itself; a trapped spirit, seeking only escape. Irony was expressed in the swift circle of its labors It was to the various complaints of this tyrannous spirit that the engineer bent his ear so attentively. Slim Williams recognized them only as parts of this mysterious orchestration; they were like the snore of a sleeping giant embedded here elbow-deep in grease.

Mr. Roberts distinguished them more minutely. If he were to go to sleep between his engines he would wake instantly at the whistle of a rod. Coming up to the second mate, he sighed wearily:

"Infernal mess of junk to be responsible for, isn't it?"

"Junk? Yes. Can't you hook her up?"

Before the engineer could reply the Poetess plunged under their feet, lifting her stern high out of the water. The screws turned in the air like wings of swarming bees; the rods darted like tongues of vipers; the strong regularity of the pistons driving against water resistance was accelerated to madness by the sudden loss of this resistance. The oilers, going here and there, shadowy beings administering soothing squirts of oil, snatched their arms out of awkward corners.

The prolonged moan of the ship falling forward was attended by a heart palpitation here, a flurry of dodging, rocking, flickering parts, as if the steam were at its last gasp and the engines falling into ruin.

Holding the throttle in his left hand, the engineer juggled it gently, palm against elbow; the racing engines were stilled. Next instant the ship sank again, her screws biting deep into the grateful brine. Involuntarily his eye sought the bad crank web.

"The old madman!" he shouted. "What does he expect? Now's when the torsion takes hold of her. Stand away from that shaft. If it should let go it would kick the engine room to pieces! He might as well ask a man with a bad heart to run a Marathon"

"Ah! She's racing."

"Yes. She's shaking herself to bits."

"That's bad."

"There's worse."

"What?"

The engineer, with that shamefacedness he always manifested in alluding to her frailties, muttered:

"She leaks! I might as well out with it. It's coming through as thick as a horse. I'm worn out hunting. She's leaking in the stern tubes too. She has filled up this last watch like a man with dropsy."

Mr. Williams expressed his distaste of that subject by a movement of the brows and ears. No need to harp on that, surely! All ships leaked. The problem was to bring them into port in spite of that.

"Well, then, what does he want me to do about it?" inquired the engineer.

"Stop it!" said the second, grinning. "Stop it, and no questions asked."

"Yes; stop it! Keep the ocean out of the ship! She's doing all that steam and iron can do now. He had better watch out! If she was hit now—*pouf!*—jolt her down like a tin can. There isn't enough air left in her to float a parachute; and I can't get the steam. Those devils in there ——"

A faint cry sounded in their ears

"There he is again!" said Mr. Roberts bitterly, and stepped to the voice tube. His jaw dropped; he waved his arm behind his back and presently said in respectful tones: "Yes, sir I'll do what I can."

He danced away from the tube, wringing his hands.

"That's the way to rip it into him!" said the second mate with sardonic emphasis. "I knew you wouldn't stand for any of his guff, because you told me so. By George, how do you get courage to bore into him like that? It's wonderful! You didn't make one good mouthful of him."

Mr. Roberts flung up his arms madly.

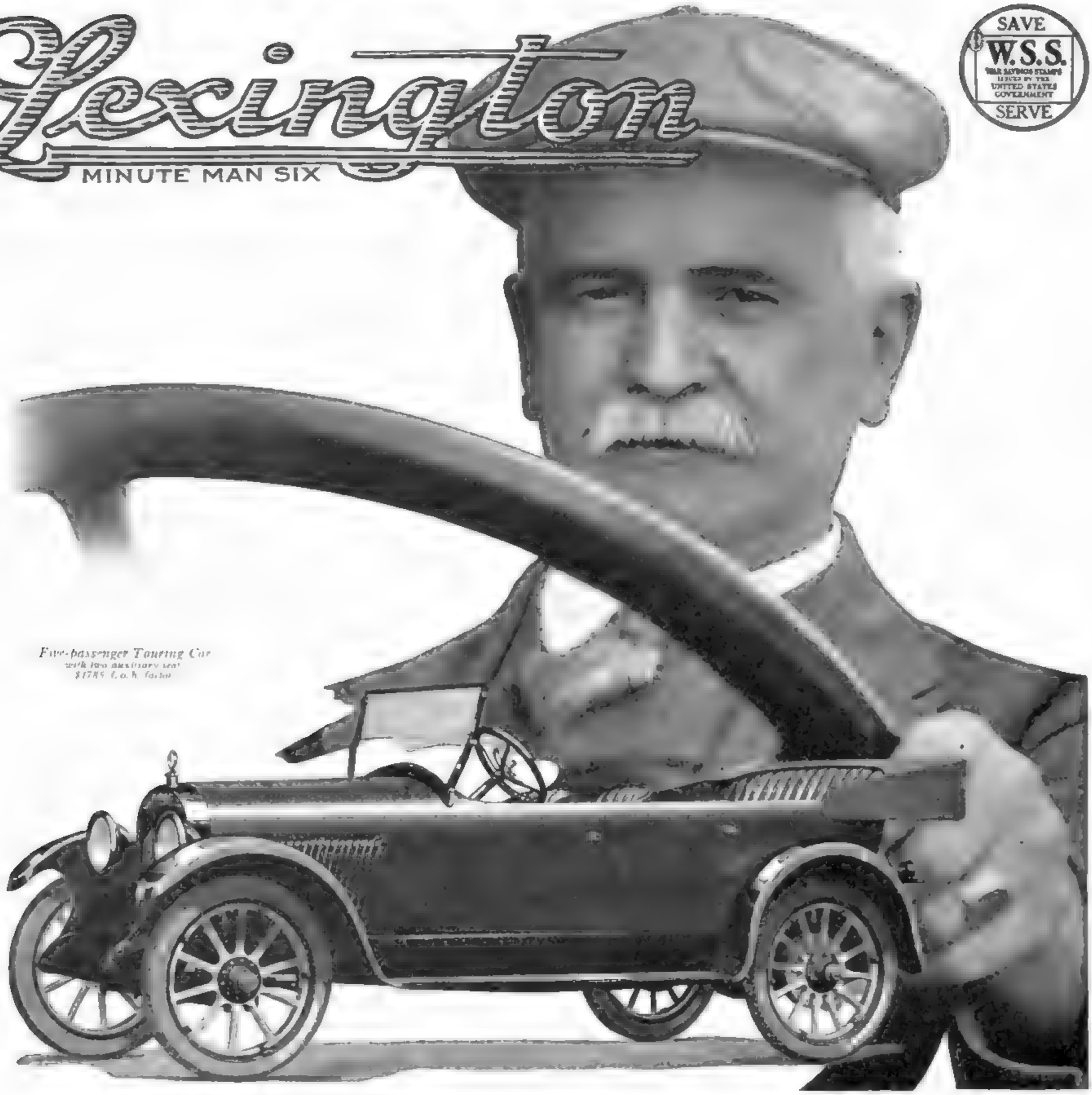
"Lovely angel!" he shrieked. "He wants to know what's the matter with the steam. I'll tell him—he's so anxious—the steam is in Paris—that's what they say—where their money is. And look here! No fires, no steam; no steam, no pumps; no pumps, no ship! Does that logic appeal to you? I dreamed of fire again last night. That's

(Continued on Page 93)

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

SAVE W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SERVE



Five-passenger Touring Car
with two auxiliary seat
$1785 f. o. b. factor

The Choice of Responsible People

NOW is not the time for experiments or innovations.

More is required of a car today: *longer* service, *greater* economy, *less* depreciation!

Owners and dealers know a mediocre car is an ultimate waste of money as well as an immediate handicap, also—

A car of only short-lived durability is poor business.

People are buying now with *years ahead* in view.

They know they can put implicit confidence in Lexington cars and in the policy of the institution behind them.

This new Lexington is a fine-running, fine-looking car of *proven* value.

Fundamentally it is the same remarkably successful car that has withstood all tests for a whole year in every climate.

Improvements have been added that enhance its value.

It is vested with every convenience and comfort so that its complete *desirability* is on a par with its remarkable *ability*.

It superbly meets every service need and is a sound investment of *enduring* worth.

The value of its exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System (which increases power and makes a substantial saving in fuel) is emphasized by the present-day economy spirit.

The sum-totaled goodness of this car is possible at its price only because 10 large factories, devoted to automobile parts, are affiliated with and contribute to Lexington, thus insuring a *better* car for *less* money.

Write us for complete information on all Lexington models.

Five-passenger Touralout, $1685 *Four-passenger Sedanette $[illegible]* *Four-passenger Coupe $[illegible]* *Five-passenger Sedan, with two auxiliary seats, $1985;* *Three passenger Coupelet, $2450;* *Four-passenger Limousine-Brougham, $3250*
[illegible] f. o. b. factory and [illegible] Range Cylinder models, *Wire wheels $100 additional on all models listed above.*

Lexington Motor Company **Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.**

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Mr. Punch
The Hole Maker

THE illustrations show a few of the famous Goodell-Pratt 1500 good tools which are used and praised by mechanics the world over. These tools, as all others of the Goodell-Pratt make, are tools of the highest grade—tools to be proud of—tools that last a life-time.

Goodell-Pratt tools, by combining correct design, extreme simplicity and great strength insure unusually efficient results. The ever-increasing demand for them by those who know and appreciate good tools is evidence of their superior worth.

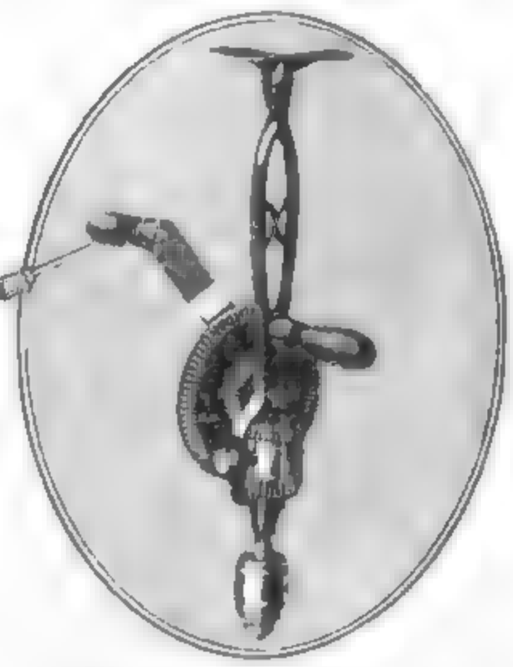
Write for our interesting little booklet, "The House That Jack Fixed."

GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY

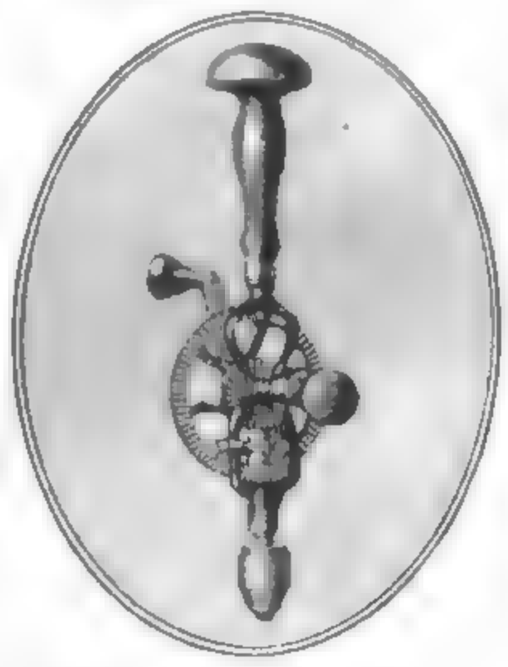
Toolsmiths

Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A.

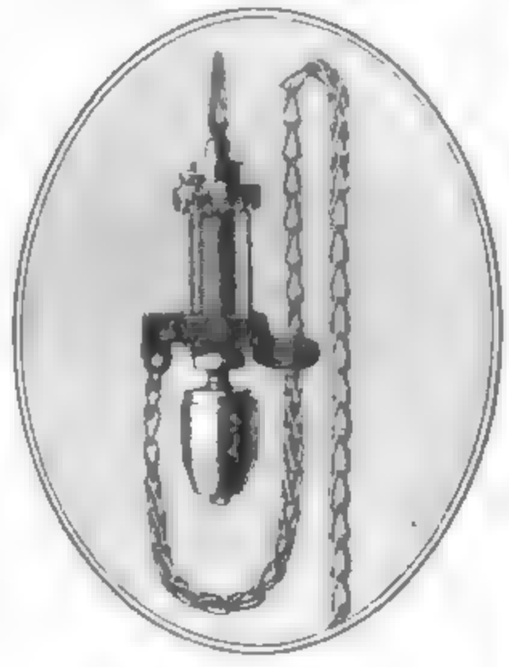
Breast Drills



Hand Drills



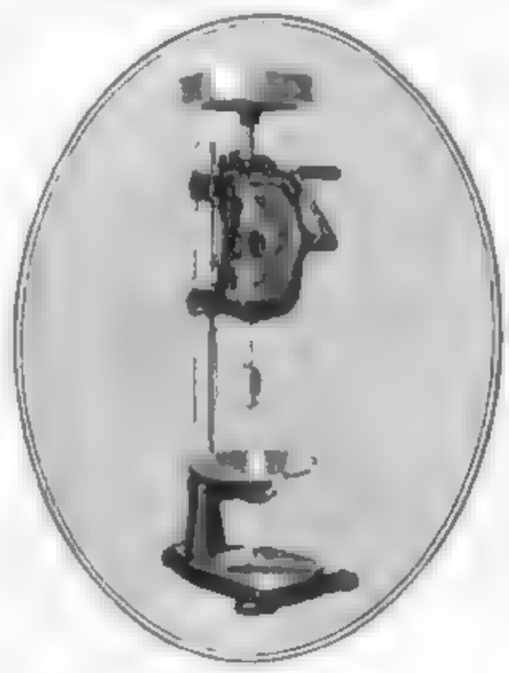
Chain Drills

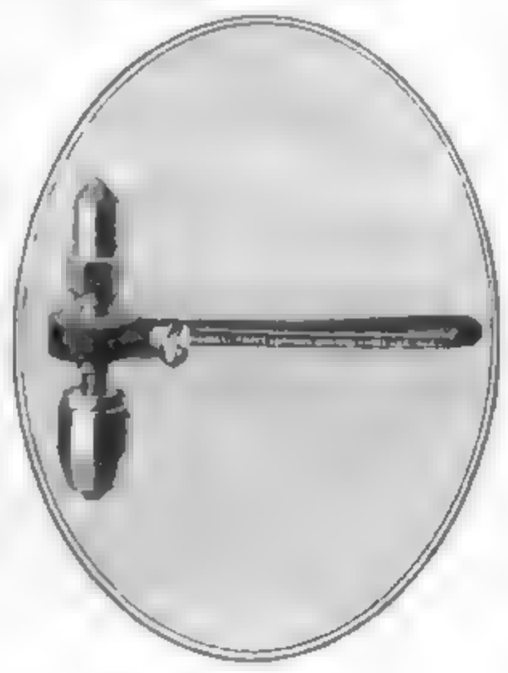


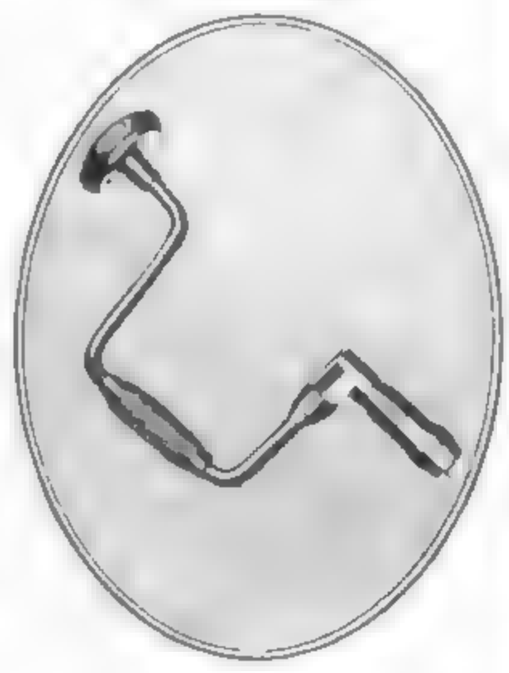
Bench Drills

Ratchet Drills

Bit Braces



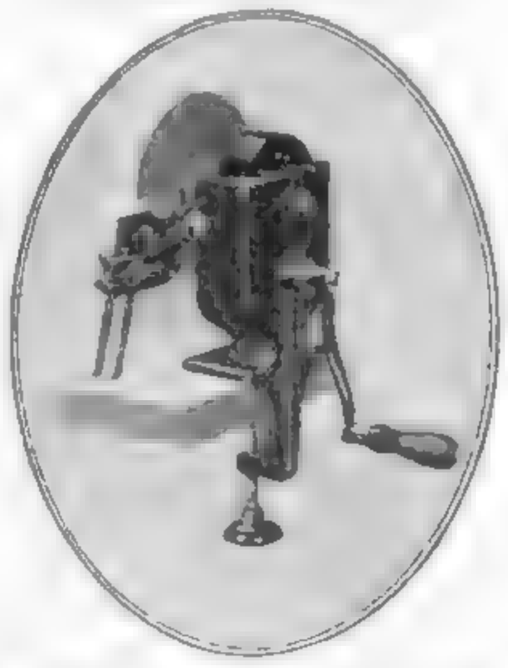


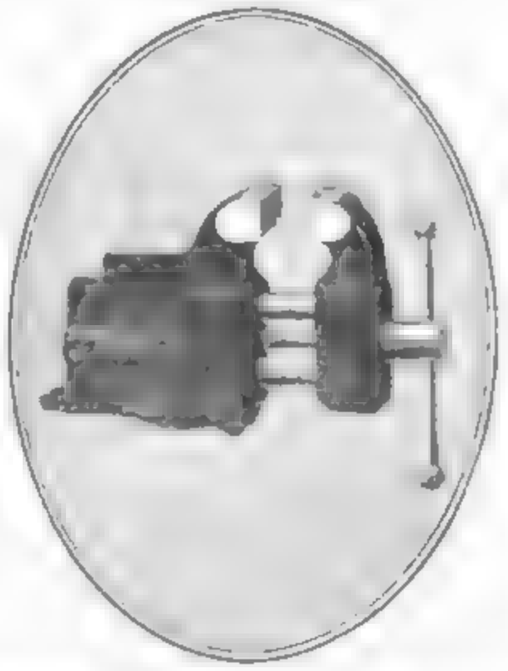


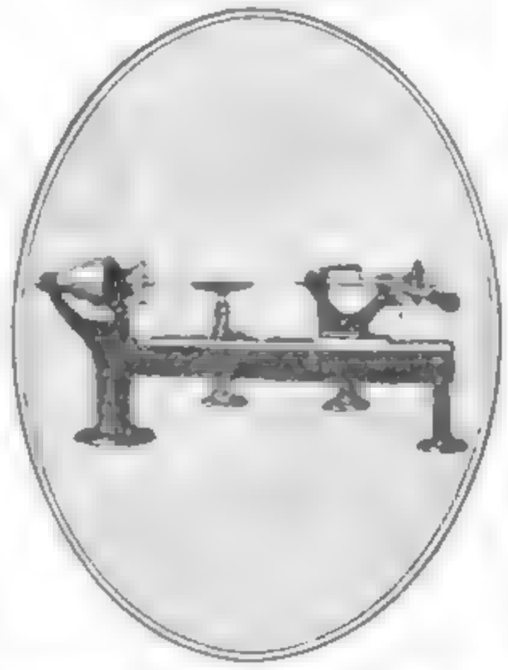
Bench Grinders

Bench Vises

Bench Lathes







GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths* Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 90)

three times. Here, take a look at that infernal Venice in there!"

He pointed with shaking finger toward the alley leading toward the firerooms.

"I'll strangle every mother's son of them!" yelled Slim Williams.

XI

HIS first thought on raising the canvas flap at the end of the alley was that the bottom had dropped out of the ship. The holds were full of running water.

Standing up to his knees in it, he whistled long and low. At each roll of the ship a black flood poured through the bunker doors, hissed under the red stools on which the boilers rested, and swept headlong steel barrows and lumps of coal. The side bunkers had become spouting caverns.

The stokehold had little room for anything more than the enormous hot rounds of the boilers. Their pitted fronts swam in a gray dusk. They were crusted with soot and decorated with mysterious chalk markings. Two giant hooks, affixed to the bulkhead back of him, cradled a heap of rakes and slice bars, some of them still smoking at their tips.

A group of firemen and coal passers, wet as rats, stood huddled against the starboard boiler, looking askance at this grim figure in oils who had pounced upon them from another world. They passed sweat rags across their blackened faces, drawing back, dropping their tools, seeming to say: "*No posible!* See what you can do with them."

Good-Looking, the poet, was foremost of this body. Nobody would have divined now that yesterday he was King of Spain, as he sang. His shirt was plastered against his body; gloomy fear stalked on his yellow brow; he moaned slightly, with a deprecating gesture toward the heaps of wet coal being pushed over and back by the rush of waters.

Slim Williams thought:

"We'll never get these ships across until we have navy discipline here. They don't know the meaning of fight—these fools! They do what they are paid to do—or they don't."

"In a little while we'll bruise the feet of this horse," the poet said poetically, meaning that in a little while the ship would founder. "*Poco tiempo.*"

"Yes; *poco tiempo.* Get a move on you, *hombre!* Savvy shovel?"

"Of what use to drive a plow in the sea?" said the poet again wearily; this time he was to be interpreted as saying that it was vain to think of establishing a furrow there.

"Of what use? Ah, you want incentive! I'll show you what use. *Poco mal* in the *cabeza.* Savvy? A little evil in the head." Slim Williams produced his fist.

"I cannot put all the ocean in a well," the poet returned, fancying a little. "*No puedo meter todo el mar en el pozo.*" With the resigned and grand motions of a hero refusing to make a fool of himself by attempting the impossible, he folded his arms. "*Todo se acabo!*" He meant to say the jig was up.

Slim Williams strode past him, snatched open the door of a fire box and, lowering his head, glared in at the fire.

"What kind of a Liverpool fire is that?" he cried. "Hollow! Hollow! Don't you even go through the motions?"

The men nodded faintly, receding from the glow with sheepish grins. They were beginning to get frightened themselves by the mournful results of their own slackness in tending the fires.

Slim Williams tore off his oilskins, his coat, his shirt; and then, by an afterthought, his undershirt. Naked to the waist, he danced over the plates, the water rising nearly to the tops of his sea boots. He seized a rake and pushed the fire back.

The stiff yellow flame leaped to the crown sheet, fanning his face with a fierce glow, stinging the skin on his chest, warming him, and bringing his own resolution to this same white heat. He was invulnerable, surely! He felt as if he had got the ship on his back and had power to wade ashore with it. He felt a heroic necessity binding him to save the ship's life, even at the expense of his own. What was his own, indeed? Perhaps only a dream—*Quizá vida es sueño*—as he had heard that cursed Spaniard singing to his mates.

Well, and vast things could be done in such a dream. The ship must live! She could not sink. Touched by his compelling imagination, this corruption had put on incorruption. Yet the fire and the water were very close together now. The wing fires were all but flooded. The black water babbled at their doors. The fire was life; the water was death. Two mighty spirits—the one fluid, the other ethereal—grappled for the tenancy of that iron carcass. And perhaps life was a dream.

The ship must live! He had brought her through too much to lose her now. The old madhouse in this crisis stood at the very center of his affections. She was a boat to bring tears to the eyes; a sea boat—one in a thousand. She touched his sympathies like a woman in distress.

This tenderness was born of long acquaintance; it was due to the multiplicity of hopes and fears he had entertained regarding her. He had seen her built out of scrap. He had known her when her engines were cold; nothing, indeed, but a heap of rusting junk. Her iron heart, whose beat was now as native to him as his own pulse, he had seen melted, cast in the sand, machined. He knew each port. He had had his head in those dank auricles and ventricles.

Were they to fail? If the steam failed them they must fail. The steam was the arterial fluid animating this iron frame. If it slacked, in that moment the vital spark would flicker out, and she would sink under him—his first ship operating under a license as second mate. How could he well recover from the shock of that? For even in assuming that the ship might die, he never doubted that he himself was as indestructible as the original atoms; a scheming, tossing, contriving mite, whirling across the ether fields forever. He could never be brought to an end by blind elements; ah, never he, with his magnificent resources! . . . In short, he would live to regret her.

"Bring a slice here, *hombre. Barrena.*"

He ran the bar under the whole body of the fire. Giddiness all but overcame him. He was no longer used to wrestling with that demon, the "Old Man"—so called—a white-hot mass situated at the back of the grate. The heat was very strong. Defying it, he leaned in farther yet, sweat running into his eyes, gas stinging his throat. He snatched open door after door, thrusting firemen aside roughly, yelling oaths and fragments of pidgin Spanish.

"Serve you right if she got a torpedo through her ribs right now!" he roared. He glanced at the curve of the ribs, the web frames just visible through the doors to the side bunkers. All eyes were directed thitherward with an uneasy glimmer. A stray chill visited Mr. Williams himself. "I reckon I had better not try to frighten them," he reflected.

He was ready for the coal.

"Shovel!" he cried to the poet, thrusting a shovel into his hands.

Good-Looking hesitated, held the shovel limply in his sinewy hands, and muttered:

"*No posible!*"

"*No posible*, is it?"

On the instant Slim Williams brought his fist up with wicked force, and the man fell kicking on the plates. Expecting immediate attack, the second mate whirled about and dragged a fresh bar from the rack. But those behind had not stirred. They leaned about like a company of fallen angels clustered on the floor of hell. The lights had darkened strangely.

"Poor devils! All the fight is out of them," he thought. He jerked the poet to his feet and thrust the shovel into his hands again. "Shovel!"

The man stooped and began to shovel, with a sullen face. The coal was partly under water.

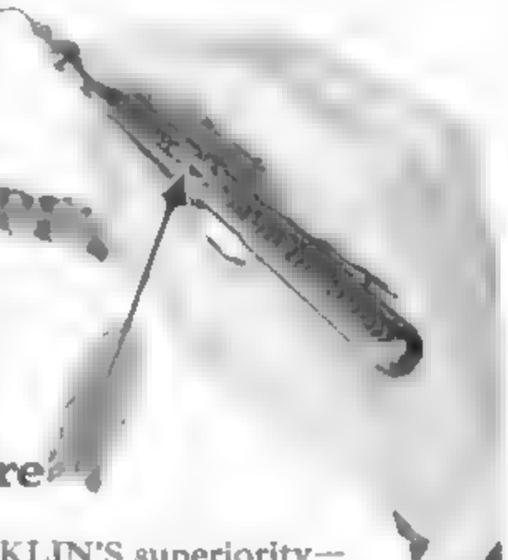
"Faster!" cried Slim Williams. The man shoveled faster. "Watch where you put it. Get it well back. Well back! Ah, *bastante!*"

He sprang away from him. At his panther's stride, an iron bar in his hands, he strode between the boilers, a man lashing a herd of slaves. The rasp of the shovels was all about him; they went like mad, flinging in dripping coal, darkening the fires.

Time and again they drew back, dripping, sinking back on coal heaps and barrows. Slim Williams was without mercy. He fired her like a mail packet. And all the while water rushed back and forth among those overdriven Spaniards—now to their knees, now to their thighs. They scurried among the boilers like mad rats, raised the coal on dripping shovels, and thrust it into hissing fires. Puffs and clouds of steam hid them from view. Flashes of ruddy light shone on their arms, on their strained faces; they were seen like thronging devils in a vision of doom.

High above, two hanging bars, falling together by chance regularly with the roll

Writes with superb Smoothness, Ease and Certainty



The CONKLIN *is the* Pioneer Self-Filling Pen with 20 Years of Leadership back *of* it, and *for* Time-tried Dependability Simplicity *and* downright Comfort in both Filling *and* Writing, it has *Never* been Equaled-no, not even Approached

Right Here

is the chief reason for the CONKLIN'S superiority—the *"Crescent-Filler"* is the heart and soul of the pen

THE CONKLIN has a self-filling device that is wholly *different* and *distinctive*—that is utterly unique in construction and positive in action.

Its operation is instant and unfailing—and it is so simple (has only two parts) that it can't get out of order. Moreover, it prevents the pen from rolling off the desk.

Sold by leading stationers, jewelers, druggists and department stores at $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, 57 Market St. WINNIPEG, CAN. 346 Bonnd St.

BOSTON 59 Temple Place

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

Non-Leakable

CHICAGO 1636 Lytton Building

PARIS GARTERS

are made for you

Men of America:

IMITATIONS!

You know that imitation is the sincerest flattery. PARIS GARTERS are crudely and widely imitated—more so, perhaps, than even our human desire for praiseworthy approval invites.

At no time could you better afford to insist upon getting the genuine PARIS GARTER than today. A substitute is too costly at any price. Study the PARIS trademark carefully—it's easily remembered.

It's economy to buy PARIS GARTERS—at 35¢ or more

A. STEIN & CO.

Makers

Chicago Children's HICKORY Garters New York

This is the PARIS trade mark

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

It's your guarantee of garter quality

16

Keep Your Plumbing In Good Condition

THIS is an actual necessity, grown more acute as a result of war-time conditions. Production of plumbing fixtures is below normal, and may be for some time. Costs have proportionately increased. Obviously the wise policy is to preserve your present plumbing as far as possible.

Sanitary plumbing is a health safeguard. Neglected plumbing presents a constant danger. The public welfare can only be protected by sane health measures; sanitary plumbing is one of the most important of all.

Consult Your Contracting Plumber

Have Him Go Over All the Plumbing in Your Building

1. Be sure all fixtures and parts are *clean*. Unclean fixtures may defeat the very purpose for which they were installed.
2. Have your plumber inspect all valves and faucets for water leaks. Wasted water means wasted fuel. The national water waste is tremendous.
3. Have your drainage system tested to detect leaks which might allow sewer gas to escape into buildings.
4. Have your hot water supply system examined to insure maximum heat from fuel consumed.
5. Have exposed water pipes covered, to prevent freezing and bursting, or move them to protected position.

Good plumbing is durable and will give service for an indefinite period, but it deserves care and attention. It should be inspected from time to time by one who understands it. All plumbing in houses, apartments, hotels, factories, garages, hospitals, public institutions and all other buildings should be examined by a Contracting Plumber whenever there is the least doubt as to its condition.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Makers of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

Pittsburgh

NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	TOLEDO	311 321 ERIE	NASHVILLE	318 TENTH AVE S
NEW YORK (EX DEPT)	50 BROAD	COLUMBUS	245 247 S THIRD	NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE
BOSTON	166 DEVONSHIRE	CANTON	1100 SECOND ST N E	HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	YOUNGSTOWN	468 W FEDERAL	DALLAS	1200-1206 JACKSON
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	WHEELING	3120 30 JACOB	SAN ANTONIO	214 LOSOYA
PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER	ERIE	128 W TWELFTH	FT WORTH	828 830 MONROE
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	ALTOONA	918 11TH	KANSAS CITY	RIDGE ARCADE
CHICAGO	14 30 N PEORIA	MILWAUKEE	96 W WATER ST	TORONTO CAN	59 E RICHMOND
ST LOUIS	81 N SECOND	SAN FRANCISCO	142 16 BUCKLEY	HAMILTON CAN	20 W JACKSON
EAST ST LOUIS	18 COLLINSVILLE AVE	LOS ANGELES	671 MESQUIT	DETROIT OFFICE	HAMMOND BLDG
CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	LOUISVILLE	319 W MAIN	CHICAGO OFFICE	KARPEN BLDG
CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT				

of the ship, performed like a set of stately and terrible chimes, to the accompaniment of which orisons for the dead might be fitly said.

"She's taking the whole ocean into her!" Slim Williams thought, aghast. "By morning they won't be able to keep those wing fires going. It's coming in the stern tubes, too, the man says. I wonder how fast."

Like the celebrated one-hoss shay, she was going all at once, from top to bottom. Her plates must be gaping. There couldn't be a sound rivet in the whole hull, at this rate. Stroking his wet chin, he looked about him, as if into the features of a patient about to die of a puzzling and fatal illness. He fixed his eyes on the steam-pressure gauge. The indicator trembled, but did not advance. No fires, no steam; no steam, no pumps; no pumps, no ship! Could the old madhouse actually be getting ready to take the plunge?

No, no! He remembered in time that, like himself, she was immortal; and strong within him arose that absurd assurance of invincibility which straddles the heart of youth. He listened, and through the clang of the stokeholds and the dirge music of the bars dangling overhead he heard the throb of those mighty engines at his back, like the reassuring beat of a faithful heart.

Yes—they still beat; the screws turned; the ship lived, moved and had her being. For how long? For just so long as this coal was hurled into the fire boxes; for just so long as the hungry swirl of water about his knees fell short of those necessary fires. What was all his skill as a navigator if he could not keep the ship afloat under him? Nothing! Everything began and ended here.

"Ah, she's going up!" he cried suddenly. He flung up his arms; hugged himself like a maniac; dealt the poet a staggering backhanded blow on the shoulder blades. "Look there! Steam is making." The beat of the engines seemed, all at once, healthier; he fancied he heard the clanking of the pumps. The water seemed to be less in volume too. "Now we've got her, hold her, *hombrays!*" he cried.

In his exultation he hit an iron door back of him a booming blow with his fist. This door was jammed down into place by means of an immense elongated screw running in grease, operated from somewhere high above.

"Have you got all the coal out of there?"

The grinning apes all about him nodded and gibbered. They looked like lean poor devils. He wondered how much of their complaint that they were not getting enough to eat was well-founded. There was no style in their feeding, that was certain: a shovelful of pork chops thrust into a tin bucket; a shovelful of soggy potatoes into another, with some hunks of bread—the whole rushed forward to their forecastle without ceremony—"between two seas," as it was said.

Their forecastle was a booming, bellowing, dripping, quaking abode just forward of the collision bulkhead and under the bow-gun platform, which took the whole shock of the seas as the Poetess put her nose into them. They got the full travel there out of this insane teetering. It must be like trying to live perched on the tip of a wild elephant's trunk.

Impossible to sleep there, of course. He had seen them, after washing the coal dust out of their ears, crouch on the 'tween-deck Hatch Number One, and play cards on a greasy blanket. Hour after hour they played thus, waiting to go on watch amidships, there at the bottom of the ship, where the motion was not so violent and it was possible to snatch a nap in the bunkers—or had been until this rising tide of water had driven them out of there.

A sudden detonating jar made the second mate fling out his arms and claw for toe holds. He listened avidly, half expecting the ship to crumble underfoot, with first a premonitory shudder and then a thunderous report. He felt entombed, stifled. He thought: "By George, they do well to stick it out down here!"

And, for a fraction of a second, panic desire seized him to take hold of those hot rungs riveted to the bulkhead, swing himself up, out of the neighborhood of these rusted walls studded with grim bolts, away from the pitted boiler fronts with their baleful fires; to die in the open at least—to feel the wind lashing his face for the last time.

Suppose now the ship should tilt. In that case a man might expect the boilers to slide from their stools; to plunge into the engines; to sweep frames, cranks, cylinders and all back into that original junk heap; finally to split the ship from stem to stern by the escape of some of that trifling steam which Jim Watt had watched simmering in the kettle.

"Rake 'em, *hombrays!*" Slim Williams shouted to blot this pleasing prospect out of mind.

To calm his nerves he hit the iron door aforementioned a savage blow. A resonant note was given out. A hole eaten out amidships. The ship was as hollow as a girder here. All the weight was fore and aft; the seas wrought upon her like a man intent on breaking a piece of tough wire by bending it back and forth patiently at one place.

Nevertheless, it was certain that the pumps were taking hold and that the water had gone down. Relief on this head set his mind free to take up the notion of spies again, which no amount of bullying on the captain's part had sufficed to root out. Had he not heard a movement of some sort on the inner side of this door? He hit it again; and this time he thought he noted an almost imperceptible dart of eyes and a heightening of interest on the part of these friendly aliens leaning about on smoking rakes. On impulse he whispered tersely:

"What *hombre* is back of that door?"

Good-Looking's eyes shone with gloomy luster; he shrugged his shoulders, uneasily muttering:

"*Quién sabe?*"

Slim Williams looked at them mistrustfully. In their dislike of the captain they were potential traitors all. Children in intelligence, they might well enough prove children in vengeance.

Mr. Williams felt the full force of this new obsession. Crying out to them that he would return, he swung up the ladder, forgetting that he was half naked until the night wind began pouring on his flanks outside; and a voice cried in his ear:

"Everything is all right, isn't it?"

It was the veterinary, already struggling into his life preserver at sight of this white body, which seemed about to precipitate itself madly into the sea.

"Yes; all right, of course!" the second mate called back hoarsely. "Don't throw yourself away yet."

He lowered himself through Hatch Number Four with fierce eagerness. He was now on the right side of the bulkhead; but he could see nothing in the deep gloom of the 'tween-decks. Too late he remembered that he had left his light in his oilskins. Perhaps he had better go back for his knife.

Next instant he moved his ears, having heard a slight scraping—perhaps no more than a lump of coal moving with the ship.

Slim Williams stood quite still. Not a sound down there now but a slight hiss of water. It was beginning to flow in there, then. He stared. Black, black, black! Chancing to look up, he saw, with a start, that the weather had cleared. A horn of the moon leered down upon him, not powerful enough to light the bottom of the hold in the slightest degree, yet enough to reveal the outline of a body that should attempt to enter by the ladder.

Mr. Williams was not so foolish. He remembered that a rope hung from the strongback which spanned this hatch. Waiting for a cloud to come over the moon, he seized that moment of darkness to crawl out on the heavy strongback and take the rope in his hands. Next instant he slid through blackness and heard his heels clang on the plates. But he did not abandon the rope. When the ship rolled he ran with it as far as he could, describing a half circle. Proceeding so, he collided with a human body, which was instantly snatched away by the return roll of the ship.

This collision was weird to a degree. He thought he had touched a ghost. He remembered the ship where a dead fireman had been hidden between the engine bearers, under the plates, without anybody's being the wiser until a reminiscence or ghost of that man began to be encountered by his horror-stricken colleagues. Was this something that had adhered to his finger ends perchance of that nature? It had seemed soft and insubstantial as a specter.

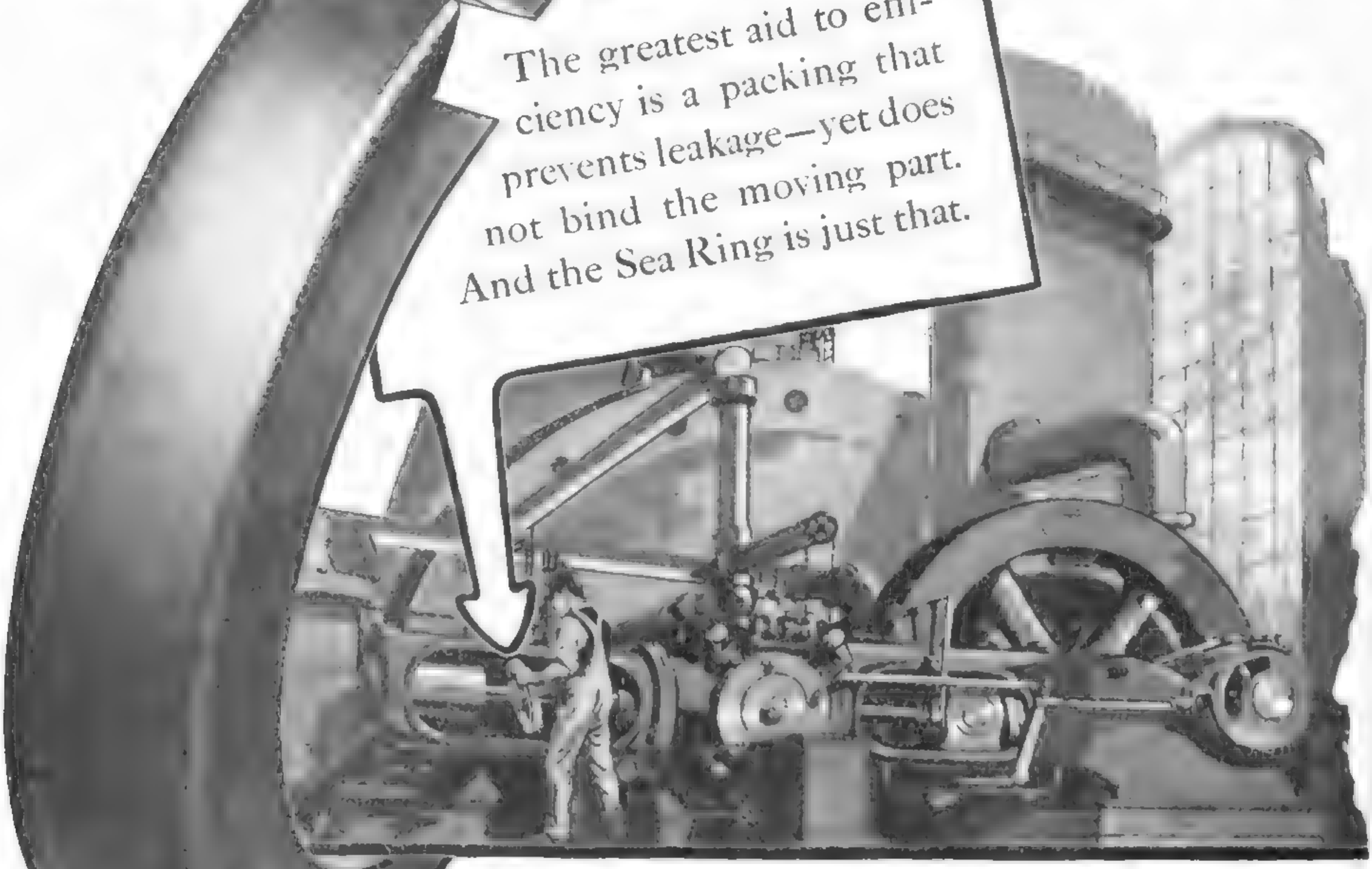
He was soon enough undeceived. A rasping sound came from the port side of the hold; the creature was alive and had flopped one of the steel barrows over, perhaps intending to make a shield to crouch behind. Mr. Williams' courage returned. Here was this flea in his blanket—that cholera bug! He set his teeth, swearing to

(Continued on Page 97)

JOHNS-MANVILLE PACKINGS

JOHNS MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

The greatest aid to efficiency is a packing that prevents leakage—yet does not bind the moving part. And the Sea Ring is just that.



Johns-Manville Sea Rings Have These Advantages

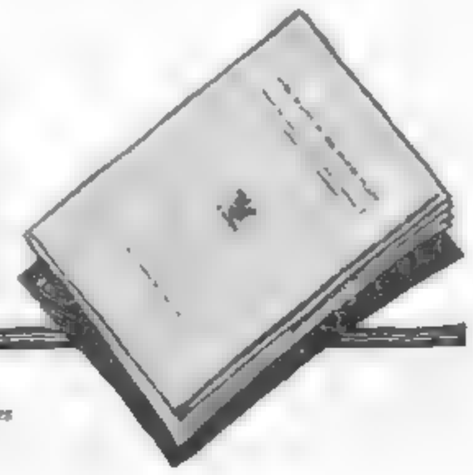
1. Their action is automatic—they grip the rod only when there is a tendency of leakage through the stuffing box. The pressure through the box acts on the lips of the Sea Ring in proportion to the fluid pressure itself.
2. Economy obtained by elimination of unnecessary friction.
3. Needless wear eliminated by avoiding unnecessary pressure between rod and packing.
4. Leakage eliminated because flexible lip conforms more readily to rod or plunger than the inside surface of solid packing.
5. Durability of Sea Rings cuts the loss due to shut-downs and labor during renewals.
6. Sea Rings provide for standardization because suitable for nearly all conditions where rod packing is necessary.

Deep in the heart of all machinery there are hundreds of points where non-leakage is all important. And that's where packings play their part in efficiency. For the moving piston rod or plunger must be packed to avoid leakage, yet the packing should work in such a fashion that it does not brake its motion.

That's why the Johns-Manville Sea Ring serves so well. It has been built to grip only when there is pressure against it — stopping leakage, but relieving the rod or plunger of friction at all other times.

A Complete and Standardized Packing Line. "Sea Rings" that prevent leakage, yet avoid friction. "Universal" for inside packed pumps, a folded fabric packing that cannot pull apart. "Kearsarge Gaskets" that stand up under removal wear and tear. "Service Sheet" as good on super heat as on cold water. "Mogul Coil," for small packing spaces or where, because of oil or acid, rubber would be worthless.

This booklet, "Fuel Waste in the Power Plant," sent free to plant owners and operators. It suggests many simple and effective measures for the reduction of preventable waste, that are commonly overlooked in the operation of power plants and factories. Write for your copy.



H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO. New York City *10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities*

"Turnovers, Not Holdovers—No Monuments"

Here's a store that has the proved answer to one of the biggest every-day questions a merchant has to face.

It's a residence-district store in Denver (The Keystone Hardware Co.) and is run by the proprietor, M. A. Fisher, and one clerk.

Its motto is "Turnovers, not holdovers—no monuments." And it lives up to that creed—strictly.

Any retailer can do the things Mr. Fisher is doing.

Cost? It doesn't cost anything; on the other hand, it pays.

Read the details in the panel below. They indicate good business sense.

THIS store always knows what it's doing. It embodies every day's business in simple, easily-made records that tell the hard, cold facts—and nothing but the facts. Those facts run the business—dictate the buying, check payments and receipts, keep inventories under the eye of the boss, watch profit and loss.

All these facts come—*easily, economically, systematically*—through a little Burroughs Machine. It costs The Keystone Hardware Co. less to have and use this method than it would to do without it—because it does these things:

Shows which lines are unprofitable, or need special effort, by daily and monthly records of cash and credit sales in each of four departments.

Simplifies the turnover problem by compiling accurate inventories.

Checks—and reveals any errors in—bills payable and receivable, bank deposits and balances, and *any items that involve the handling of money.*

Does all kinds of miscellaneous figure-work, including the trial balance.

And yet it demands no time beyond what the proprietor and his one helper can give.

In every business, whatever its size, a Burroughs Machine can save and make money just as this one does. There are more than a hundred different models—all alike in that they furnish the easiest and most economical way of getting the facts upon which, at the last, a business must depend for its success.

Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs offices are also maintained in all the principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 94)

himself that he would produce that man dead or alive, and so justify the whole seemingly mysterious course of his actions on that ship.

When the ship heeled again his antagonist sent the barrow rolling with it—a terrible projectile, which crashed with stunning force against Slim's legs, swept them out from under him, and toppled him over like a tenpin. Like a tenpin, too, he fell on his side and spun about several times. However, no bones were broken. The worst it had done for him was to loosen his clutch of the rope.

He rose to his knees. The ship just then made one of her lingering pauses, falling into a condition of unstable equilibrium. This devil confronting him was the cause of all his misery. These devil's tricks were what had produced in him the feeling that he was bewitched, haunted; thus undermining his judgment and provoking the illusion of unreality which is so easily fatal in a world where much is real. He could even now hardly suppose that his presence here was not a piece of dream nonsense. Its reality was only confirmed for him by the specter's suddenly materializing and getting a very ugly and unrelenting grip on his throat.

The ship lurched; and down they went, rolling about with the various contents of the hold, the second mate now underneath and now on top, but with a growing consciousness that he had bitten off more than he could chew. Full contact had shown him that he had nothing spectral in his arms; on the contrary, a muscular figure was fighting with all its powers, bearing him back until the top of his head ground against the ship's iron and the breath was all but out of his body.

"He has me; now what will he do with me?" he thought hazily.

Relief came from an unexpected quarter. The iron wall against which his head was jammed began to move unnaturally; a red bar of light shone—widened as if a blazing maw were opening there. The bunker door was opening; and by this merciful light he recognized the swollen features of his captain, heatedly superimposed on his own.

"You, sir?" he cried weakly. "I—I thought you were a ——" He dared not utter that fateful word.

The Old Man got up painfully, dusted his knees, opened and shut his mouth several times, tweaked his nose.

"The less said, the better," he growled, staring at the curious firemen.

"Are you all right, sir?" inquired the second engineer. "I thought I heard something going on behind that door?"

"Yes," said the Old Man dryly. "I suppose you thought it was a spy—what?"

"The water has lowered in here," said Mr. Williams irrelevantly.

"Take the bridge," said the Old Man severely. "I didn't give you license to be gone all night, sir."

XII

SLIM WILLIAMS hoisted himself, panting, out of the hatch, and felt the wind pour its benediction on him. He glared at the moon. It went sailing across the sky like an avenging fury: a deadly marauder stealing up behind, certain of the strength of its accomplices. That soft romantic light smote the ship with an ugly circle of visibility.

He stood silent and speculative; then a silent laugh twitched at his midriff; he bent double and made vague helpless gestures.

"After all that I was going to do to him!" he muttered. "He's a gamecock after all! He had me laid out fair. And he thought I was a spy!"

The Old Man, who would not publicly admit the possibility of spies, thought he had come to grips with one at last. He had been as certain of it as had Mr. Williams, even to the extent of going down into that black hold to grapple with it. He had looked into the hold himself, then! That was the very movement which had diverted Mr. Williams from his seamanship on a previous occasion.

If the Old Man had not come to grief he had had better luck—that was all. And no one could impeach his seamanship. Not a man in the association but acknowledged him for a sterling seaman, "competent by sail or steam for all oceans." Yet he had been betrayed into half-strangling his second mate by the delusion that he had put his finger on a spy. Surely the sea was strange!

Slim Williams took a deep breath. Through a break in the stalls he saw a steel-dark swirl of crested waters, leaping, leaping past the dripping rail; hounds in full cry. Above him the gray arch of the flying bridge, with its suggestion of a turret—something strong, dumb, mysterious and unnamably romantic about it—was reeling there, piled high against the waves and the stars, rigid on its stanchions. The horses were kicking, pawing and whinnying, smelling the land breeze even while Slim Williams felt the heave of the land swell under his foot.

He swung himself up, stopping a moment in the chart room to slide an oiled coat over his naked and now shivering body.

Reaching the bridge itself he was aware of a small group of figures clustered in the starboard wing. He went toward it giddily. The two mates had been called out and were now conferring with the corporal of the guard, that short muscular young man whom the captain had so often called upon to put a bullet into somebody or other.

The chief officer had just taken a cast of the lead; and, mistaking Mr. Williams for the captain, he approached and said humbly:

"Eighty-three fathoms, sir."

"All right!" said the second mate, mimicking that contemptuous tone so familiar to them both.

"Good God!" said the chief officer, singing another tune directly. "Aren't you competent to stand your watch?"

"Anyone can walk this bridge," declared the second, airily; "but it takes an old hand to go down and get a head of steam after the engineers have failed."

The chief officer looked sharp to discover the reason for this sudden attitude of insolence. Anything that went to defeat his authority he instinctively laid at the door of the Old Man; and in this instance he was not far wrong. Mr. Williams felt that after this night's doings the Old Man was going to be a father to him. How could it be otherwise after the second engineer had discovered them in that affectionate embrace? He felt an accession of good will toward that muscular old seaman, too, which he was sure must be reciprocated.

"Well! Well! What do you see?"

The captain came up to them, still breathing heavily, and touched the second mate's shoulder with a friendly hand. Mr. Williams glowed.

"The third officer has seen a light on the starboard bow, sir," said the first officer in a subdued tone.

"Aha! That's what I thought. Where is it now, sir?"

"I think a rain squall has driven between us and it, sir," said the third officer.

"Very likely. . . . Yes; I can see it banked up there."

As they bent forward, eager to spy the light, enormous cold drops of water mingled with the wind and stung their cheeks. The whole face of the bay was muffled by the veil these caterwauling demons had spread over it.

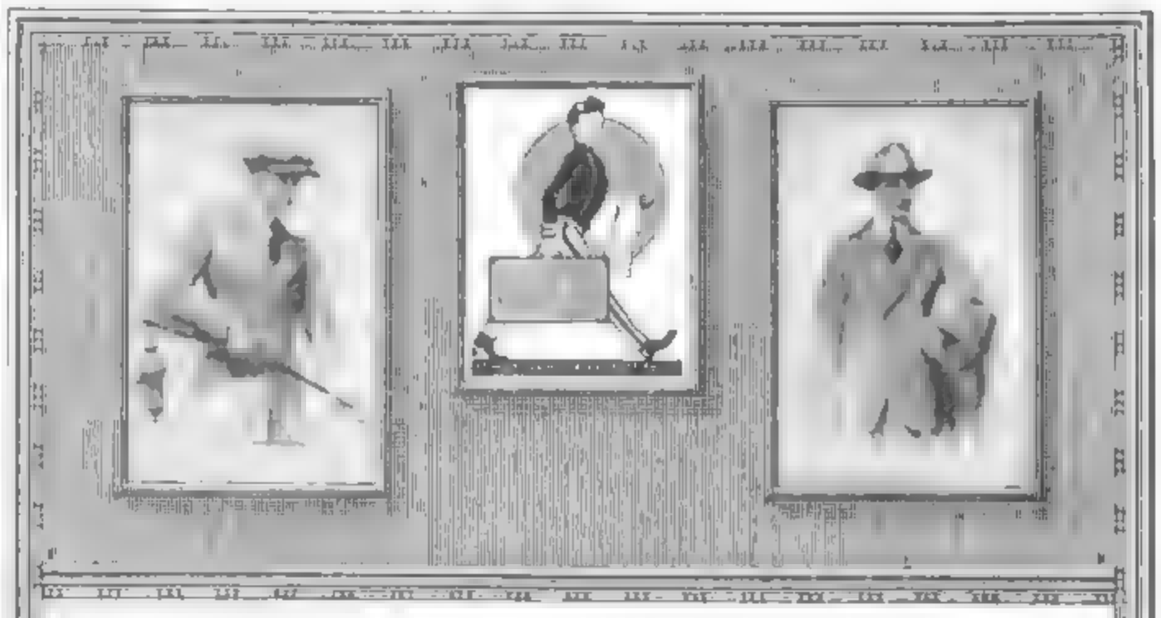
"We'll have it coming with hurricane force in a minute," said the Old Man bitterly. "I don't know what there is about this ship that it should attract misfortune the way it does."

His voice was lost in the fury of the squall that just then fled over the ship. They seemed to have got into the panting interior of an enormous bellows. Thick darkness blotted the officers on the bridge from sight of one another. Neither fogs nor prolonged storms have the power of brief squalls to affright; to produce in the breast of the mariner a sense of powerlessness over the ship's destiny, as if the helm itself had been struck from his grasp.

They could see nothing, hear nothing beyond the rush of wind and a rising whine in the rigging. Yet onward into this nothingness the ship was driving.

"I might as well shut my eyes," thought Slim Williams; but he strove with might and main to keep them open.

The strange roaring darkness on the face of the bay, interposed between them and the light that had been barely glimpsed, seemed to have an ulterior and fateful meaning. It drowned their senses like some wild prelude to oblivion. It was personal, as if the devil himself had clapped a bag over their heads before sweeping them away for good and all. Who could say what shaggy horror might not be creeping up behind this veil? A sudden heave and fall of the ship on the bosom of an unseen swell shocked them as if they had stumbled into its clutch already.



PRICE decides the first cost of a suit. Wear, its final cost. Together they determine its real value.

It's the minimum of price for the maximum of wear that measures economy.

There is *true economy* in

MICHAELS-STERN
VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

Send for Style Booklet, Dept. A.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothes.

Off Came the Collar and the Button!

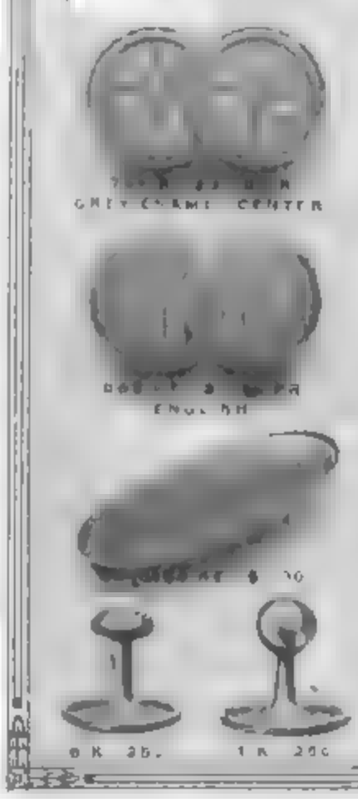
"I don't see why you boast about that! I've had the same collar button for over fifteen years and it has never discolored me."

"Then I'll wager it's a Krementz!"

"Well, I don't know, but I'm curious enough to find out."

Off came the collar and the button, and here was the inscription on the back which is on every article of

Krementz
14 KT. ROLLED GOLD PLATE

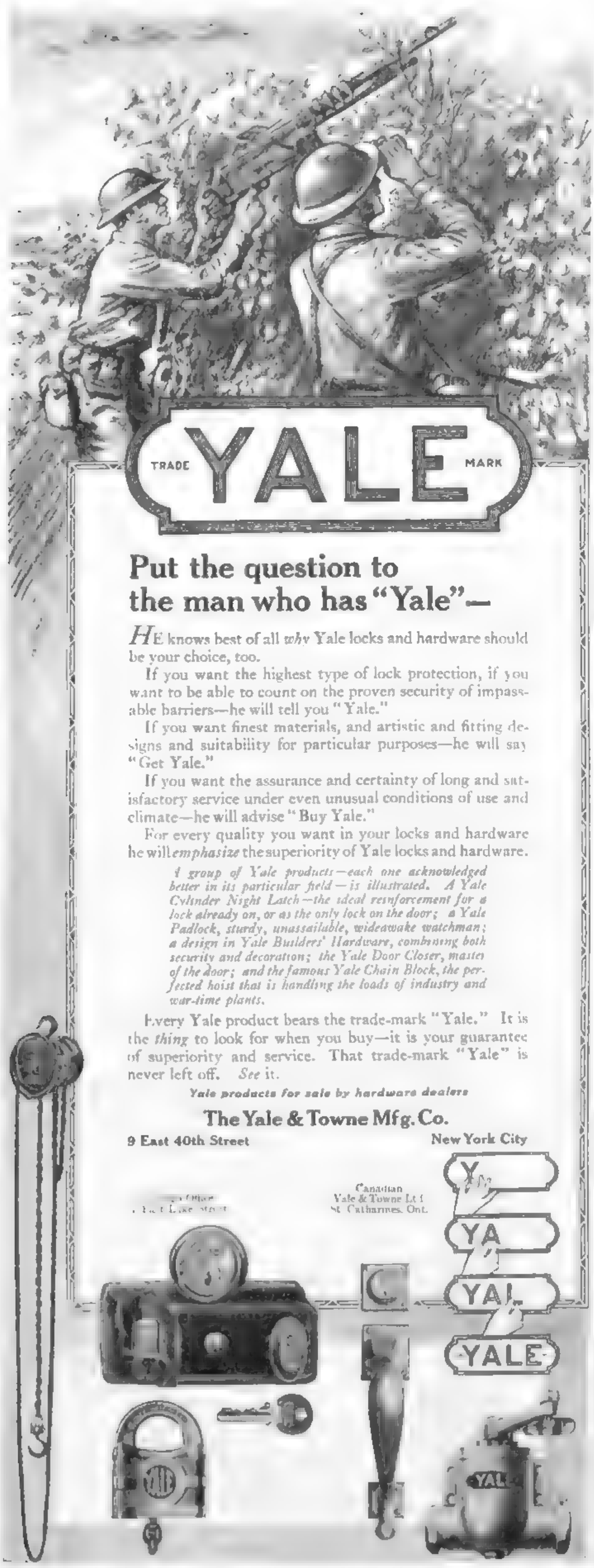


If you have had a plate gold collar button for as long as a year and it has not discolored your skin, then it is a thousand-to-one that it is a Krementz. Look at yours tonight. If it isn't a Krementz and there is a blue-green mark where it comes in contact with your neck, drop into a dealer's tomorrow and get collar button insurance *for life*. Every piece of Krementz Plate is sold under this perpetual guarantee:

"If this should prove unsatisfactory from *any* cause at *any* time, any dealer or we will replace it free."

Ask your dealer to show you Krementz jewelry or send us his name and we will mail you our new catalog.

Krementz & Co., Newark, N. J.



Put the question to the man who has "Yale"—

*H*E knows best of all *why* Yale locks and hardware should be your choice, too.

If you want the highest type of lock protection, if you want to be able to count on the proven security of impassable barriers—he will tell you "Yale."

If you want finest materials, and artistic and fitting designs and suitability for particular purposes—he will say "Get Yale."

If you want the assurance and certainty of long and satisfactory service under even unusual conditions of use and climate—he will advise "Buy Yale."

For every quality you want in your locks and hardware he will *emphasize* the superiority of Yale locks and hardware.

A group of Yale products—each one acknowledged better in its particular field—is illustrated. A Yale Cylinder Night Latch—the ideal reinforcement for a lock already on, or as the only lock on the door; a Yale Padlock, sturdy, unassailable, wideawake watchman; a design in Yale Builders' Hardware, combining both security and decoration; the Yale Door Closer, master of the door; and the famous Yale Chain Block, the perfected hoist that is handling the loads of industry and war-time plants.

Every Yale product bears the trade-mark "Yale." It is the *thing* to look for when you buy—it is your guarantee of superiority and service. That trade-mark "Yale" is never left off. *See* it.

Yale products for sale by hardware dealers

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

9 East 40th Street New York City

Canadian
Yale & Towne Ltd
St. Catharines, Ont.

Had not the ship flagged in her gait these last few moments? The dread fears of children shut into a black closet, knowing that it will open in another instant, yet fearfully wondering—What if it should not?—assailed them with a curious force. Blackness took them by the throat. Surely this was the heart of the squall! Nothing could be blacker than this black; no, not even that infinite night of the philosopher in which all cows were black.

Then, though they could not imagine it, a new wave of blackness came—a last intensity of it. Slim Williams felt an impulse to put out his arm to see what he could touch; he felt a body close by him and cried into a theoretical ear: "Seeing is poor!"

Stirred to his foundations, he felt that chaos had come again. Anything was possible in this blotting out of the world. Some fantastic and fatal shifting of the familiar properties might be going on. Just as he had been unable to imagine further dark, so now he was helpless to imagine light. Vision itself surely could not recover from such a stroke as this.

With the thought, however, he stared again; and, where he had seen nothing, now he saw the muffled shape of something black in blackness; now the shape had outlines; now again it had substance; and this substance was the stolid figure of the Old Man, developing like the image on a photographic film. His oilskins ran rivers of water.

The skirts of the squall lifted as quickly as they had fallen. In another moment the third officer cried out:

"There's the light again, sir."

"Let me have my glasses. Hell's fury, they're out of focus! Who has been monkeying with them? Where do you make it, sir?"

"About two points on the starboard bow, sir."

"Ah, I have it! We've raised the body of the light, sir," he said to the chief officer, as if that worthy had just come upon the scene. He brought his jaws together with a snap of triumph.

At first seen only as an arm, a ghostly tentacle whisking over the threshold of the sea, the full body of the light now shone. After that terrific dark it was turned upon them like a beam from a friendly eye; a flash from a white diamond of purest water; a gem dropped by some master mariner on the bosom of his mistress, the salt sea; a lightning flash, lancelike, flawless as the drop blazing at the icicle's tip, springing against clouds, flickering on the hull of the ship itself, revealing it dangerously, even from so great a distance.

"Man alive, that's a beautiful light!" whispered Slim Williams, with something like a choking in his throat.

It was enough to make a man shed tears. He felt as if he had come under its protection; as if he stood on the brink of some great plateau, serene beyond the reach of mortals, the Elysian Fields at his back. And at that moment he thought to himself victoriously:

"I have brought this ship in, practically on my shoulders."

It would not do to crow too soon. Submarines were certain to haunt the vicinity, waiting for these revelations. For the bitter irony was that these lights, the most beautiful and powerful in the world, erected as beacons, as life-savers, had, by their revealing candor, by the godlike omnipotence of their immense flashes, been turned into unwitting accomplices of death and the dark.

Not only did they light the coast; they lit as well the hulls of ships approaching the coast, giving those voiceless murderers who lurked in the outer dark their chance. Many had been darkened in consequence; some had been put out as the light of civilization was darkening; would go out if men didn't look sharp and trim the wick. It had burned too low already.

Tapping with his foot, Slim Williams counted the pulse of the light.

"One-five, two-five, three-five, four-five, five-five. . . . Yes; that's the light, captain," he said, and his measured tones concealed the immeasurable exultation at his heart.

"This tallies pretty well with your dead reckoning, Mr. Williams," said the Old Man. His voice was very friendly; it was stronger and heartier than it had been in many a day.

"It's a satisfaction to a man to have his figures verified," said Mr. Williams, with a rush of all the blood in his body to the heart.

The captain's words fell on his ears with the solid sincerity that such words have when they proceed from lips so little used to utter praise. A queer old codger, but, after all, one of those men you grow to like as you come to know them better; gruff, but the heart in the right place. A man was a fool who expected the Old Man to lick his boots.

This old fellow was a sterling seaman too. This would be rated a good trip, with only fourteen mules and horses dead. And part of the glory would reflect on the mates.

Odd, how a man could so misread the minds of his associates! Slim Williams had been expecting to be thrust out neck and crop when they got home by reason of that encounter with the little bark. Was it possible the old fellow knew nothing about it even now? If not he would never know. At all events, the incident was closed. Perhaps he himself had magnified the peril, for that matter—overconscientious. Very likely the ship had not come so close as it had seemed to him during that nervous period of waiting. What if it had not come close at all?

All his acts began to be tinctured with the essence of his present good standing with the Old Man. But he must look out not to cross him now, at the zenith of his fortunes. He began to think of his seamanship.

"No need to take soundings now, sir, I suppose?"

"No; not at all. I was just going to, though. I don't mind saying that I felt like a cat on a back fence."

"When the two bottoms come together they come together damned hard, sir; that's a fact."

Conscious of this theft from the local inspector, his mind reverted to that worthy for the first time in many watches with a restored morale. He plucked him from somewhere out of the heart of the retreating squall, and was in the act of beating him to his knees when the captain, breaking in on this uncharitable business, said confidentially:

"Do you know, I've got a halfway idee that we have got these submarines beaten! These depth bombs and one thing and another must have played the devil with them. You take our case, for example: I shouldn't wonder if these waters were cleared. Here we are ——"

A ringing cry from the gun platform interrupted him:

"Black object right ahead!"

"Put the gun on it!"

By these brief staccato utterances the captain's dream was dissipated. The voice of the gunner rang clear and fearless; exultant. He fancied his opportunity had come.

The dawn light had betrayed them, was Mr. Williams' bitter thought. The east had paled; dawn was breaking on the starboard bow. Half a mile away a black hump was indeed visible on the water, low lying, almost awash, emitting an evil twinkle; a star fallen on the rim of the sea.

So! Circumvented; lost; ambushed by that damned contrivance, that cursed tin fish with the sting of death darting from it. He remembered the words of the quartermaster who had been jolted down the preceding summer:

"It was like somebody had drawed off and let drive with the toe of his boot at an old washboiler."

"Ram it! Ram it!" he cried almost involuntarily, carrying one shoulder higher than the other, in order to urge the ship forward at top speed.

"Ram it? Look out! Clear a space for me. Give me room. What are you—a wooden man?" cried the Old Man savagely. "What's that in your hand? Glasses! Why don't you use 'em? Now what have you got?"

"A French patrol boat," said the second mate after a moment's inspection. Lowering the glasses, he said mildly: "The pilot boat is just behind her."

XIII

"PILOT, she's yours," said the Old Man, gripping him hard by the hand in a mighty grip.

The pilot could speak no English beyond the few necessary words of command; and this argued a sort of ignorance. Still, nobody could deny that he had come in the nick of time.

"Half an hour back I wouldn't have given a piece of your tin money for her chances," the captain said genially.

"Two machines?" inquired the pilot.

(Concluded on Page 101)

A patchy pattern often means a miss, many times a cripple, and sometimes bags a mutilated game

The hard-hitting Winchester pattern is evenly distributed. No game gets through, and no game is mutilated

Is your game getting away because of faulty pattern?

IF there's one thing that spoils a day's hunting, it is a gun that shoots a patchy pattern.

Patchy patterns lead to the mutilating of one bird, and the missing or crippling of the next, at a like distance. Many a hunter "cusses his luck," when he ought to be getting better acquainted with his fowling piece and ammunition.

Why uniform pattern is essential

Hunters concede that at least *three shots* are necessary to a *kill*. When three pellets land in the body of a bird, the chances are that one of them will reach a vital spot. Less than this number may mean a *cripple*, no matter what the size of the shot or its velocity.

In taking wing-shots at ducks or upland birds, therefore, an even spread of the pellets is essential—not for one shot, or two shots, but for *every shot*. For a successful day's hunting, your gun must shoot a uniform pattern, *that does not vary*.

Try the Winchester Model 12

Shooting its own ammunition the Winchester Model 12 delivers an even, hard-hitting shot pattern at the range for which its muzzle is constricted. With any kind of skill at pointing, you are bound to get a good bag of unmutilated birds.

The Winchester Model 12 is a light, superbly-balanced shotgun, of graceful design. Pointing it is as easy as pointing your arm. It is simple and sure in operation, and it works smoothly in whatever position it is held.

For those who prefer a hammer-action gun, we have designed the Model 97. It is built on lines similar to the Model 12, but has hammer action. As a fowling piece it is exceedingly effective.

An axiom of gun making

Men who know guns realize that the accuracy and durability of a gun depend primarily upon the barrel. To them the quality of the barrel measures the quality of the gun. With Winchester, the barrel *is* the gun. For years this has been an axiom of gun building in the Winchester shops. Through the most unremitting attention to boring, finishing and testing, Winchester has developed a single standard of barrel quality which prevails in the highest and lowest priced Winchester models.

How the barrel is bored

The barrel of the Winchester Model 12 is bored to micrometer measurements for the pattern it is meant to make. The degree of choke exactly offsets the tendency of the shot to spread. Until its pattern proves up to the Winchester standard, no gun can leave the factory. The nickel steel construction preserves the original accuracy forever.

The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

What (W) means

Look for this mark on the barrel of a Winchester gun. It means that the gun has been subjected to the *Winchester Definitive Proof* test. It stamps the gun with Winchester's guarantee of quality, which has 50 years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

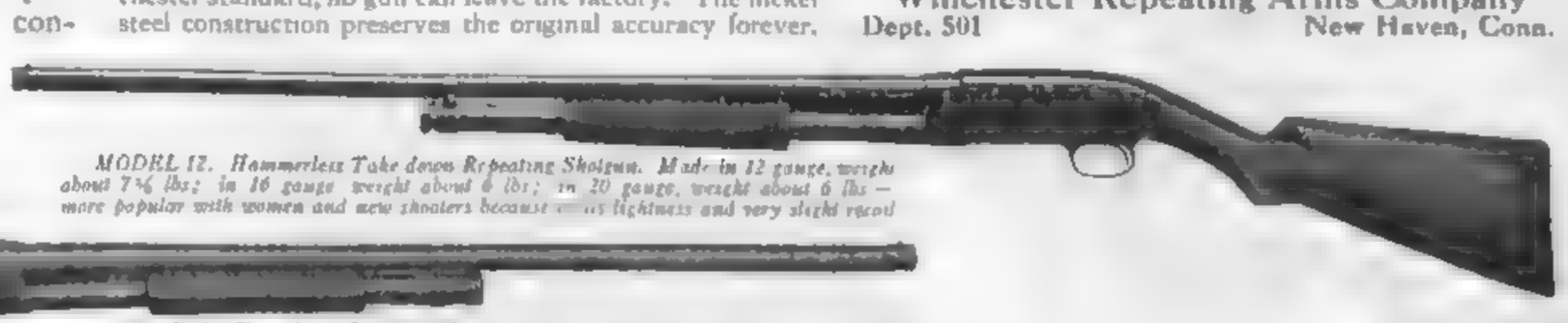
Every gun that bears the name Winchester, and that is marked with the *Definitive Proof* stamp, has been fired many times for smooth action and accuracy. It has also been fired with excess loads as a test of strength. At every stage of Winchester manufacture, machine production is supplemented by human craftsmanship. *Every Winchester gun is perfected by the test and adjustment process.*

It is this care in manufacturing that has produced, in the Model 12 and Model 97, guns of unsurpassed game-getting qualities—guns which have won the name of "The Perfect Repeaters" among wild-fowl hunters.

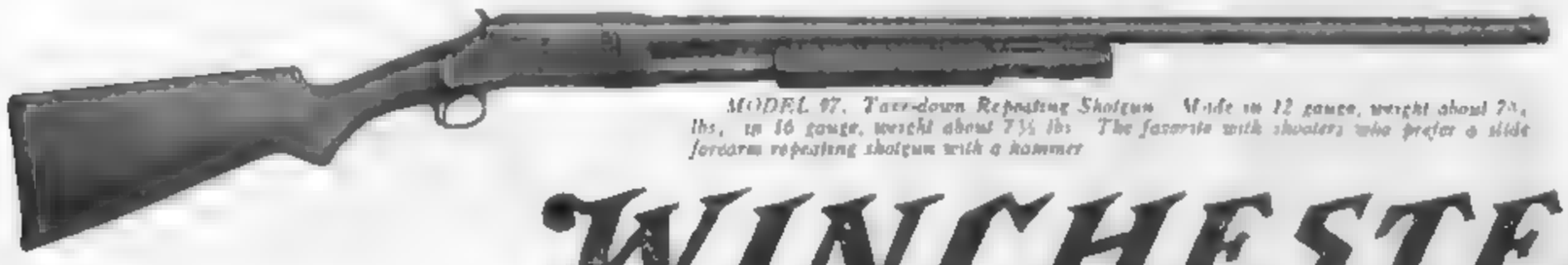
Write for details of Winchester shotguns and shells

Write for detailed specifications of the Model 12 and Model 97 and also for our new booklet on shells.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company
Dept. 501 **New Haven, Conn.**



MODEL 12. Hammerless Take down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¼ lbs; in 16 gauge weight about 6 lbs; in 20 gauge, weight about 6 lbs — more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil



MODEL 97. Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs, in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating shotgun with a hammer

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

Pledged

THIS entire organization with all its productive resources is pledged to the enthusiastic support of our Government's War Programme.

None of the peace-time Savage products will be made until every Governmental requirement, in which we are assisting, shall have been satisfied.

We feel that with this spirit behind our efforts we will have fulfilled our Government's expectations of us.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

UTICA NEW YORK

Manufacturers of the famous Lewis Machine Guns, Savage Automatic Pistols, High Power Sporting Rifles, High Grade Drop Forgings, Pressed Steel Truck Frames.

Don't give the Hun a chance to argue his "Peace by Agreement." Force it back into his throat with a bayonet.

(Concluded from Page 98)

"Two machines," replied Mr. Williams. In French he added: "Her draft is twenty-five feet aft."

The Frenchman smiled, nodded, braced his blue-clad legs well apart, twirled the horns of his mustache, and shouted:

"Full spid ahead!"

Next he looked very frankly at Mr. Williams' sea boots. Mr. Williams in his turn looked with equal interest at the pilot's nicely varnished black wooden shoes. So begins the appraisal of one seaman by another.

"Come down to my room, sir," said the Old Man, tapping Mr. Williams on the shoulder. "The third officer will take the bridge."

When they were alone together in the room the captain said, with a warm paternal smile:

"Will you have a drop of something?"

Mr. Williams' throat had gone very dry, but he replied bashfully:

"No, sir."

"Ah, it's just as well. It's just as well. Well, our work is done for the time, sir. We've brought her in. A very pretty piece of business I call it; and a good landfall to wind up with."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Williams.

He held all speech now for superfluity. Not otherwise must Hercules have felt just after setting the globe back on the shoulders of Atlas. Relaxed in a wicker chair, he gazed first at the captain's mahogany desk, then at the thick green-plush carpet, with a splash of sunlight on it.

What a fool he had been to entertain that notion of a spy! And the Old Man no less. He swarmed with curious thoughts. The cloud that had hung over him had vanished like the black squall, leaving him to bask in the pleasant sunshine of hope.

Could he believe his eyes? The captain was holding out to him a box of cigars. He took one with a cautious hand, as if fearful to break the spell of an enchantment that held him bound; lit it, and puffed luxuriously.

What scheme of life was at all comparable to this? If it was hard at times, were there not overwhelming compensations? Who but a fool could doubt it? If he had made mistakes, they had been atoned for. If there had been bitter misunderstandings, he could afford to smile at them. If he had been browbeaten—and had he really, after all?—well, even that was not more than he could forget this glorious morning, sitting here at ease in the Old Man's cabin, smoking a cigar that he had given him with his own hands. They were master mariners; on terms of glorious intimacy at last.

"We've brought her in." Certainly! Where was the harm in affirming that if it gave the Old Man pleasure? He was even willing to concede now that his captain's experience had been of some slight assistance to him at critical moments.

Mr. Williams was in the generous mood that banishes all memory of tyrannies and jealousies; a mood which must have given rise to the sentiment that the sands of time are golden. Wonderful, wonderful was the sea; wonderful and strange! Where was another mistress like her? Not in France; no, not in the inns of Genoa. Forever fresh, undefiled, invincible at heart!

If he had stormed her this time successfully, that was no assurance for the future. Tolerant for the nonce, in a breath she could check and overbear his insolence. He could never weary of her, since she was never twice the same.

The sun rose higher, and came through the open port, warm on his neck. The ship shivered to the thrust of the engines. Her decks crowded with new-shaved soldiery, she swam forward toward the lighthouse, which Slim could see framed in the port when he stood up to flick the ashes from his cigar into the little bowl with a silver mermaid sitting on its rim.

He saw the light through the blue smoke of his cigar, a noble monument upspringing like a white flame from the brow of an impalpable cliff; at its base a sea of lapis lazuli, blossoming with the red sails of the fishing fleet. The sun burned on the water; the wind was heavy-sweet with land odors.

A little bird alighted on the barrel of the great gun forward, and went hopping, hopping, hopping toward the breech. In the well deck the weary horses were munching hay for the first time in weeks. And all men's eyes were turned toward that magic world recovered for them by the mariner's art; at this distance a many-colored world, full of strange and tiny perfections, having the weird sharpness of a scene swimming in the depths of a magician's crystal.

Beautiful, wonderful and flattering, thought Mr. Williams. His own efforts had raised up this paradise to dazzle them.

His thoughts returned from these delectable journeyings. The Old Man, sitting back on the tip of his spine, was inspecting his cigar with narrowed eyes.

"What would you say, sir," he inquired presently, "to going first mate of this packet next trip? Have you got confidence in your ability to swing it?"

To save his soul Mr. Williams could not prevent his eyes from blazing with an eager light; but he murmured:

"I wouldn't want to put another man out of a job, sir."

"That's not my question, sir. This ship will be looking for another mate whatever you decide to do."

"I'm afraid my time is short."

"I can fix that."

"I can swing it; yes, sir," said Slim Williams.

"Then I will count on you, sir. I won't detain you any longer."

Alone in the chart room Mr. Williams stood twirling the dividers, walking them all over the Sahara Desert and taking no note of where they went. Chief officer! Then, after a trip or two, or year or two, captain of a ship like this! Just such another madhouse. He would be tough, he foresaw; if anything, tougher than this Old Man. That was the only way to get along, it was plain.

He reached across the North Atlantic and plucked the local inspector out of his chair for the hundredth time. The black brows of that terrible fellow crowded together; he looked up from his papers and growled:

"You've got to do better than try, sir—better than try."

"'Try never was beaten, sir!" countered Slim Williams with a stern joy.

He slammed open the log book and wrote under the appropriate heading:

"Moderate wind and sea; NE'ly swell; occasional squalls to fine and clear at end of watch."

Finally, going down to his room, he nailed the golden horseshoe firmly into place again.

(THE END)

No. 867
Price $100.00

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS
"Outwear Travel"

The Trunk De Luxe

Beauty incomparable—strength enduring—and there you have it—the new Belber Wardrobe number eight sixty-seven.

Verily it is a work of art—an interior equipped with every thought of travel comfort—an exterior beyond description—a harmony of exquisite, brown, Moorish DuPont Fabrikoid, Craftsman Quality—superb workmanship—and exclusive Belber design. More than a trunk—a beautiful piece of travel furniture behind which stands the double guarantee.

Belber Traveling Goods + DuPont Fabrikoid

Outwear Travel Craftsman Quality

Sold by most good dealers. If you cannot locate the Belber dealer in your city, write us.

Booklet upon request

The Belber Trunk & Bag Co.,
Philadelphia, Penna.
Makers of high grade Trunks, Bags and Suitcases

Starr—Our Star

Raymond Starr, of California, has perhaps broken more records as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post* than any other man on our staff. For example—

He secured 147 orders in one week when the temperature constantly wavered between 100 and 117 degrees.

He secured 30 orders in a mining camp in one day.

Another day, he secured 30 more orders in a Los Angeles skyscraper.

$100.00 a Week

His profits often exceeded $100.00 a week. He recently wrote: "I don't know any place where Curtis orders can't be taken. I find them on the street, on cars, in big cities, in country districts, in mining camps, and I get them from men and women."

But now Starr—like scores of our other "best"—is wearing a uniform.

And we need spare-time workers to take their places.

Will You Be One?

We will pay you liberally—in fact make you the same offer we made Starr. Orders are everywhere, as he says, and each order means a profit for you. You can easily average $10.00 a week *extra in spare time.*

Will you try it? Then write today for details, addressing The Curtis Publishing Company, 484 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

SE-MENT-OL

"Finds The Leak And Fixes It"

RADIATOR leaks used to mean laying up your car for costly soldering jobs.

But SE-MENT-OL, the radiator cement, has changed all that. Now, as a million motorists know, mending radiator leaks is a simple, do-it-yourself task that does not lay up your car for a moment.

Just pour SE-MENT-OL into the radiator and in a few minutes the leak is repaired—permanently. But be sure you use the genuine, with this name on the can—

NORWESCO
The Chemically Correct Line

SE-MENT-OL is a practical product—not a "meal" or a guesswork preparation, but a scientifically compounded radiator cement, made in both powdered and liquid forms. It has been in use for years—more than a million cans sold.

Because it is "Chemically Correct", SE-MENT-OL cannot possibly clog or injure the radiator or hose connections. It is so harmless you could wash your hands in it.

Give SE-MENT-OL a trial. Carry a can in your tool-box—you'll need it sooner or later and need it badly.

If your dealer does not sell NORWESCO products, fill out the Coupon and mail it to us, enclosing retail price and giving your dealer's name.

Mail the coupon for the interesting 24-page booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Car".

The Northwestern Chemical Co.
109 State Street
Marietta, Ohio
U. S. A.

SE-MENT-OL—Radiator Cement—Finds the Leak and Fixes It—... Sure as solder ... No letting up ... Cannot clog ... Canada, 85c

SKALEX—Prevents Engine Overheating—Removes con... 85

NORWESCO TOP DRESSINGS—Make Old Tops Look New—... quarts, $1 ... Canada, $1.00 and $1.60

Mohair Top Dressing Makes ... all top lin... and $1.60

UTILITY BLACK—Brings the New Look Back—Dries in one hour, hard and glossy. Use ... pints, 60c, ... $1.00 ... Canada 80c and $1.30

NORWESCO Valve Grinding Compound—Insures Pressure-tight Valves—... to work with. Gi... tight valve ... with less work ... 15c and $1.15

The Northwestern Chemical Co., Marietta, Ohio: Send booklet free. Send articles checked, for which I enclose $..... in ..... (MONEY ORDER OR CHECK)

Se-Ment-Ol ( ) Powder ( ) Liquid Valve Grinding Comp. Utility Black

Skalex ( ) Top Dressing : ( ) Mohair ( ) Leather

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

WHO PAYS THE TAX?

(Continued from Page 4)

where it apparently is to be found in largest quantities and most easily collected—'to get the most feathers with the least squawking.' The Committee on Ways and Means experiments and the Senate Finance Committee finds mistakes in the House experiments and proceeds to experiment along other lines; then the House and Senate compromise in conference, but the whole structure is only an experiment.

"It calls for experiment on a grand scale to raise $8,000,000,000 by direct taxation. The gold production of the world since the discovery of America has been about $16,500,000,000, and the total money stock of the United States on August first, as reported by the Secretary of the Treasury, was less than $7,000,000,000; but we are asked to levy internal taxes this year to produce $8,000,000,000. It is somewhat staggering. In 1915 the total ordinary revenues of the Government were less than $700,000,000, of which $210,000,000 was from customs taxes and $415,000,000 from internal taxes. The demand of the Treasury Department is for nearly twenty times as much internal revenue as in 1915. Put it another way: The per capita receipts for 1915 were $6.93; last year they were $35.99; this year they may be between $70 and $80, and the per capita expenditures may be $300, while the per capita of circulating medium, or money, is $52.44."

War's Labor Lost

"It is such figures as these that bewilder even members of the Committee on Ways and Means and other men who have made a study of revenue legislation. But we can't double and treble the revenues without doubling and trebling the taxes, and in such an emergency we can't put all the boils on the other fellow's nose. These new taxes will or ought to be spread out over the whole country, to every state and to every class of the people in every line of production and effort. They can't all be put on one or a dozen classes of production. They should be spread out like the selective draft, to the farmer, the working man, the small business and the big industry. They are all feeling the impetus of war in their business, their wages and prices, and they should all welcome the new taxes as heartily as the boys between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one were expected to welcome the draft law which selected them to do the fighting for all of us, which took them out of the industry, business and professional life, from the office, the factory and the farm, to go into the Army and leave to other men the advantages of their absence from competition. The workingman's wage has been doubled, the farmer's prices more than doubled, and everybody at home except the man of fixed income is riding on the wave of high prices, many of them without giving a thought to the causes—the Government taking two million men out of competition and the great demand for war supplies.

"The men who have been taken out of the productive industries have gone into the trenches to do the fighting and make the sacrifices, at thirty dollars a month. Some of them were earning ten times that much at home, but the Government did not consider the earning capacity of the man who came within the draft ages. It put him in the Army at thirty dollars a month and left his place and his earnings to others who were not called. Still we have strikes for higher wages, combinations to hold cotton and food products for higher prices, and many men at home quarreling over a share in this condition which called for the sacrifice of the most hopeful part of our population, the boys who are fighting and dying in France that the rest of us may live without the yoke of Germany about our necks.

I wonder if any of those who are bickering about profits of war and grumbling for fear they may have to pay more taxes realize that they are putting the boil on the soldier's nose by converting a national emergency into an individual opportunity. The Government Employment Bureau announces that 1,000,000 more workmen are wanted in war industries, and the National Industrial Conference Board presents tabulated statistics showing that in the first six months after we entered the war 6,285,519 workdays were lost to essential industries by strikes for higher wages, shorter hours and 'recognition of the union,' while Admiral Parks, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, testified before the conference committee on the Naval Appropriation Bill, May twenty-ninth, that common labor at the Norfolk Navy Yard, which was paid $1.60 a day before the war, now receives 40 cents an hour for an eight-hour day, and could only be had on the basis of a ten-hour day at $4.40. The admiral added that less useful work was secured for $4.40 than formerly for $1.60, and some of his superintendents placed it as low as 65 per cent.

"We have a law authorizing the President to call 'into immediate military service persons classed as skilled experts in industry or agriculture, however classified or wherever residing;' but whether ignorant of that legislation or confident that the President will never exercise the authority conferred on him by Congress to meet this emergency, we daily read of strikes for higher wages or refusal of men to continue work on war-emergency projects, of organizations of workingmen, of farmers and others to command higher wages and prices because of the war. And what a howl there would be if Congress reduced the exemption in the income tax to six hundred dollars, as Great Britain did, to enable the great majority to contribute to the support of the Army by paying a part of the taxes! It is an old saying that the people like to be fooled, especially to be clothed with virtues or inflicted with burdens which they have not, and there are millions of men and women in this country who are going through the make-believe of contributing to the support of the war when in fact they are simply thinking about their own individual or class affairs, perfectly satisfied to leave to other people not only the fighting but the sacrifices and the new taxes that must be levied to pay the enormous expenses of this war."

"Where were the taxes paid last year?"

"The preliminary report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for last year shows the aggregate collection through that office as $3,671,918,236.91, and that $2,273,000,000, or about two-thirds of the total, was collected in the five states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois; that $2,713,570,844.46, or three-fourths of the total, was collected in the fourteen states east of the Mississippi River, and north of the old Mason and Dixon Line—the old North—while less than one-fourth of the total was collected in the thirty-four other states, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines. The collections in the fourteen states which are known as industrial and urban averaged $57.92 per capita of population; in the thirty-four other states the average was $17.82 per capita. In New York the per capita collections were $81.61; in Pennsylvania, $69.12; in New Jersey, $35.03; and for that group of states, $70.40. In Massachusetts the per capita collections were $51.60; in Connecticut and Rhode Island, $57.09; and for New England, $43.56. In Illinois the per capita collections were $60; in Ohio, $56.51, in Indiana, $20.50; and in that group of states, including Michigan and Wisconsin, the per capita was $44.28."

Significant Figures

"The significance of these figures is that more than three-fourths of the revenue from war taxes in 1917 was collected in the industrial states, which have less than one-half the population and less than one-half the real wealth of the country; while the thirty-four states that have more than half the population and wealth paid less than one-fourth of this total revenue. Iowa has the largest per capita wealth of any state in the Union except little Nevada, or $3529 per capita wealth; and Iowa paid $7.70 per capita of war revenue, while New York, with a per capita wealth of $2300, paid a per capita revenue of $81.61; Pennsylvania, with a per capita wealth of $1939, paid a per capita tax of $69.12; and Illinois, with a per capita wealth of $2660, paid a per capita tax of $60. This may explain why the South and the West furnished the agitations for income tax and excess-profits taxes. Senator Depew at the time when the income-tax amendment was before the Senate said that he inquired of some advocates of that tax why they so much desired it, and received the frank reply: 'Because it

(Continued on Page 105)

WHAT NO OTHER TRUCK COULD DO !

93,600 Miles—31st Truck We Built

IF you could see the Kentucky roads over which these Indiana Trucks have been carrying mail, Passengers and Express for over six years, you'd wonder how *any* truck could stand up even one year.

—*And No Other Truck Did*

This unsolicited letter reveals the giant tasks the Indiana is capable of doing; this, the 31st truck we built, has run to date 93,600 miles. Such performance reveals the

112% Reserve Strength

which is built into every part and which is a big factor in the high earning power of the Indiana Truck it reduces maintenance costs and makes dependability certain. Individually and in fleets, Indiana Trucks have earned from $25 to $100 per truck per day. It is America's greatest truck value.

Not only because it offers $150 to $850 more value than do other trucks, but contains unusual features. For instance, the Indiana rear axle—the load carrier—has been tested in actual service for 100,000 miles. the truck has a high-powered, heavy-duty motor; oversize, heavy-duty bearings, disc type clutch; 4-speed transmission, a gasoline saving carburetor and a magneto of 100% dependability

Send for Our Book on What Your Hauling Ought to Cost

Write on your letterhead for a copy of Indiana Operating-Costs-Book. It will show you in dollars and cents what it will cost to haul your load over your road. Compare Indiana's hauling cost with your present hauling costs—the information will make money for you—write today.

Models: 1 ton; 1½ tons; 2 tons; 3½ tons; 5 tons

INDIANA TRUCK CORPORATION, Dept. 41, Marion, Indiana

Columbia Model Mills

Indiana Truck Corporation.

Gentlemen:

The two Indiana trucks that were first put on this road about 6 years ago to carry the Mail, passengers and express between here and Campbellsville are still running and doing fine.

One truck after another has been tried out and found to be a failure but the Indianas are still doing the business.

The business of carrying the Mail over this road had been tried 4 different times with Cars but each time it was a failure and it never was done successfully until we put on the Indiana trucks. Ever since that the 2 old cars have been in constant use.

It seems that the Indiana cars are the only ones that will stand up over this road and make money for the owners.

Yours very truly,

W R Wyan

INDIANA TRUCKS

In the Light of Efficiency and Safety

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

is valuable in neutralizing infection, allaying inflammation, relieving soreness and in the emergency treatment of wounds; non-irritating — non-poisonous. Booklet "Listerine in Domestic Medicine" — valuable and helpful — mailed on request.

Manufactured only by Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 102)

will make New York pay half the cost of the Government, and New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois pay the other half.' Well, it is not quite that bad yet, but we have had the income tax only four years.

"More than one-half of the gross income reported in 1916 was derived from personal service and business, and three-fourths of the gross income from salaries, dividends and business profits. This is the statement of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and it would indicate that the income tax is on business more than on property. It will probably be found that a larger percentage of the income taxes will be of that character in the report of last year when analyzed, because of a reduction in the exemptions from $4000 and $3000 to $2000 and $1000. It is a tax on industry and enterprise more than a tax on income from property—a tax, if you please, on the hustle of the unit. Then why shouldn't it go right down the line and apply to the majority of the people, to the man of small salary as well as to the man of larger salary?—for, after all, earnings are generally measured by the cost of living, a salary of $3000 in a large industrial center representing no more of comforts and savings than a salary of $1500 in a small community or in the country. I am inclined to think the time is not far distant when Congress will have to reduce the exemption in the individual income tax and let that tax reach substantially all incomes on a percentage basis. It would be a very small tax on the man of small income and it would make him conscious that he is helping to support the Government and have a sense of responsibility for the expenditures. It would help us to get rid of the rather questionable morality of associating 'liberty' with the privilege of spending other people's money."

"It has been charged that Congress favors property above manhood in taxation."

Some Modest Proposals

"Nonsense! Property does not vote, and men do in this country. You'll find that members of Congress pretty faithfully represent their constituencies, and the Treasury Department has shown us that about 100,000,000 people in this country did not pay any part of the $3,700,000,000 internal revenue last year. That is just the trouble with making revenue laws that directly tax the people. The great majority of untaxed resist new taxes put upon them, and they have the votes to elect Congresses. That suggestion is like the old complaint that the tariff was made for the trusts. The fact is that the best protective tariff laws were the best revenue laws, in that they supplied more revenue for the Government and it was collected at the customhouses on articles of foreign production. The McKinley Act produced more revenue than the Wilson Act, and the Dingley Act was the best revenue producer we ever had. You know I became somewhat unpopular back in 1904 because I could not see the advantage of revising the tariff when the country was on the high wave of prosperity under the Dingley Act. I did not see much force in the argument for a change just for the love of change, or to try new experiments in taxation and create uncertainty and uneasiness while we were experimenting. That is behind us, but the demand for revision of the Dingley rates came—first from the shoe men, who wanted free hides to be able to reduce the price of a pair of shoes to the ultimate consumer; and shoes advanced in price as soon as the tariff was removed from the imported hides, for Argentina put an export tax on hides and appropriated the revenue we surrendered. Then came the demand for free lumber, and it came largely from a section of the country that had had little but lumber to sell; but when it had been cut and sold the people there wanted free lumber to cheapen the cost of what they had to buy. Also the publishers wanted free print paper, and they have been in more difficulty since they got it than they were before.

"Back in the days when I happened to be Speaker a good many members were made uneasy just before election by the agitation for revision of the tariff. One day a Massachusetts member came into the Speaker's room, confident that he had made a discovery. 'Now, Mister Speaker, there is no sense in this talk of an extra session to revise the tariff. With a few simple amendments to the Dingley Act, passed at this session, the whole law will be made fair and the people will all be satisfied.'

"He was so confident that I thought he might have found a panacea, and I asked, 'What are your amendments?'

"'Why, they are very simple: Free hides, free wool, free coal, and reciprocity with Canada.'

"I said I would think them over, and as he left the room an Illinois member came in with the same confident air and proposed exactly the same thing—that a few simple amendments to the Dingley Act put through in a week would make it all right.

"I was impressed with an idea that the East and the West might have come together on this vexed question, and I again asked, 'What are your amendments?'

"'Very simple; so simple that I am surprised that none of us thought of them before. Here they are: A reduction of the duties on woolen and cotton goods, and reciprocity with France.'

"I looked at him to see if he was in earnest and then said: 'You and R—— have the same idea about a few simple amendments making the Dingley Act perfect, but you don't agree on your amendments.'"

And Never the Twain Shall Meet

"'Why, what does R —— want?'

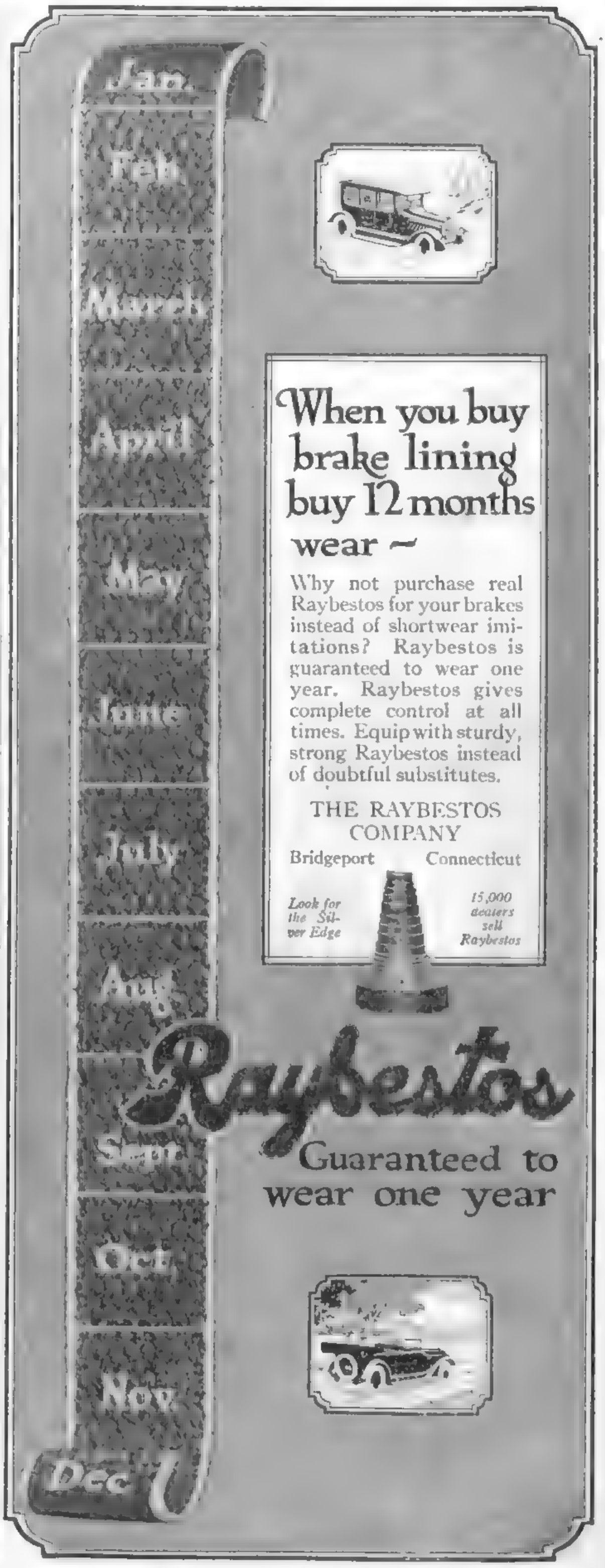
"'Only free hides, free wool, free coal, and reciprocity with Canada.'

"'The devil he does! Why, any one of them would spell the ruin of the country!' And the Illinois member went out, slamming the door behind him.

"So East was still East and West was West on this great problem of taxation, and a few simple amendments to the law would not make it universally acceptable and perfect.

"I sometimes think that our besetting sin as a people is the desire for change, especially in the law, by agitation and without deliberation. Our revenue laws have been changed every few years since the Government began, and largely by agitations started by one or two interested groups, and without considering the principal purpose of the law—revenue for the Government to enable it to perform its functions. When we have a law that will not produce the necessary revenue a change is necessary, but our greatest agitations have been to revise laws that produced a surplus of revenue. The American people never could view a surplus except with alarm. Back in President Jackson's administration Congress had to authorize the distribution of the surplus in the Federal Treasury to the various states on the basis of population, because a surplus was not in keeping with a national government that was secondary to the states under the old states' rights doctrine. But as we have more and more centralized the National Government, magnified its authority and permitted it to poach on the preserves of the states in matters of taxation, we have held on to the old theory that a surplus in the Federal Treasury is dangerous. We are told that Germany saved and prepared forty years for this war. The United States had gone in the opposite direction, and a great many people shared Mr. Bryan's opinion that the President could sound a bugle in the evening and have an army of a million men moving against the enemy by sunup the next morning. Well, we've discovered that armies are not organized in that way. We've been fifteen months in getting ready, have expended $13,500,000,000 and appropriated and authorized thirty billion dollars more, which we are to get—and we've only begun to fight! To comprehend these figures better compare them with the census report of 1914, showing the gross value of our manufactured products in that year was $24,000,000,000, and the gross value of all our farm products was less than $10,000,000,000.

"But Mr. Bryan's idea was not new. We've had it since the days of the Revolution, and it is a curious bit of history that our revenues reached the lowest mark just preceding our wars. It was so before the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, the Civil War, the War with Spain, and this war. Why, in 1861 Lincoln took office in the face of a rebellion of one-third of the states, and the Federal Treasury for that fiscal year collected only $41,000,000, while the year before the collections amounted to $56,000,000. In 1898 we had had nearly a year of the Dingley Law, but in the period of 1894–6 the President had been compelled to sell $260,000,000 of bonds to meet the



FEDERAL CORD TIRES

DOUBLE CABLE BASE

A STRONG tire means safety and service. A flexible tire means resiliency, comfort and economy.

The Federal Cord is strongest at the base, where the most strain comes. The four steel cables in the base insure that.

Like the modern skyscraper, it is anchored with steel—it cannot rock, shift or break under severest service strains.

Strong loose cords, laid in live rubber, and built up diagonally in double layers, form the carcass or superstructure.

Every cord is uniformly tensioned—every cord insulated against destructive frictional heat—every cord bears its full share of service load and strain.

The non-skid tread is its own best recommendation.

If you are skeptical about the merits of Cord Tires, try Federal, with its exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction. Convince yourself of its superiority.

If you prefer fabric tires, there are Federal "Rugged" white and "Traffik" black non-skid treads with Double-Cable-Base. They represent the best in fabric-tire construction. Federal Cord and Fabric tires for sale by leading dealers everywhere, or write.

The Federal Rubber Company of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

ordinary peace expenditures of the Government. The Underwood Act had to be supplemented with the emergency-revenue act within a year, and we have had four other supplementary acts to raise revenue enough for peace conditions, and now we are facing the urgent necessity of raising $8,000,000,000 by taxation to help pay the cost of the war. We hear men say the taxes must be assessed until they hurt, and yet many of the people who give expression to that view have no idea of taxes that will even touch them. We have gone along in this way of not providing for the future emergencies like this until it has become a habit, and millions of our people will, I suppose, always insist that Uncle Sam shall not have more than pocket change even after we have made him the almoner of all the people of all the world and expected him to finance every fad that can be suggested."

"You haven't said anything about luxury taxes. I suppose you approve them."

Uncle Joe lighted a fresh cigar, and after several puffs, still holding the lighted match until it almost burned his fingers, replied: "Yes; and here are two of my favorite luxuries. That little match is the greatest luxury I ever met. When my people emigrated from North Carolina in 1840 we stopped in Greensboro to lay in a stock of necessaries for the long journey. My aunt took me with her on a shopping tour, and she paid a shilling for a little box of matches. At the old homestead we had kept the fire going on the hearth day and night, winter and summer, because we had no other means of starting a new fire than by the use of a flint and dry tinder. But here was a small box filled with tiny sticks each tipped with sulphur and every one guaranteed to start a fire; and on the long journey over the mountains and through the forests my aunt guarded that little box as carefully as though it contained the crown jewels of an empire, only bringing it out when we could not borrow a coal from a settlement, a log cabin or a camp.

"Those matches were our dependence when we had passed beyond the reaches of civilization; and I somehow still think of a match as a luxury. The tobacco will grow, but the match had to be invented; and in that way began our luxuries, most of them becoming necessaries. We now tax the tobacco and not the match."

What are Luxuries?

"You will find a lot of different views as to what are luxuries. Mr. Blaine got into trouble with our low-tariff people by advocating a reduction of the tobacco tax on the ground that tobacco had become a necessity for the workingmen. It made him popular with the workingmen, but how he was abused by the Democrats, the preachers and the people who did not use the weed! But tobacco can bear a tax, has borne a heavy tax since the Civil War, and will continue to be taxed whether under the head of luxuries or necessities; and, as President Garfield said, the taxes on tobacco and liquors were the only purely voluntary taxes the American people paid under the old internal-revenue laws, because anyone who objected to paying those taxes had only to stop smoking, chewing and drinking to get from under the tax.

"We had a curious illustration of this difference of views as to what are luxuries in the debate on the Outage Bill, way back in 1880. Representative Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, North Carolina—no, not the present able Democratic leader of the House, but his worthy sire—offered an amendment to exempt from the whisky tax the first sixty gallons manufactured by any one person in one year. All the North Carolina members and nearly all the Southern members supported that amendment on the ground that whisky was an agricultural product and the poor farmer's necessity. It was when the Government was trying to break up moonshining in the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, but the moonshiners were more popular in those states than were the revenue agents. It was another invasion of the South by the Federal Government, and the people resented it. The members of Congress from that section took the part of the moonshiners and insisted that whisky was an agricultural product, that the poor farmer up in the mountains had only one way to get his corn to market: to make it into whisky, put the whisky in jugs, and with two jugs in opposite ends of a meal sack across the back of a mule go down the mountain to market. It was the same argument put forward by the men who engaged in the Whisky Rebellion in Western Pennsylvania in Washington's administration. It illustrates how even able statesmen with temperance views—and all the supporters of Mr. Kitchin's amendment professed to be advocates of temperance—will shy at a tax which touches their own constituents.

"Since moonshining has largely disappeared the Southern States have adopted prohibition, and whisky is regarded as neither a necessity nor a luxury but an abomination which should not be recognized even with a tax. They would substitute some other tax for that on whisky, which is expected to produce $500,000,000 revenue, and put the boil on the other fellow's nose: some fellow up North who, like Job, has become accustomed to tax boils and is not so sensitive to such annoyances.

"The automobile was a luxury when confined to the city streets; but ask a farmer about it now and you will learn that it is a farm implement, to be classed with plows, harrows, hoes and harvesters, which were also luxuries once to men who reaped their grain with sickles. Gasoline is no longer a luxury, silk is in less demand than cotton or wool, soda water is a necessary to the boys and girls; and as you go down the lists you will find that luxuries are like the old saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison."

After the War

"In such a dilemma why not adopt a consumption tax? That would cut the Gordian knot and reach us all, and it might restore our universal self-respect by all helping to raise the revenue to pay the cost of this war and lick the Kaiser. It ought to be a privilege to pay a tax just to have a part in that job. It would also help get rid of a lot of smug phrase-making about doing our bit, and at the same time trying to do the other fellow.

"I am not an expert in revenue legislation, but I realize that the Committee on Ways and Means has a big job in hand, and that it will have to reach out in every direction to secure eight billion dollars from taxation. I don't see how the Government can spend all the money that has been appropriated, but it is the President's responsibility to spend every dollar necessary to furnish the men and the supplies to win the war, and I am not ready to intrude my opinion to embarrass him in meeting his responsibility. So let the committee tax us all until it hurts without destroying the industries that must furnish the supplies for the Armies and the Allies, and also a large part of the revenues. The taxes on war profits can be applied on the basis of all that the industries can bear, the income tax increased until it takes a large share of the large incomes; but with all the taxes that can be collected from these sources there will still remain a considerable gap between the revenues and the demands of the Treasury. That deficit could be lessened by the revival of higher customs duties such as we had in the Payne-Aldrich Law, by consumption taxes and by reducing the exemption in the income-tax law. This war is not a passing incident in our history. It is a world cataclysm and calls for the greatest sacrifices the American people have ever been called upon to make, sacrifices of blood and of treasure; and those who are not sharing in the sacrifice of blood can afford to sacrifice their opportunities to increase their treasure, and make themselves worthy of the men who are in the trenches. Let every citizen have a share in licking the Kaiser. A tax receipt will be a testimonial of patriotism."

"And after the war?"

"After the war?" Uncle Joe smiled as he repeated the question, and then replied: "After the war there may be 'a new heaven and a new earth,' as revealed to Saint John where the 'tabernacle of God is with men'—perhaps with men over in France fighting for the preservation of Christian civilization; the Crusaders did not show such unselfish devotion as these American men on the battlefronts of Europe. After the war these men will come home to take their places again in the industries and business—yes, and the politics of this country; they will be here in Congress before long, perhaps in the White House, and they will bring with them that courage which all the world, even Germany, has recognized on the battlefields of France. These men will have the confidence of the American

(Concluded on Page 109)

The Kind That Satisfies Industry Will More Than Satisfy You

That Glidden Finishes *do* satisfy industry is amply proven by the long list of Glidden users in every industrial field.

where outside paint protection is demanded by The Emergency Fleet Corporation or a hundred odd shipbuilders on lake or ocean coasts, Glidden is meeting the need. Glidden Endurance Paint is based on a standard formula adopted by the Government, and following the combined recommendations of the paint experts of the country.

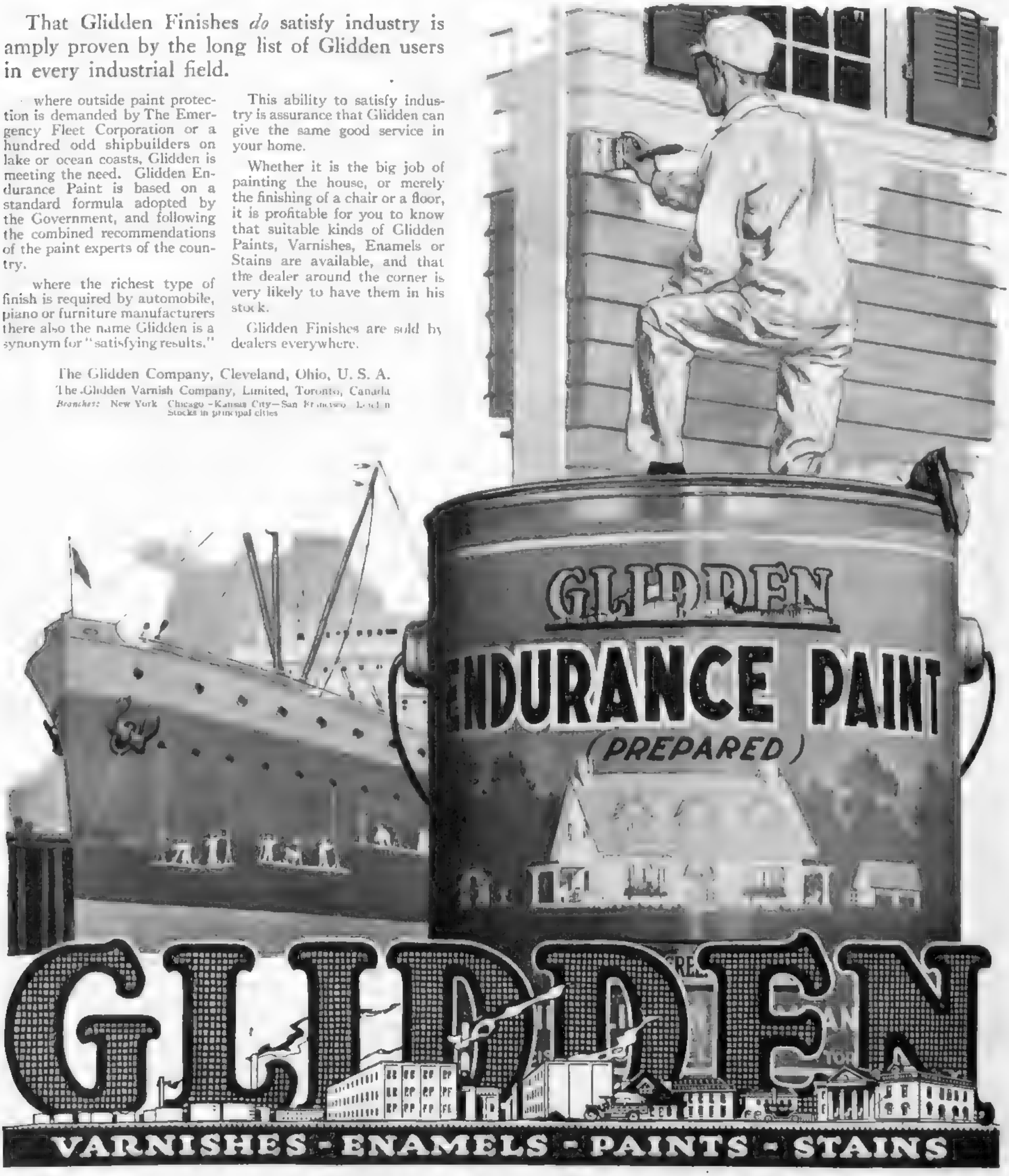
where the richest type of finish is required by automobile, piano or furniture manufacturers there also the name Glidden is a synonym for "satisfying results."

This ability to satisfy industry is assurance that Glidden can give the same good service in your home.

Whether it is the big job of painting the house, or merely the finishing of a chair or a floor, it is profitable for you to know that suitable kinds of Glidden Paints, Varnishes, Enamels or Stains are available, and that the dealer around the corner is very likely to have them in his stock.

Glidden Finishes are sold by dealers everywhere.

The Glidden Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
The Glidden Varnish Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Branches: New York Chicago—Kansas City—San Francisco London
Stocks in principal cities



FERTILIZER

Two big factors in modern warfare are food and munitions. The same material that helps enrich the soil of the wheat-fields of America also goes into the making of the powder that explodes a shell on the battle-fields of Flanders. This material is Sulphuric Acid—a chemical of such far-reaching importance that a shortage in the supply would seriously affect practically every industry in the land.

The New Jersey Zinc Company has been making Sulphuric Acid for many years. The same experience, equipment and manufacturing skill that govern the manufacture of its other products are behind this activity also. The Company's sources of supply, its facilities and its organization are such that it is able to supply the markets of the world with products of recognized worth.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *55 Wall Street*, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

(Concluded from Page 106)

people and deserve it, and they will have the courage to go forward in peace as they have in war, along old American democratic lines—not the imperial lines of Germany or the Bolshevik lines of Russia—to meet the issues of the day.

"One continuing issue will be taxation, for the interest on the public debt will almost equal and possibly exceed the total annual cost of the Federal Government before the war, and there will be need for taxation that will spread out like the grace of God to the great majority of the people that they may have the privilege of contributing to the support of the Government as well as the privilege of its protection. I don't imagine that the men who return from France will be less enterprising or less confident and courageous in civil life than were the men who returned from the Civil War to engineer the greatest individual enterprises of any time, creating an industrial development that enabled this country to equip our own great Armies and transport them across the seas, and at the same time supply the armies and civil populations of our Allies and finance their governments. Courage and saneness go hand in hand, and I should not be surprised to see more sanity and conservatism in legislation than we have had in the recent past, after the men come home, because they will have a hand in business and politics too.

"I expect those men will not only become captains of industry and business but will also see the wisdom of protecting the fruits of their enterprise and industry from a keener competition than we have had in the past, when all Europe looks to this as the best market in the world in its efforts to build up its own industries on a peace basis again.

"Though these young men will come home with broader sympathies they will probably see more clearly than others the force of Saint Paul's admonition: 'If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' I am inclined to think that no men will see clearer the wisdom of again extending our Federal taxation to the products of other countries when they come here to find a market in competition with our own production and labor, so that the foreign producer shall pay for that privilege just as do our domestic producers who are taxed for enjoying the home market. These men have 'read a fiery gospel writ with burnished rows of steel' in defense of their country, and they will defend it in peace as well as in war.

"On the whole I am willing to leave the future to the boys who are making a future possible, and join in that old chorus, 'Glory glory, hallelujah, His truth is marching on,' when the boys come marching home."

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Sportsmen's Greatest Year

ANY popular song is merely a crystallization of a general frame of mind. Any proverb has truth under it. There is a proverb running to the effect that an army can afford to lose many battles provided that it shall win the last one. There is yet another proverb going to pretty much the same effect, which saith: "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better."

Sometimes victory comes to the Holdfast dog so much deferred that he almost forgets when he first took his leg-holt. That is pretty much the situation in sport in America to-day. The year 1918 is the greatest in the history of American sport in the number and character of victories won by the amateur sportsmen; and the victories are all long-deferred.

For instance, it was more than thirty-five years ago that a few men began a campaign against spring shooting of wild fowl. They were derided and execrated very generally. Their fight progressed to the extent that many laws were passed for and against the proposition of spring shooting—laws which were revoked, repealed, ignored or partially observed, like most laws controlling out-of-doors sport in America. Up to the last year spring shooting went on without any material restriction.

But this year the spring shooter might just as well put up his gun and put it up forever. He has lost his fight. It is a fight that has gone above personal questions of principles in sport, has gone to the state courts, the district Federal courts, the Supreme Court of the United States—and even beyond that. And in spite of all, after all these years, the Holdfast dog won, in the month of July, 1918. On July third President Wilson signed the enabling act of the Wild Fowl Treaty with Canada.

Almost as long ago as the first fight against spring shooting, certain sportsmen began an apparently hopeless fight to stop the sale of game in America. It seemed an impossible thing that our teeming game markets could ever be closed or even restricted. Every thinking man knew there could be only one end to the matter if unrestricted sale of game went on—the supply of wild game must be extinguished. It came nearly to that. Meantime, to be sure, one state after another, with an astonishing disregard to the personal preferences of a great many shooters and buyers of game, passed laws forbidding its sale. And then came the great step toward Federal regulation of the sale of game, known as the Lacey Act.

But this year, all at once and overnight, the whole question of the sale of game in America was settled. It was done at the same time that the question of spring shooting was settled. Mark July 3, 1918, as the date of the fall of the Bastile in sport.

That is to say, that late in June of the current year the Act of Congress, known by the short title of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, received final ratification as to its enabling features. This closes the so-called Wild Fowl Treaty with Canada. It will make no difference now whether or not the courts shall decide against the constitutionality of this act. It is now superconstitutional. It is the law of the land, and the supreme law of the land. The Holdfast dog has won!

This is a very important measure, not only to sportsmen but to the general public, and it is well to hold in mind its general tenor. Copies of the law can be obtained by any who desire them by application to one's congressman. It is sufficient here to state that in regard to migratory birds the law provides:

"Sec. 2. That unless and except as permitted by regulations made as hereinafter provided, it shall be unlawful to hunt, take, capture, kill, attempt to take, capture or kill, possess, offer for sale, sell, offer to purchase, purchase, deliver for shipment, ship, cause to be shipped, deliver for transportation, transport, cause to be transported, carry or cause to be carried by any means whatever, receive for shipment, transportation or carriage, or export, at any time or in any manner, any migratory bird included in the terms of the convention between the United States and Great Britain for the protection of migratory birds concluded August sixteenth, nineteen hundred and sixteen, or any part, nest or egg of any such bird."

Section Seven of the same act states that nothing shall be construed to prevent the states and territories from making laws not inconsistent with the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. That is to say, they can give additional protection, but not give less protection. The thing to hold in mind is that the shooting and the sale of migratory wild fowl in America is wiped out, except under the regulations of the Agricultural Department.

That department has asked the opinion of an advisory board as to the seasons, zones, and so on, to be established in the execution of the discretion allowed under the law. That discretion must, in accordance with Section Three, have due regard to the "zones of temperature and to the distribution, abundance, economic value, breeding habits and times and lines of migratory flight of such birds."

So there you are. To be sure, it is up to bureau administration in Washington. But whatever may be charged against certain of the Washington bureaus it is not to be supposed for a single instant that spring

"Another hole would have finished me"

"What's the trouble—you didn't have to extend yourself to trim Frank."

"Chafing, Cap., I'm *raw*."

"Gee! if a little game of golf does you in, I wonder how you would stand a ten-mile hike in army underwear and uniform, with bayonet practice to finish up on. Some of the boys at the training camp nearly went crazy from chafing and sore feet."

"What did you do about it?"

"One of the fellows got from his folks a box of powder that was recommended by their family doctor for just that sort of thing. We used it and it got in its relief work in a hurry. It took away all the burn and smart. It seemed to cling to the skin and didn't rub off nor wash away from perspiration. I keep a box in my kit and have helped out a lot of soft privates. Great for sore feet and sunburn."

This powder was Kora-Konia—a preparation on which our chemists have been working for a long time.

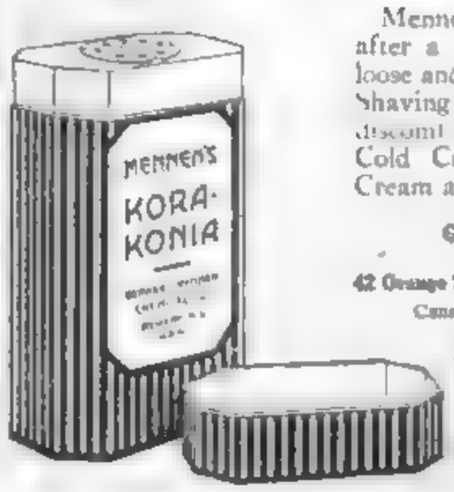
Kora-Konia must not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action but contains in addition several ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture resisting and healing.

There is probably no single gift a soldier would get more comfort out of, than a box of Kora-Konia. If you chafe easily it will be a blessing to *you*. Its relieving effect on sunburn is almost miraculous. It is valuable for any skin irritation due to external cause.

We will mail you a physician's sample of Kora-Konia for 10 cents. A full-size box costs 50 cents.

Do You Chafe?
Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief

MENNEN'S
KORA-KONIA



Mennen's Talcum Powder is great after a bath. It makes clothes feel loose and prevents friction. Mennen's Shaving Cream has taken most of the discomfort out of shaving. Mennen's Cold Cream and Tar Shampooing Cream are fine.

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.
Laboratories:
42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.,
Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec
Sales Agents in Canada,
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
Toronto, Ontario

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.,
42 Orange Street,
Newark, N. J.

I enclose 10 cents. Please send me a sample of Kora-Konia.

Name

Address

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

why Stewarts are "essential"

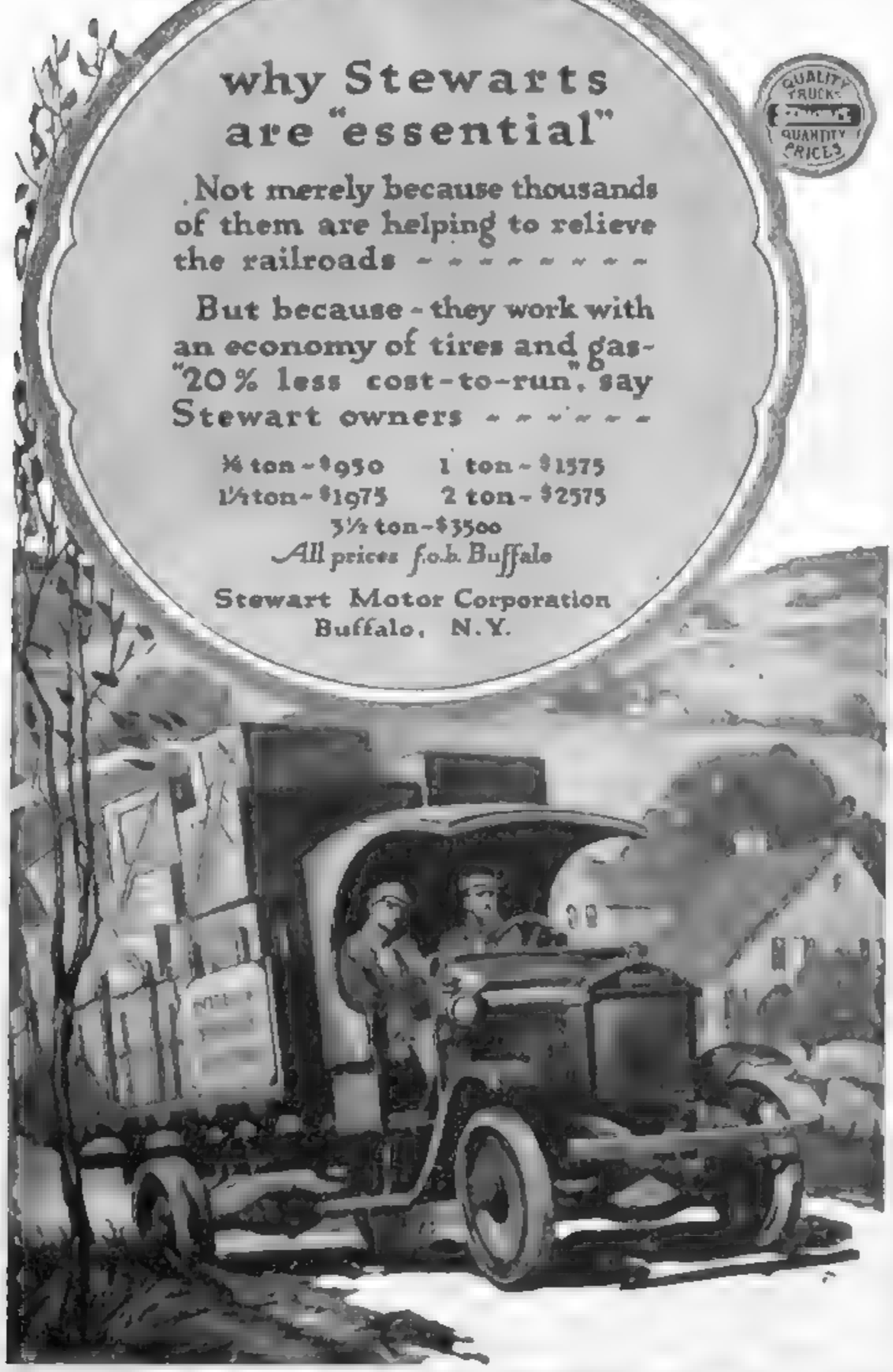
Not merely because thousands of them are helping to relieve the railroads

But because - they work with an economy of tires and gas- "20% less cost-to-run", say Stewart owners

¾ ton - $950 1 ton - $1375
1½ ton - $1975 2 ton - $2575
3½ ton - $3500
All prices f.o.b. Buffalo

Stewart Motor Corporation
Buffalo, N.Y.

QUALITY TRUCKS QUANTITY PRICES



Fitall Adjustable Toilet Kit

All Fittings Fit In the Fitall

Men and women can now obtain a Fitall Adjustable Toilet Kit which will hold just what they wish to carry and changes can be made in a jiffy.

The secret of the Fitall lies in the adjustable straps and patented Nonmetalock which hold all fittings securely. Three large underneath pockets provide ample space for extra traveling requisites.

Military Fitalls of waterproofed khaki and serge are just the thing for army and navy, also for motorists and anyone who travels.

Fitalls may be had fully equipped or empty to carry your own toilet articles or any you wish to buy. Fitalls are exceptionally light and compact and are made in various sizes of flexible leathers and attractive cravenetted fabrics from $1.50 up.

Look for the Fitall label in every kit and refuse imitations. Ask your dealer to show you Fitalls. Your store should carry these practical and compact Toilet Kits. If not, send for illustrated booklet.

EISEMAN, KAYE CO., Ekco Bldg., Chicago
Mfrs. of EKCO Make Leather Goods
Pat. U. S. and Foreign Countries
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
(35)

shooting or the open sale of game ever will be allowed again in America. The fight is won—won so unexpectedly that sportsmen to-day are rubbing their eyes over it.

Any political logrolling or wirepulling over this thing now will come pretty near to starting a lynching bee. The people will demand an enforcement of this law, and will take no further explanations for its nonenforcement.

One of the great arguments against the passage of the original law out of which this treaty grew was that it cut off spring shooting in the middle portion of the Mississippi Valley, but allowed heavy winter shooting of wild fowl on the Gulf Coast. Of course, that was no argument—to sanction the reckless slaughter of wild fowl in one place because it was done in another; but the extreme heaviness of the shooting along the Gulf Coast in the winter time and the certainty that more and more shooters would go there to indulge in it put up an important question at once to the Department of Agriculture. It must regulate the excessive bags of migratory wild fowl made on the coast of Louisiana. That state is the foremost in the Union in the extent and the beneficence of her game refuges—hundreds of thousands of acres of refuges have been established along the Louisiana Gulf Coast, where wild fowl shooting is forbidden forever at any time or under any pretext. Now a sternly regulated bag limit in Louisiana, with no exceptions, no extenuating circumstances, will cinch the wild fowl supply of America absolutely and forever.

Already, during the years of half pause, while the test cases were pending, there has been a great decrease in spring shooting, and the result in the increased numbers of wild fowl is absolutely unmistakable. There are more ducks in the fall in the Upper West, the Middle West, the Lower West and the South than have been known for half a generation. Have you also perhaps noted the extreme abundance of robins of late all over the Northern States? The robin is protected under this act. The increase of this species has been extraordinary.

These things are of such outstanding importance in American sport that it seems very fitting to complete here a record which might otherwise never be completed, of the men who were generals in this long fight, which has extended almost over a generation.

The first notable proponent of the idea that spring shooting was wrong was the editor of a Western sporting journal, Dr. N. Rowe, dead now for many years. He fought even his best friends in support of his idea, though for a long time the fight was regarded as hopeless. If memory serves correctly that fight was begun more than thirty years ago. Certainly one recalls that in the year 1888 it was going on strenuously.

Stopping the Sale of Game

The almost equally great, or possibly greater, idea, that of stopping the sale of game—a measure considered at first radical and wholly impossible—was that of the editor of another sporting journal, published in the East. His name was C. B. Reynolds, and he has long since passed out of active sporting journalism. The fight, under the slogan "Stop the sale of game," was taken up more than twenty years ago. The Lacey Act, prohibiting the transportation of game illegally killed, was the outgrowth of that campaign, and so were the many state laws which stopped the sale of game.

Thus began one of the first steps toward the victory which the National Government has concluded for the sportsmen this year.

In the final stage of this contest which began so long ago, that is to say, in the origination and support of the basic idea of this Migratory Wild Fowl Law, the main credit belongs to George Shiras, 3d, of Pittsburgh and Washington, son of Justice Shiras, of the Supreme Court of the United States. It was he who first made the rough draft of the law and who argued on different occasions as to its constitutionality. There were a great many others who helped in the development of the idea of the old Weeks-McLean Law and in the ratification of the treaty, but Mr. Shiras is entitled to be regarded as its first and most valuable supporter. It is quite fitting to say here, also, that America never had a more simple, more modest and more able sportsman than Mr. Shiras. He is perhaps best known in America as the originator of the flashlight photography of wild game. His first pictures of deer, taken at night by flashlight cameras which they themselves had released, made a revelation in photography and in sport as well. There began at that time the feeling that there might be something in outdoor sport besides killing things. The growth of the camera in the open field has been distinct from that time on.

The keynote of the campaign, the idea which makes the result incontestable and nonforfeitable, is due to that able keynoter, Hon. Elihu Root, one of the country's ablest lawyers and diplomats. I understand that it was Mr. Root who first pointed out that a treaty with Canada would conclude the whole issue, and set it above even the United States Supreme Court's decision.

Men Who Have Helped

I think also that Representative Henry D. Flood, of the sporting state of Old Virginia, chairman of the House Committee that had this enabling act in hand, ought to be mentioned here. It required a considerable political nerve to report out this bill favorably and to support it on the floor of the House. Mr. Flood had the Old Virginia nerve to do it. The names of Doctor Rowe, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Shiras, Mr. Root and Mr. Flood ought to be written down permanently in the sporting records of America. They blew down the Bastile.

Hip, hip, hooray! then, for the new Migratory Bird Law. It is cinched, signed, sealed and delivered. We did not deserve it, but we have got it. Holdfast is a good dog.

Yet other Bastiles of the enemy have fallen into the hands of the sportsmen this year, simply, easily and unexpectedly. While upon the subject it ought to be mentioned, perhaps, that there has apparently died in committee what was known as the Sulzer Bill, looking toward the cold-storage of Alaskan big game. It is to be hoped that this measure will never show again, because it is contrary to the tenor of the day's thought in matters of wild game.

Equally satisfactory is the feeling of all sportsmen toward the Food Commission of the United States. That body has come out squarely in favor of the rational and intelligent sportsmanship in America. It has stood against the removal of all closed seasons in fishing and shooting; has kept the sheep out of the National Parks; has declared that the great game of the country is a resource which ought to be preserved and not destroyed out of hand. This victory, though not so sensational as that above recorded, is none the less distinct and far-reaching in its effect, and the facts regarding it ought to be remembered by sportsmen to whom perhaps they are not wholly familiar.

Yet another extraordinary feature of the year remains to be chronicled, and this particular scribe performs that duty with a certain surprise.

Millions of Americans know that the Government has taken baseball into regulation, and that professional ball was this year pretty roughly handled and almost put off the slate when it was ordered to shut down September first.

I recall that some time ago, not merely for the wish to be eccentric and different, I recorded the fact, perhaps in these columns, that I was the only man in America who never had seen a game of professional baseball, and never intended to do so. That was simply an extreme statement of a conviction that commercialized sport, though it may be American, is not good for Americans; whereas amateur sport, practiced by each man for himself and by himself, cannot fail to be of great benefit to us as a people. I always did believe in baseball when played, and never did believe in it when watched on a gate-money basis.

Here is a quotation from the sporting page of an evening paper which for years has run the box-type scores of the game even more prominently displayed on the front page than the tremendous war news from the Western Front in Europe—which seems to me a desecration to-day. The change of heart is so absolutely in line with doctrine which long ago was hailed as absurd, but which is now accepted, that I cannot refrain from offering it here:

"Baseball was a great thing for the nation. But it was a greater thing for a handful of keen business men who owned the

(Continued on Page 113)

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Backing the Fighter

Back of our fighting man in France stands the mechanic who labors in our factories and munition plants. Back of the mechanic stands the miner whose broad back bends to his task in the dark heart of some mountain. And back of the miner stands the power of explosives, loosening the grip of Mother Earth on her wealth of metals and minerals.

Without the gigantic force of explosives it would be utterly impossible for us to produce in sufficient quantities the munitions to supply our armies over there; the steel to build our battleships; the coal whose latent energy turns the wheels of our great manufacturing plants; the copper which goes to make our dynamos, cables, and shell casings; the gold which helps us carry the great financial burden of the war.

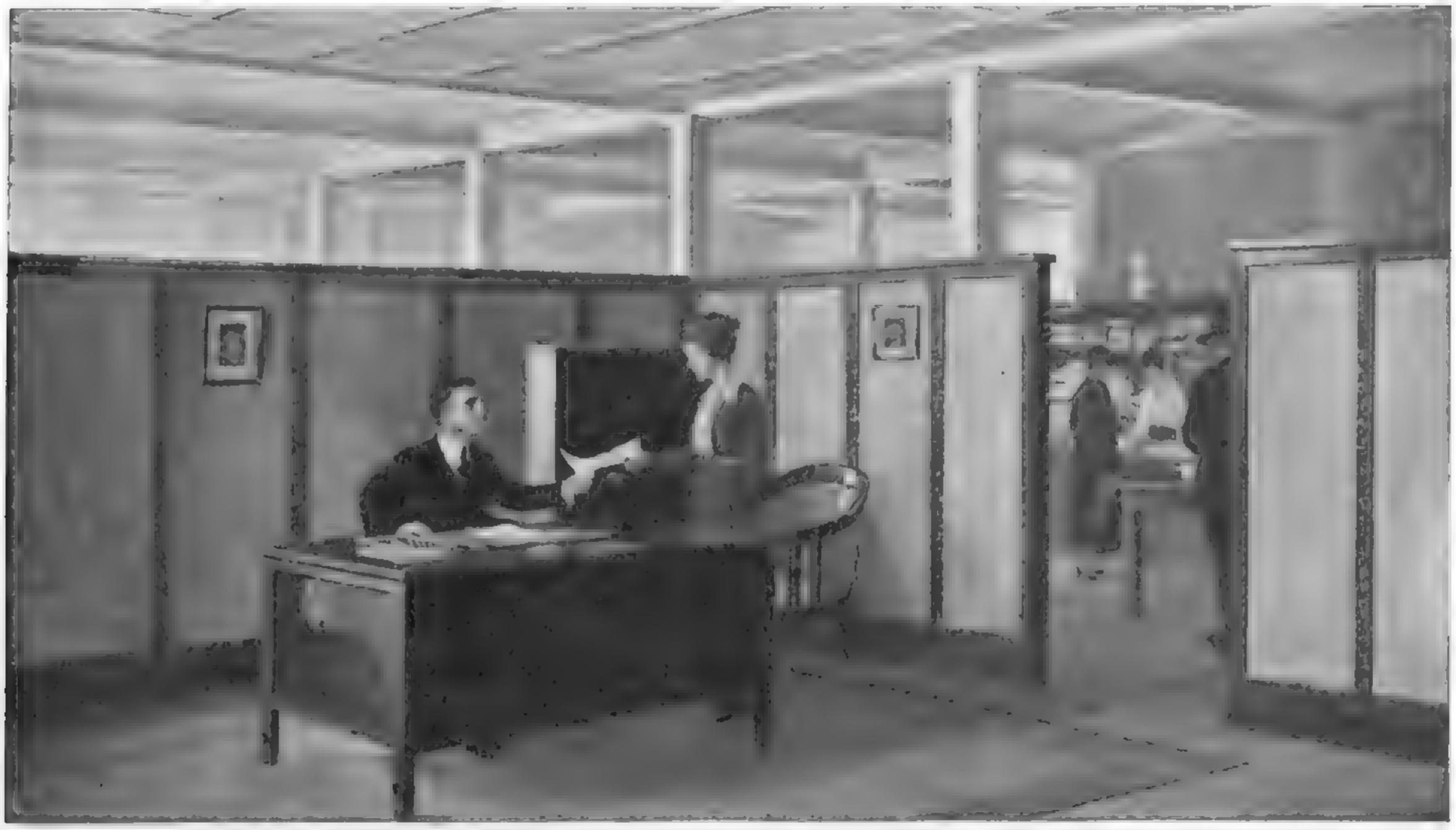
The Hercules Powder Co. is supplying a very large proportion of the explosives used by American miners, to whose patriotic labor is due, in no small degree, our present vast production of the materials of war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	Joplin	Memphis	San Francisco
Denver	Pittsburg, Kan.	New York	St. Louis
Hazleton, Pa.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Salt Lake City	Wilmington, Del.

BEAVER BOARD

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS



An Ally of Good Business

Welcome your customers in an attractive Beaver Board office like this. You can win more trade for your store, more sales for your business, amid the pleasant surroundings that come from Beaver Board walls and ceilings.

A newly finished and decorated office, like a new suit, puts new life into a man. It gives an air of success. It puts more snap into the whole staff.

Business has many uses for Beaver Board. Whether for new buildings or for remodeling and repairing, this substantial building material finds equally practical uses. On walls and ceilings, in partitions and screens, booths, windows, displays and backgrounds, it gives the same good service.

Beaver Board will cover up any kind of old dingy cracked walls. It goes on new partitions in the same successful way. You can do hundreds of good jobs about the store or factory with this knotless, crackless manufactured lumber. No wonder it displaces lath and plaster, while it saves upkeep expense.

For big ceilings Beaver Board is the logical building material. Its constantly increasing use for the ceilings of auditoriums, theatres, department stores and office buildings is conclusive testimony of its practical value for such important work.

Send for new book "Beaver Board in Business." It illustrates and describes the many practical uses for Beaver Board in business.

BEAVER BOARD
FIRE WOOD FINISH

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES

18 Beaver Road **Buffalo, N. Y.**

CANADA
135 Wall St. Beaverdale Ottawa

ENGLAND
4 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

AUSTRALIA
162 Kent St. Sydney N. S. W.

NEW ZEALAND
Victoria and Harris sts. Wellington

IN THE UNITED STATES
at Boston New York Philadelphia Cleveland Detroit Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City Atlanta San Francisco

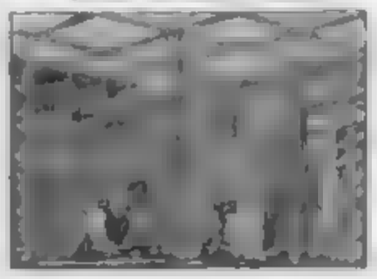
Manufacturers also of Beaver Greenboard and Beaver Blackboard
Distributors in principal cities, dealers everywhere

Ideal for Window Trimming

Solution of Big Ceiling Problem

Makes Handy Portable Backgrounds

Practical for Stores, Rooms



Lends Dignity to Public Buildings

(Continued from Page 110)

concrete grand stands and sold the popcorn privilege and the peanut privilege and the red-hot privilege and the program privilege and the cushion privilege and ice-cold-drink privilege and the advertising space on the outside of the fence and the advertising space on the inside of the fence and rented the auto parking space and made a dicker with the hitherto unheard-of watering place in some sun-baked Southern State for a training camp, with the arrangement for free hotel accommodations for the advertising the herein-above-mentioned watering place was to get in the newspapers up North every spring. Yep, baseball was a great thing!"

The truth is that America is taking stock, and doing a little thinking. She is just discovering that there are two worlds, one indoors and one out-of-doors, and that a man not only may live in both but ought to and must live in both. The great medical boards in our Army and back of it already are announcing their policy for the reclamation of the wrecked men who are and will be coming back from the Front; and they say that out-of-doors sport is going to be one of the great saving factors, and that they intend to use it.

Now if that be true certainly it is wise for America to preserve something of outdoor sport and outdoor life to present to those men who have saved her in the great fight for all the principles of the world. Holdfast is a good dog.

In all these matters there has been a certain conflict of racial notions, and we may perhaps regard the amateur sportsmen's triumph in this year of grace as a breaking out at a late date of the original sporting principles of this country. Where did we get those principles, and where were they best exemplified? I presume nowhere better than in the colonial life of America, which was stamped with the old Anglo-Saxon idea regarding field sports. We got that from France and from England—never from Germany. The basic idea of sportsmanship is that of fair play. If you search the German language you will find, I am told, no word and no phrase for "fair play."

On the contrary, you will find in their language, and in their practice of war in France and Belgium, reiterated over and over again the principle that everything goes. I do not believe it to be true that the intense activity of American business life, that chase for the dollar for which we have received an unjust and unholy fame, ever originated from the old colonial portion of America. I don't think it originated in France. I don't think it originated in Great Britain. I do think that it originated in the Germanic and other races of Europe and the Orient. We have had it among us here. There has been only a sort of hopeless, foolish war waged against it all these years by some foolish adherents to the old Holdfast theory.

Holdfast Gets its Leg-Holt

And now, calmly and deliberately, the Holdfast dog of America, of England and of France has taken its leg-holt and closed its eyes in another great fight, that for all the unselfish and altruistic and decent things of the world. If necessary it will go to sleep on the job, but it will not let go. In time that sort of dog is going to win its victory. It will be the victory of justice and of fair play and honor, and when that great victory is won the world will be indeed a better place to live in. We shall get more comfort out of life, more happiness, more excellence in every way—more art, more literature, wider and more seemly views of life and human relations. All of these things are more or less tied up in the broader creed of actual sportsmanship, and we are not at liberty to dismiss as careless men or idle men those who first stood for those principles in our country generations ago.

Continually the trend seems to be upward and onward after all, bitter as are the animosities sometimes engendered in these fights against human selfishness. Thus for many years I recall that a few of us—a very few indeed—began to feel that trap-shooting of live pigeons was not a sport for gentlemen. This in spite of the fact that all over England and France and at Monte Carlo and in the United States it was practiced by gentlemen. But a few people began to say that it was wrong to reduce a bird to possession and then turn it loose and kill it. The remembrance of trap-shooting grounds covered densely with the dead bodies of wild pigeons—a species of bird now wholly extinct—came to the minds of some of these early writers with a sense of horror. They could not endure the thought, and they began to protest. I can myself recall having been obliged—as I supposed—to report scores of trap-shooting events when hundreds of English sparrows might be seen hopping round crippled on the ground in front of the trap shooters—shot down by loads of Number Twelve shot fired from ten-gauge shotguns in a competition which was called sport! That thing sat heavily on me.

There is no money on earth could induce me to report a sparrow shoot or a pigeon shoot to-day. I am done with it, and I believe that that day of the world has passed and gone.

What is the case to-day in regard to the shooting of pigeons? I have seen five hundred dollars change hands on a side bet on one shot in a pigeon shoot. If you want to see five hundred dollars change hands—that is to say, pass from your pocket to that of Uncle Sam—suppose you try shooting some pigeon which you see flying across the country. It is against the law to-day. Why? Because we are at war. The carrier pigeon is to-day a most useful and, indeed, almost a sacred bird. We train them in the Army more and more every month. The value of a good pair of these birds runs from fifty dollars up to five hundred dollars, so it is said.

A Smart Western Lad

And do you not perhaps recall the heroic story of the little band of the French Army which was cut off in a wood in the second phase of the great German drive of 1918? They sent out four carrier pigeons with messages, after all their human messengers were shot down and all their telephone wires were gone. Three of these messages said "We are still holding." The fourth said "Doomed." Would you want to shoot any sort of pigeon after that? Would you want to shoot a pigeon when perhaps it was carrying word inland from a ship out at sea which was being attacked by an enemy submarine?

So we see times have changed in that particular as well. I doubt if the pigeon shoots at Monte Carlo ever will be resumed, though perhaps the world may change partially back again in the next swing of the pendulum. Just now, without any doubt whatever, sobriety, conservation, preservation, temperance, moderation—are watchwords of the day in sport as in everything else. Thank God! It means better manhood.

As bearing on this question of the Federal Government taking over the pigeons of America under its protection a little episode which actually occurred in a large Western city may very well be given here. A little boy ten years of age, son of a pigeon fancier in the city, was out walking in one of the great city parks.

He saw some pigeons flying overhead, and was watching them, as was his custom, being the son of a fancier. He heard the report of a gun, and saw one of the birds fall, saw a man pick it up and turn toward one of the houses of the park. The boy kept him under observation all the time, and then went to the telephone. As he knew the name of the officer in charge of the pigeon service work of the signal corps in that city the boy had shrewdness enough to call up that officer. Inside of five minutes the lieutenant in charge, in company with two secret-service officers, was in a car on his way to the park.

The boy met them at the rendezvous they had given, and they all went after the man who had shot the pigeon. He turned out to be the keeper of the animals in the park! He claimed that he had shot the pigeon to feed a sick lion. He had killed a government carrier pigeon, properly marked and attested.

You can imagine the sort of half hour this gentleman had with the officers. It is a safe bet that he will not shoot any more pigeons.

In all these great and somewhat epochal movements which affect pretty much all of us one way or another a certain amount of effort at compromise or renewal or adherence to old ideas and customs naturally will be manifested. For instance, a great many people will miss the opportunity to buy Irene a canvasback or mallard for dinner, along with the cold bottle which once

Brush Teeth
In This Way for a Week

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Watch the Film Go

Dental science has obtained a new and better method of teeth cleaning. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a One-Week tube to show its unique results.

Its object is to end the film on teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles—that slimy film which gets into crevices and stays, and which resists the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film is the great tooth destroyer.

Old methods of tooth brushing fail to end film. That is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. This new method does remove it, and we urge you to prove it by a simple one-week test.

A New Dental Era

Dental authorities have watched the Pepsodent action in thousands of cases. Years of proving show that this product marks a new dental era.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Old methods for using pepsin were impossible on teeth. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid which destroys enamel.

But modern science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent. And it solves the problem of this film as nothing else has done.

The result is a dentifrice which, authorities say, must supersede the old kinds. You will know that when you try it.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Those results are essential to your teeth's protection. You will want them always when you see them once. Cut out the coupon now.

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 201, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station.

Pepsodent
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(133)

Called to the Colors!

YOU may still obtain Barrington Hall, the Bakerized Coffee, from your grocer as usual, although eight hundred thousand cups of this famous coffee are being brewed every day and sent overseas to the battle front in concentrated form.

The physical fitness of American fighters must be maintained at highest efficiency, and they are not only getting coffee in their daily rations but they are getting the best.

This splendid coffee will also help you to keep fit while doing your part here at home.

Barrington Hall costs no more per cup than ordinary coffee because it makes more cups per pound. If not sold by your grocer send us his name and we will mail you a generous sample.

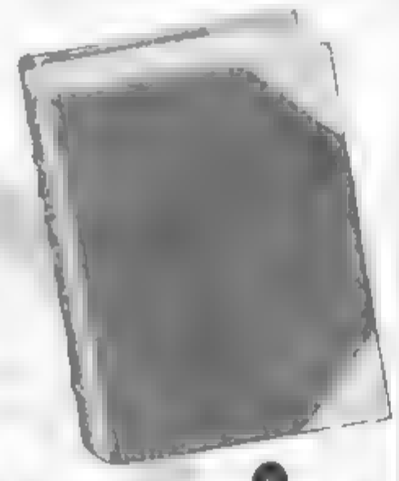
Baker Importing Company

116 Hudson Street, New York — 246 North Second Street, Minneapolis

Barrington Hall
The Bakerized Coffee

Spare Hours [illegible] cash by acting as a [illegible] representative. If you want $10.00 a week [illegible] we'll help you to get it. Write to the Curtis Publishing Company, 440 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa. Extra Money

War—



Has Not Changed the Quality of

SANFORD'S
PREMIUM BLUE BLACK
WRITING FLUID

Sold Everywhere

was good form, but which no longer may be called such. What can be done for this suffering citizen?

The attempt has been made in some few states to solve this question by private game preserves. Laws have been passed allowing the sale of game from such preserves in several of our states. I personally do not believe in the sale of game at all, because I know that a loophole, legal or illegal, is all that the illegal game sellers want. The safest doctrine, and in my belief the best doctrine, is to wipe it out altogether, and put on the old idea of American sport, which was that animals *feræ naturæ* belonged to the man who reduced them to possession. That is the old common-law idea, under which good systems of sport have been known for generations. Modify that by the acceptance of the American idea that under their police powers the states and the National Government have the right to regulate the killing of game which is the property of all the people, and you have what seems to me to be as good a solution of the game question as we ever are going to have in America—and one which is safe, now that the great Bastiles have fallen.

In all likelihood, however, that question will solve itself. It costs about a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half to rear a mallard duck to maturity. When he is reared probably he will taste like a tame duck. When he is sold to the market dealer, tagged or untagged, and then sold to the café owner, and then retailed by that shifty gentleman to the lamb who is taking Irene out to dinner, the aforesaid mallard duck will have reached proportions that will make a six or eight dollar bill look mighty small, not to mention the cost of the rest of the dinner—say, a ten-dollar bill for a bottle of Scotch, or something mild like that. These things will be prohibitive. I believe that the application of our general laws now established will leave enough wild game obtainable on the basis of the old common law to give every man duck to eat who has duck coming to him.

Another very grave question comes up in regard to the propagation of game in private preserves and its offering for sale legally afterward—perhaps it is one of the remaining grave questions yet to be threshed out by the sportsmanship of America. Very well; let us lay a leg-holt upon it, go to sleep, and wait. Does it ever really pay to monkey much with Nature? I have never seen much good come out of that in all my life, and I have spent that life pretty much in observation of the phenomena of the out-of-doors. For instance, the game preserves of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are stocked, or it has been attempted to stock them, with quail trapped in the Southern States and shipped to the North. In one instance six thousand quail were put down in Pennsylvania, and all of them died or disappeared. What gain was established by that? None at all. And the experiment was far worse than a failure, because it meant the removal from the Southern States of six thousand birds which might have meant six hundred thousand there if let alone.

Thus the play of selfish motives—and much of sport, spring shooting included, was looked at from a purely selfish standpoint—does not always work out for the good of a species; and that means not always for the good of a people.

The Great Quail States

Texas and Oklahoma to-day are the great quail states left to us. Their abundance of quail is nothing like what it was even five years ago. Their supply is being cut down very rapidly. Now, just to show there is no coldness, and since this is 1918, the *annus mirabilis* of American sport, why would it not be an excellent thing for the state legislatures of Texas and Oklahoma to take under advisement this question of stopping the shipment of enormous quantities of trapped quail for the sake of attempting to stock preserves located in countries less favorable to the species? I myself would be in favor of such laws and of their enforcement.

This statement, perhaps, is just as unpopular as were the original statements against spring shooting and against the sale of game. None the less, Holdfast is a good dog. Wait thirty years and we shall see. I am not apt to give up this notion if I shall live so long as that. And perhaps there will be many others who will feel precisely the same.

Rational and reasonable planting of game and rearing of game cannot be decried, though it seems to me that if we devoted a like amount of time and money to raising chickens and guinea fowl we would get just as good meat more cheaply and more surely. I do not remember now many cases of establishment of any useful species in America to any general extent, in spite of all the efforts that have been made at scientific transplanting of game. The only largely successful experiment in that line should be accredited to Judge Denney, of Oregon, who thirty years or so ago imported the Mongolian pheasant into the upper part of the Pacific Coast. It established itself there and more than made good. It has never established itself or made good to any appreciable extent in the Middle or Eastern States. The Game Commission of Illinois, for instance, has spent considerable money in attempting to establish this as a wild game species. A few of the birds are seen occasionally, and are promptly killed—in or out of season, legally or illegally. But the sportsmen of Illinois do not have that bird as one of their game species, and perhaps never will have.

On the other hand, as the result of monkeying with Nature, we do have the English sparrow and the German carp. Our country would be a great deal better off if we had neither of these species. Now if some scientific gentleman in Washington will kindly bring us over a colony of the mongoose we may learn some more inside things during the next generation. Meantime, for one, I am willing to stand on the old common law in sport and the old common instincts of Nature in wild life. I have never known it to fail that when we begin to commercialize sport in any phase we ruin the sport.

One More Victory

Of course, all these things are not calculated to be wholly acceptable in all quarters of the world—there will always be a great many people who want to buy that bird for Irene—or to sell it—and who will resent the fact that both bird and bottle have now come under the watchful care of Uncle Sam.

There is one more little victory which the sportsmen have not yet won, but which perhaps they will win even in 1918—the movement for the Greater Yellowstone Park. The extension of the Yellowstone Park southward to include the winter range of the elk herd of Yellowstone will solve that whole question and win that whole fight.

How I wish that also might be done in this tremendous year of 1918! If so—I would say that not irreverently—one could almost be willing to fold one's hands and say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

If we claim to be sportsmen, however, we ought to be absolutely fair, and that means that we ought to get our facts. As a general proposition, easy of support, it may be said the elk herd of Yellowstone Park is in extreme danger of total extinction, and that when it is extinct we shall have no more elk in the Rocky Mountains. It is quite fair to say also, no doubt, that if this state of affairs shall ensue it will be due to the errors of omission or commission of officials in Washington. It is entirely wise that we should be fair to these gentlemen, but likewise wise that the facts should be known. The general public does not know all the facts.

Perhaps, therefore, a statement by an unprejudiced man may bring to the public mind a better picture of the affairs round the edge of the Yellowstone Park. A communication written in the fall of 1917 is at hand from a man of long experience in that country, who states in part:

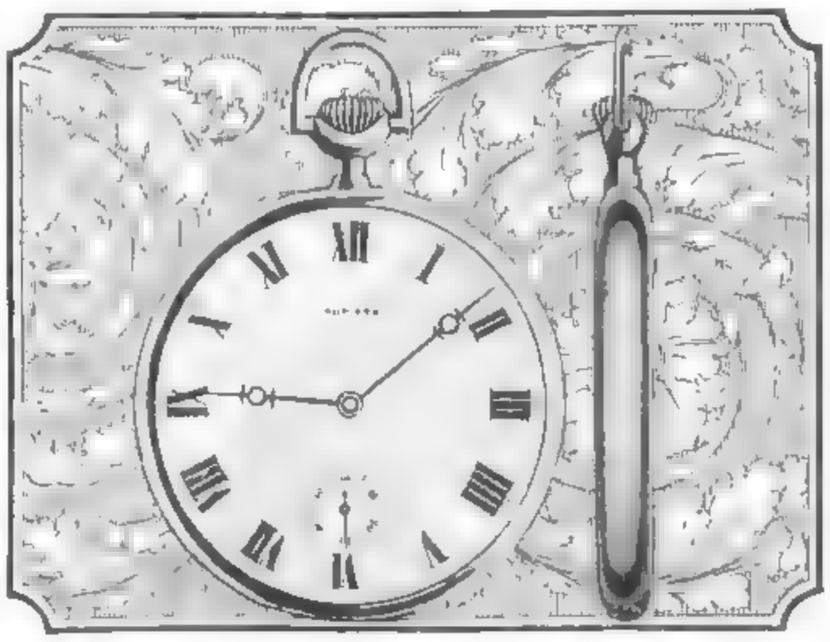
"I have been going up into Wyoming for a good many years, and the last three falls, including last month, were spent in the hills surrounding Jacksons Hole. I know the man who was at the head of the Government count of the elk two years ago. He recommended that the Government, through the Forest Service, should keep cattle off the reserve between Buffalo Creek and the Grovont. This section of country in the lower foothills above Jacksons Hole consists of rolling hills, the south sides of which are bare. These are the natural browsing grounds of the elk in winter when driven off the high ranges by the deep snows. It was very evident a year ago what would happen to the elk if the severe

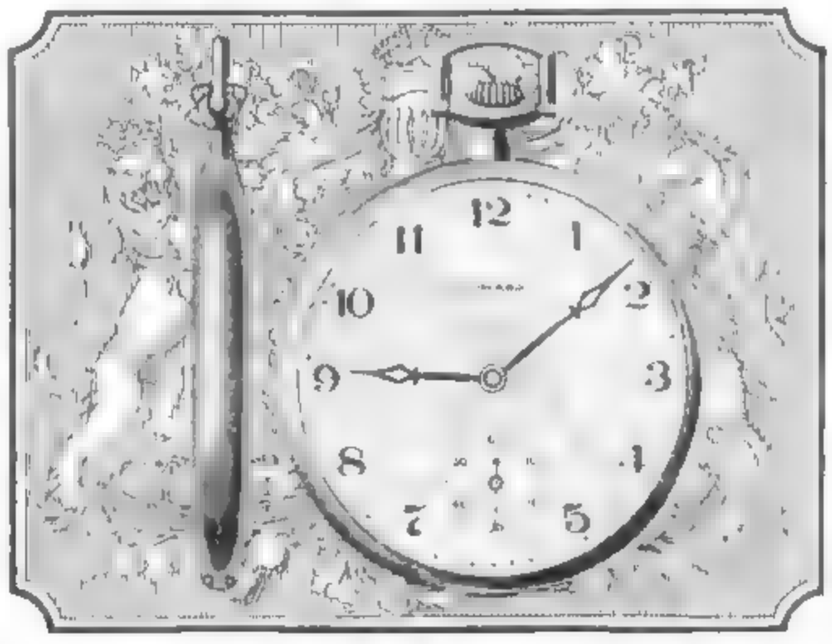
(Concluded on Page 117)

Augustan

Designed in the spirit of the Augustan era—keen, practical, like the America of today

12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished in *14k. solid-gold* case—$125, $100, $75





Victorian

A design of clear-thinking simplicity, the Victorian-Howard would be hard to excel for both every-day use and formal wear.

12 size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished in *gold-filled* case—$100, $75, $50

The HOWARD PERIOD WATCHES

What Can a Period Howard Do for a Man Besides Telling Him the Time

Here is the question that opens up the whole matter of watch values. The answer to it goes a long way to explain why the substantial American holds the Howard in such liking and respect.

The Howard is the finest practical timepiece in the world—and the 12-size Howards are the first extra-thin models to attain the Howard standards of time-keeping precision.

But if a Howard merely helped its owner to meet appointments and catch trains, there would be no more distinction in owning a Howard than any other watch. The quality that leads Americans to the Howard Watch is its *distinction*.

Look at the Howard owners! Whether today or seventy-five years ago, the Howard owner is typically the leading citizen, the man of affairs, the man who is putting the thing across in business, industry, commerce, finance or the professions.

Here are the Period Howards, designed in the spirit of the great periods of the world's activity. A notable series, indeed—the first watches to express the *personality* of the owner.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it. Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch. More than ever, the jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS

Established 1842

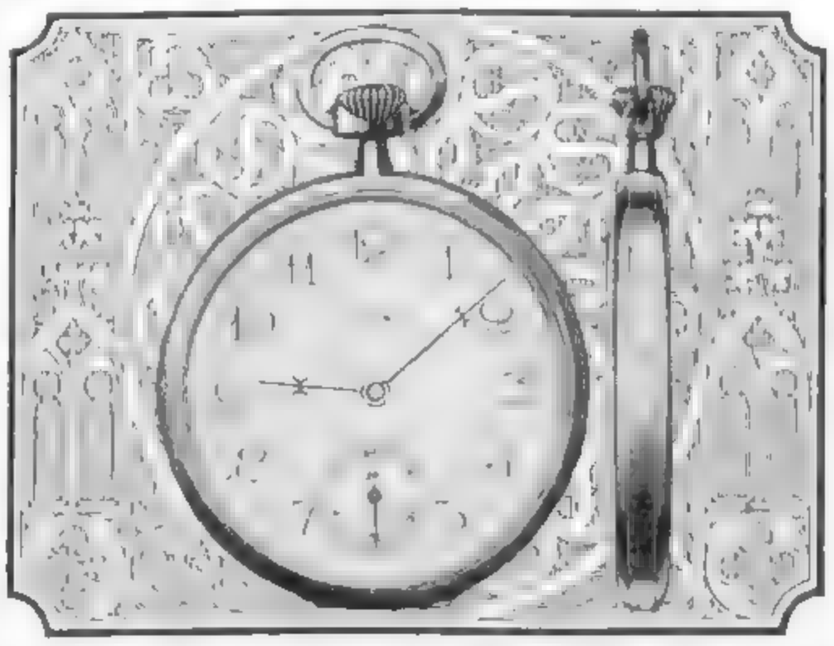
THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY, Prop.

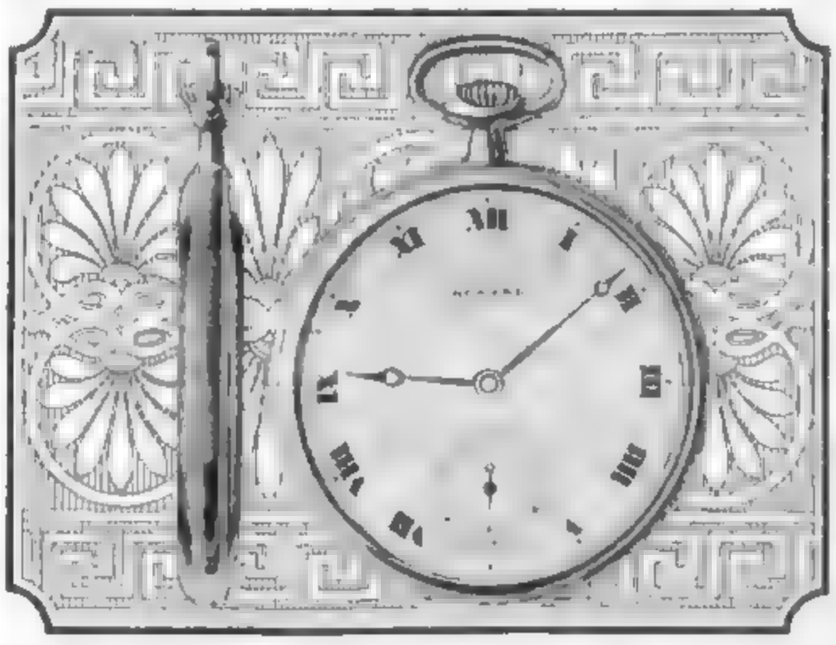
Howard Watches $50 to $165

The Edward Howard Model at $350

Tudor

Embodying that cosmopolitanism which was so characteristic of the Tudor period, as it is of our own times. 12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished in *14k. solid-gold* case of special compact construction—$125, $100, $75.





Ionic

Of classic Greek design, and suggesting the inherent *fineness* of American civilization. 12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished in *gold-filled* case—$100, $75, $50.

It's Great Old Sport if Your Shells are Waterproof

Those drizzly days when the game flies low and fast—that's when you get real shooting. On such a day, have you ever had a fine shot go winging out of range while you tugged at a wet and swollen shell? Then you know the value of waterproof ammunition.

The Black Shells will not swell from a wetting. Prove it. Place a handful in water for half an hour. Get them wetter than the bottom of a rain-soaked bough-house. Then try them in your gun. They'll chamber, fire and eject as if never touched by water.

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Rifle cartridges: Scout cartridges are a quality brand of U. S. 22 shorts. They were originally made for the Boy Scout trade, but their popularity has far outgrown that field. The older shooters have observed the results achieved by the youngsters and have not hesitated to adopt this superior 22-calibre ammunition. Ask your dealer or send trial order to nearest selling agent.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Co., Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia; National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh; United Lead Co., New York; James Robertson Lead Co., Baltimore; Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco; Hingston-Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 114)

winter set in. Why? Because all their winter range below Buffalo Creek and Mount Leidy and down Snake Creek to the Grovont was eaten off as clean as a board by the cattle.

"What was the result of this free grazing of cattle? Hundreds of dead carcasses that I saw all over that country, mostly of cow elk and calves that had returned from the government feeding grounds in May and had died, finding nothing to eat.

"The elk have worlds of summer range, but for the sake of a very few cattlemen and a few hundred cattle it seems a rotten outrage to let thousands of elk starve for lack of winter range. At any rate, the keeping of cattle off from the territory mentioned is an important thing toward preserving the elk—a vitally important thing.

"The government feed ranch undertakes to feed some elk in the winter time. On twenty-six hundred acres this year only about five hundred tons of hay was put up, though the place should produce fifteen hundred tons. Then the matter of game protection by the state of Wyoming is a farce. They take in about seventeen thousand dollars annually in licenses, and expend about one-third of this in game protection. The remainder goes into school funds, a commendable thing, but hard for the game. One man, like the single game warden in Jacksons Hole, cannot patrol a country a hundred miles long by eighty and full of hunters. I saw five dead bulls on the ridges at the head of one creek that had been killed in the velvet and the carcasses left to rot—killed for the teeth. Where are the Wyoming wardens? No matter how much the state of Wyoming kicks, the whole matter ought to be taken under Federal control.

"There is shameful neglect on someone's part, and the only way to find out these things is to be right on the grounds in the fall and winter, as I have been for the past three years."

Well, there is another fight on hand for the sportsmen which is not as yet won! Note that writer's suggestion that the question should be taken under Federal control. Why not? Is that any more impossible or illegal or unlikely than the passage of the Migratory Bird Treaty was thirty years ago, or twenty, or ten, or five? The truth is that that matter and all these matters are squarely up to Washington. And it is up to us to see that Washington does what it is paid to do.

This is our country. The sport of America does not belong to the bureaus of Washington, and any attempt to bureauize the sportsmanship of America is doomed eventually to fail. We have got the Bastile habit now.

Lest the foregoing should be considered an unfair statement of actual facts, suppose that another quotation be made from one of many other letters at hand bearing on the rapid disappearance of the elk. This one comes from Montana:

"The main issue always was the leasing of the winter range to cattle and sheep men, but there are several vital points in addition to this that cannot be overlooked if we wish to save the elk. For one thing, the season is too long in Montana. During the fall of 1915 and through the fall of 1916 the snows came early. The elk were hunted and driven back into the park and game preserves. Every time they ventured out somebody was on the lookout and would hit their trail, and back they would go if they got the chance. By the time the hunters left, between the fifteenth and twentieth of December, the snow was so deep that a great many of the elk could not have got to the winter range if there had been grass there a foot high. I would gladly pay ten dollars for my state license knowing that the money was to be used to secure game protective measures and to buy feed. The hunting last fall was simply fierce, and it will be still worse in years to come if matters are allowed to drift. The time to act is now. Another winter like last winter and we will have very little elk to protect, and no other game."

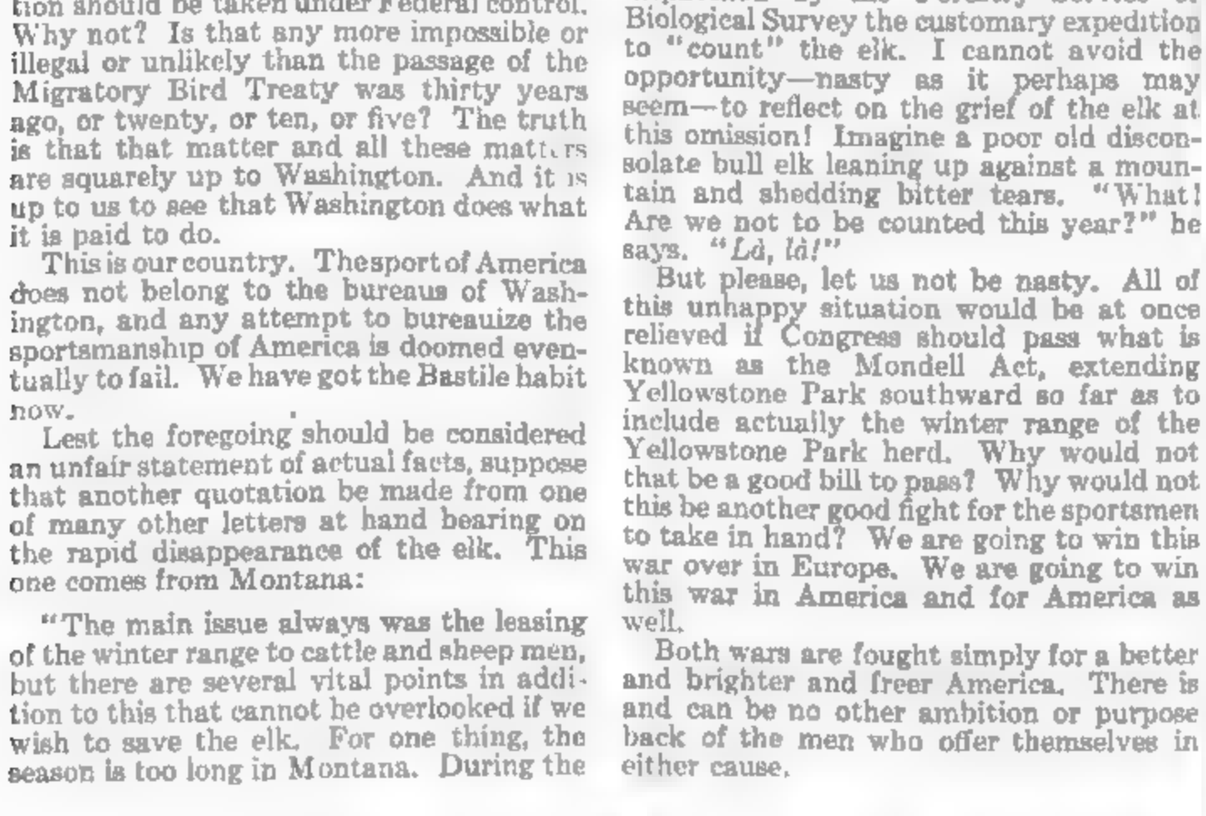
This letter was written in February of 1918. It ought to go before the people of America, because those people have still another little fight to win while the winning is good this year. So speed the greater Yellowstone. It is good neutral ground, good face-saving ground, and good game-saving ground too.

I do not think that it is a time for destructive criticism, but for constructive criticism. None of us amateur sportsmen have any interest in the elk herd in Yellowstone. We don't want to kill them; we don't want to sell them; we don't want to use them as breeding stock. None the less, this is an exceedingly good place and an exceedingly good time in the world's history to point out to all profiteering citizens that the Holdfast dog of American clean sportsmanship seems to be getting a habit of winning victories in the long run. Why not all act together and allow this victory to be won in the short run?

We may record with satisfaction, if not with conviction as to the ultimate results, the fact that the Forestry Department in the summer of 1918 once more sent a man in south of Yellowstone Park to "investigate" the conditions there. So far as known there has not yet this year been dispatched by the Forestry Service or Biological Survey the customary expedition to "count" the elk. I cannot avoid the opportunity—nasty as it perhaps may seem—to reflect on the grief of the elk at this omission! Imagine a poor old disconsolate bull elk leaning up against a mountain and shedding bitter tears. "What! Are we not to be counted this year?" he says. "*Là, là!*"

But please, let us not be nasty. All of this unhappy situation would be at once relieved if Congress should pass what is known as the Mondell Act, extending Yellowstone Park southward so far as to include actually the winter range of the Yellowstone Park herd. Why would not that be a good bill to pass? Why would not this be another good fight for the sportsmen to take in hand? We are going to win this war over in Europe. We are going to win this war in America and for America as well.

Both wars are fought simply for a better and brighter and freer America. There is and can be no other ambition or purpose back of the men who offer themselves in either cause.



The Economy of Spending Enough

Shoe economy can never be measured by price alone.

In the descending scale of retail values there quickly comes a point beyond which lies the height of footwear extravagance.

True shoe economy is that fine balance between durability without coarseness, stylishness without loss of long wear, comfort without sacrifice of appearance. In

Nettleton

Shoes

these virtues combine in a remarkably perfect proportion. This is the result of forty years experience in the choosing of fine leathers—two score years of careful training and supervision of men who have become the foremost shoe designers and workers in the trade.

The Nettleton phrase "Economy Through Quality" is born of unusually fine shoe construction as the Nettleton dealer in your city will be glad to show you.

The shoe shown is our Chatham.

U. S. Army Officers have set the seal of their approval on Nettleton Military Footwear Extraordinary

A. E. NETTLETON CO.

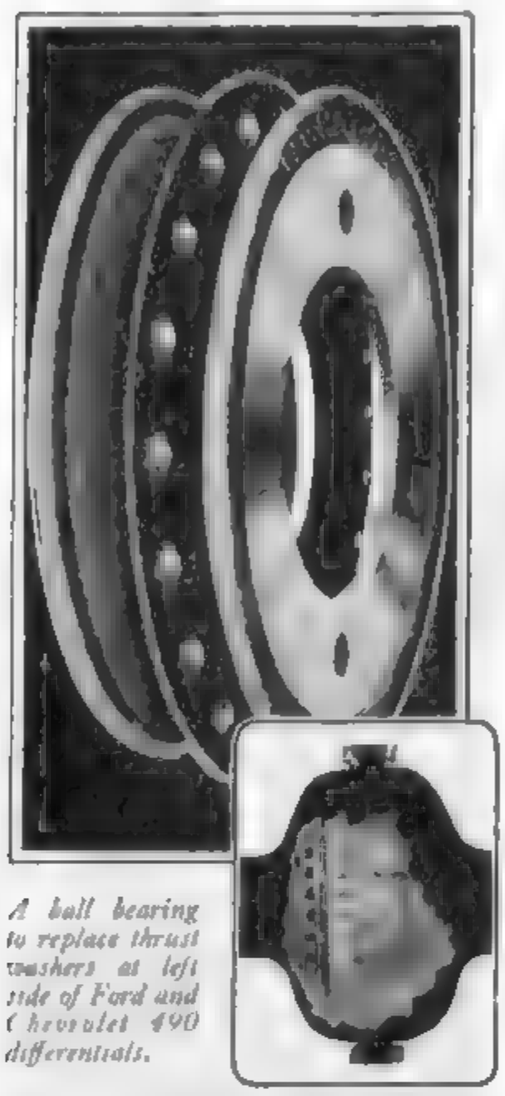
Syracuse, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers in America of Men's Fine Shoes Exclusively

FORD OWNER!

Why Not Install a Bailey Ball Thrust Now? Forestall Rear Axle Trouble—Avoid Expense of Broken Gears.

THE plain washers at the left side of differential create friction, wear thin and cause gears to break. Replace them immediately with this frictionless ball bearing.



A ball bearing to replace thrust washers at left side of Ford and Chevrolet 490 differentials.

The Bailey Ball Bearing does away with noisy or broken gears, because it does not wear thin, keeps gears in perfect mesh, preventing rear axle trouble.

Note very carefully the following good reasons for the replacing of washers with a Bailey Ball Thrust Bearing:

(1)—With worn washers the ring gear and pinion do not properly mesh, and so allow contact to be taken on weakest part of teeth—Broken gears result.

(2)—The improper meshing causes humming or noise in the axle. Bailey keeps gears properly meshed at all times.

(3)—The friction of plain washers heats the oil and grease to such an extent that lubricating qualities are destroyed.

(4)—The fine metal ground away in the wear of plain washers gets into the other axle bearings and lessens their life and service.

(5)—When you get the heaviest thrust, you get most friction, and friction means loss of power. The Bailey Bearing eliminates friction—hence conserves power, saving gasoline.

Your dealer or repairman knows what a Bailey Ball Bearing will do for you. See him today, or if he cannot supply you, write us. Price, $3.75

Folder Upon Request!

FREE *to Dealers and Repairmen.* A thrust washer gauge that will be of great help to you in making rear axle repairs. We will mail it to you postpaid with our compliments. Write for it.

Geo. D. Bailey Co. Factory and General Offices: 4500–4506 Ravenswood Ave. **Chicago**

USN

DECK PAINT

Dries quickly, and acquires a hard, enamel surface that is easy to dust or wash. Hot water will not mar or crack it. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us.

THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York

for porches, floors and walls
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

Send for interesting folder about Rats.

Don't Let the Rats *and Mice* defeat us

They destroy annually $100,000,000 worth of foodstuffs and many times that amount in property. Rats are filthy and dangerous pests, carriers of disease germs, etc. Rats and Mice must be exterminated if we are to win the present struggle against Germany.

Rat Bis-Kit

is the thing to use. Directions in each package. Easy to use. Safe. Sure. Clean. Not a poison. Rats and Mice eat it greedily and die outside the house. Get a package today. Use it tonight. Tomorrow night you will be glad you did.

The Rat Biscuit Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Wesley Kemp
$1600 a year

Patriotism and Profit

The two do not always go together

Wesley Kemp had to give up his college work and the $1600.00 a year we paid him to represent *The Saturday Evening Post* in order to join the Aviation Section of the Army. But, staying peacefully at home as you are—

YOU can combine them!

In your spare time—time that may now be wasted—you can earn $5.00, $10.00, even $20.00 a week *extra* by acting as our local representative. The money will buy a lot of Thrift Stamps or a Liberty Bond, or you can use it to meet this winter's bills. Make your moments count for something! A word of inquiry will bring you our liberal offer.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
479 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sign of the Slack Hand—By Wallace Irwin

I—THE MORE WASTE THE LESS SPEED

JEREMY SPEED neither knitted nor toiled;
Like the choicest of *brie*, very nicely tinfoiled,
He was just a bit spoiled.
Glad was his song
As he drifted along
On sophistries weak as his cocktails were strong.
Placid and selfish
As any poor shellfish,
He lost hair and conscience as years hurried by;
That often miscalled spot,
Over the ears,
Known as the Bald Spot,
Widened with years—
Grew ever wider and pinker in color
As Jeremy's prospects grew smaller and duller.

Since college days Speed had been billed with the show
Called the Ostrich Investment Securities Co.
'Twas a simon-pure sinecure manicure job,
Handed to him by his rich Uncle Bob.
Ere the latter old gent
Signed his last testament,
Died and left Jeremy nary a cent.
'Twas sufficient to nourish.
With oh! what a flourish
Did Speed go to work at ten-thirty A. M.
Full of affairs of importance—ahem!
Jerry was off for his luncheon till three,
Then back to his desk like a regular bee.
Hooray!
Away!
Done for the day!

Now Jerry's idea—no doubt it showed art—
Was that men of affairs should be trained for the part.
He knew in his heart that his present position
Was merely a key to a lofty ambition,
When he'd sit in the game with the Big Combinations
Who ante with railroads and steel corporations.
He happened to know
In a season or so
He'd be bossing the Ostrich Securities Co.,
And so to the top—
Why stop
And worry?
Thought Jerry.
Meanwhile 'twas his duty to cultivate taste
Becoming a gentleman loftily placed.
His fairish-sized salary
Gave him a chance
To play to the gallery—
On with the dance!

He studied high seasoning, cultured his palate,
Bachelor-hailed with a dog and a valet,
Drove a fast motor car, drank like a lord,
Ran with a crowd which he couldn't afford,
Wore a new suit for each day in the week,
And basked in the air of success, so to speak.

Once when his college chum, Marmaduke Keene,
Capable chap,
But a bit of a Pap,
Spoke about marriage and what it should mean,
Jeremy shot out his silken and grand cuffs,
Drawling, "I say now! Why hustle the handcuffs?"
Said serious Marm:
"Surer than fate
It strengthens your arm
When you fight for a mate.
It's a citizen's duty he owes to the State.
That man is a shirk who refuses the nation
His adequate share in the next generation."
Jerry said: "Woof!
Jolly good spoof!
Love in a cottage—I've always abhorred it.
It's a crime to tie up when you cannot afford it.
Do you think I'd go live in a one-horse menage
With a seven-foot lawn and a sheet-iron garage?
When I'm tied
To a bride
I'll give her a country house labeled The Breakers,
With a private beach-landing and broad-spreading acres.
I'm no end attached to the little ones chubby,
But I'm raised a bit clubby,
And hate to be grubby."
Marmaduke's titter
Caused Jerry to twitter:
"This talk about serving the State is a lot
Of rank twatty-twat—
Where are you getting that socialist rot?"

When war was declared
Then Jeremy fared
To an officers' camp; for he saw at a glance
The Very Best Families going to France.
But it gave him small grief—
In fact some relief—
When a medico, tapping his sides and his chest,
Said, "Heart, lungs and liver bad—better get dressed."
He shuddered a shiver
To think of his liver
Which had cost him far more than his check book could kivver;
He'd lived like a gentleman, kept up the pace
Till the time had arrived for defending the race,
Then was branded Unfit.

Still he nursed the illusion of doing his bit:
"The Big Men must stay in civilian ranks—
If we all go to war who will manage the banks?"

II

NOW shifts our scene
To 1918.
It fell on a Friday, that favorite date
For hexes and bogies
And rank-smelling stogies.
Now we find Jerry Speed in a thoughtfuller state,
Leaving his handsome apartment behind
As he pulls on his hat with a load on his mind.
Was there cause for his baffled expression?
You've said it!
He was working the puzzle called Debit and Credit.
Now he would halt.
"'Tisn't my fault!"
He'd sigh,
And try
To get by
On high.
As he moved toward the doorway his valet, one Willows,
Approached with the air of one patting soft pillows.
"May I presume, sir?"
"Doubtless you may."
"Then I assume, sir,
You're ready to pay?"
"Remember your place!"
Jerry kept up his face
In his usual way.
"Thank you, sir. Will you permit me to say
Seven months' salary's due me to-day——"

"Willows"—here Jeremy traded his dander
For absolute candor—
"Since you are a fellow of low common sense,
Though frequently dense—
By dash,
I'm famished for cash—
How can I save me from going to smash?"

"If you'll take my advice," said his servitor meek,
"You might cut expenses a bit, so to speak."
"Don't be a bore!"
Was Jeremy's roar.
"What can I do more?
Haven't I cut down my clubs now to four?"
He swore
And forth from the scene of embarrassment tore.

Officeward hurried poor Jeremy Speed,
Sick with the anguish of going to seed.
Thoughts came pell-mell.
What could he sell
To bolster his credit again and tide o'er
The First of the Month, which was on him once more?
His automobile? That was out of the question.
His soul withered up at the very suggestion.

(Continued on Page 121)

What position in your Company do you hold today?

The figures shown here will interest every ambitious man who is willing to profit by the experience and judgment of others

The list classifies 75,000 men according to positions they occupied when they enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

These 75,000 men enrolled for this Modern Business Course and Service because they realized their need for a keener, sounder understanding of the fundamentals that underlie *all* business.

They investigated before they were convinced of the wisdom of their move. They realized their need for this information—this grounding in those basic principles that underlie all modern business.

Your need is just the same as the need of the men here listed. Every worth-while business man knows that the man who is equipped mentally with facts is the man who is going to win out in the long run.

Presidents	13,534
Vice-Presidents	2,826
Treasurers	2,652
Secretaries	5,372
Controllers	568
Sales Managers	2,626
General Managers	1,604
Managers	11,260
Auditors	2,262
Superintendents	3,820
Advertising Managers	1,556
Accountants	2,876
Traffic Managers	2,208
Credit Managers	1,136
Bank Cashiers	1,205
Chief Engineers, Chief Draftsmen, Chief Chemists, Chief Metallurgists	934
Department Heads and Foremen	3,964
Draftsmen, Engineers, Chemists, Metallurgists	6,558
Office Managers, Chief Clerks, Branch Managers	4,884
Purchasing Agents	1,150
Miscellaneous	2,005
Total	75,000

Many of these men now hold much bigger positions

Many are making more money—and every one of them is a better executive—since enrolling for the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course.

For example: *C. C. Holmes* is superintendent of the H. C. Capwell Company, of Oakland, California—one of the largest mercantile houses of the Western United States. His salary has increased 240% in the past two years.

Charles E. Murnan began his career as a store clerk. At 25 he held a responsible position with the United Drug Company, a corporation capitalized at fifty-two million dollars. Today, in his 36th year, he is not only director of this firm's advertising but vice-president as well. He says: "I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it. It is the most concise and clearly presented form of education ever offered to executives."

These cases are but typical of the thousands of men who have directly benefited by the knowledge gained from the Course.

Those who need the Course

If your problem is self-advancement based on a greater knowledge of business fundamentals, you should lose no time getting further information.

If your problem is increased production—marketing—financing—organization—you will find a mine of information in the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course. You will find your problems more easily overcome.

You will find that you have greater confidence in your decisions and your judgment. That is because your decisions will be based on *facts*, not theory—fundamentals, not guess work.

Better trained executives must be had

The time has now come when trained men must direct the energies of those under them to greater production—greater efficiency, for conditions are rapidly resolving themselves down to a period of accuracy and thoroness unknown in any other era.

If your fundamentals are right, you may be sure of your results

No matter what your position—no matter what your business—*you need the kind of knowledge* you get in the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Let the experience of the thousands of successful men now enrolled be *your* guide. You can absorb the Course in your spare time. It is written in an intensely interesting way, and in a most convenient and compact form. The work is inspiring, as well as practical. It grips and holds the most practical types of business men.

It will hold, interest and instruct *you*.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute.

This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

Get further information

Learn how you can become a better trained executive—a more successful business man. Learn for yourself why 75,000 successful men are now enrolled for the Course. Learn how *you* can be one of them—a bigger, better executive in *your* company. Get our 112-page free book, "Forging Ahead In Business."

Every man and woman with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
84 Astor Place New York City

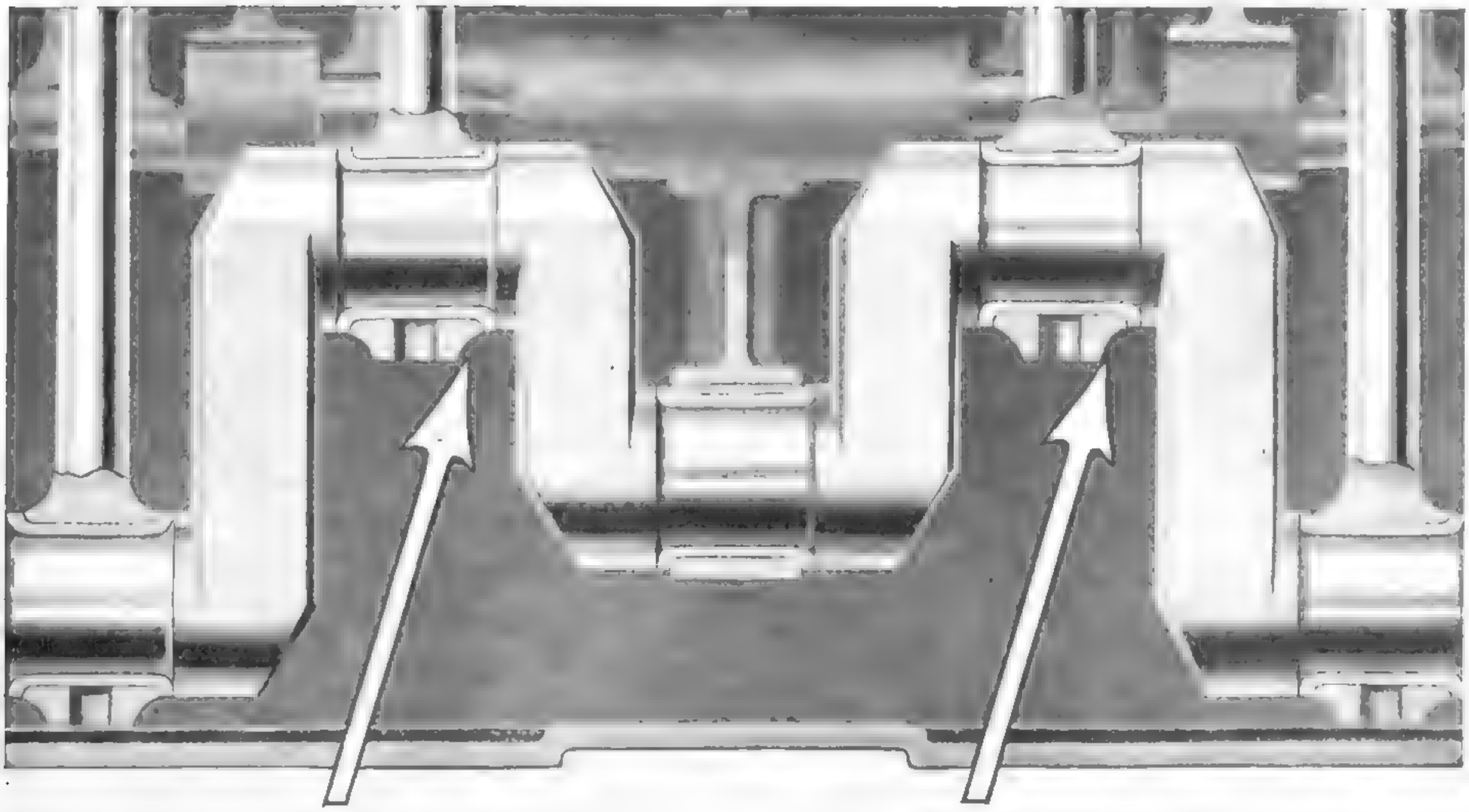
Send me "FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"—Free

Name_____
Print here

Business Address_____

Business Position_____

MODERN BUSINESS



2¼ tons on each crank-bearing

Did you know that when your motor is running under load a pressure as great as two and one-quarter tons is exerted on the sliding surfaces between each connecting-rod and the crank-shaft?

Think of it! Two and one-quarter tons.

And this pressure may be exerted twenty-two hundred times per minute.

Such a tremendous and almost continuous pressure tends to squeeze out every particle of oil from between the bearing surfaces. Yet these surfaces must be lubricated.

A good oil can withstand this pressure. Havoline Oil *does* withstand it and covers the rubbing surfaces with a thin, continuous layer of oil that produces easy and smooth running, prevents heating, and increases the durability of vital parts.

You can enjoy that peculiar ecstasy of satisfaction that comes from driving a quick responding, perfect running motor if you use an oil that meets every requisite of perfect lubrication.

Use an oil that really lubricates—one that stands up where it is needed instead of breaking and gumming under heat.

Use an oil that even under heat and pressure spreads an unbroken film over all of the bearing surfaces; an oil that is uniform in quality whenever you buy it. Havoline Oil comes to you in sealed containers, your guarantee of uniform quality, full measure, no waste.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

Indian Refining Company, Incorporated *Producers and Refiners of Petroleum* New York

HAVOLINE OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"It makes a difference"

(Continued from Page 118)

His wardrobe? 'Twas known he had suits twenty-three,
But he needed them all to a poignant degree
To keep up his rep
For smartness and pep.
Part with one swallowtail? That couldn't be!
Life was so rude!
He felt very nude.

Then hope swelled again with one dearly loved notion;
Just about now he was booked for promotion.
The Ostrich Investment Securities Co.,
He happened to know,
Was needing a capable treasurer sadly
Since the sudden retirement of Timon J. Hadley,
And President Cole,
That jolly old soul,
Had been asking some pertinent questions of late
As much as to say, "You are now on the slate."

Luck
Had struck!
Thought Jerry as into his office he stole
And found on his desk a brief memo signed "Cole."
"Drop in for a chat."
Like that!
He found the great man at an angle tobogganey,
Tilting a desk-chair of polished mahogany,
As he fixed his employee through volleys of smoke
Ere he spoke.
"Say, Jerry, we've got
To cut out a lot
Of deadheads and figureheads — fancified rot.
Plain war economy — must see it through.
And this includes you."
"Meaning I'm fired?"
Jerry inquired
In a voice uninspired.
"Don't misunderstand me." The boss showed contrition.
"Though your safary's stopped
You needn't be dropped.
You must hustle, that's all, like the rest — on commission."

Jerry slunk off and enjoyed the sensation
That the deluge had come and engulfed all creation.
Rosy gleams
Gone in smoke.
Vanish dreams —
Stony broke!
But stay! One poor comfort yet nourished his soul:
His pocket still harbored a limp little roll.
Out in the street
He followed his feet
To the stylish garage where his racing car stood.
He found the proprietor, head in the hood,
Belching his ire.
"Old tin and wire —
Needs a new tire —"
"Charge it!" quoth Jeremy, feeling quite scattery.
"Charge what," snarled the expert — "the bill or the battery?"
"The bill."
Damp and chill
Came the fellow's reply
As he winked a dead eye.
"Go talk to the ducks!
I'll hold this old dray
Till you're ready to pay.
You owe me a hundred and ninety-six bucks."

Which sent our poor friend, feeling cold as a chub,
To the high marble steps of the Florizel Club.
Here at least would be kindly companions, thought Jerry,
Helpfulness, sympathy, sweet sanctuary —
Which all goes to show
How little we know.

As he paused at the door and stood twiddling his thumb
A friend, passing by,
Called merrily, "Hi!"
'Twas Marmaduke Keene, his obscure college chum.
His clothes, which were somewhat less stylish than some,
Caused the natural question, "Is Marm on the bum?"
"Hello!" sang out Jerry. "You jolly old dub,
It seems years and years since you've been at the club."

"Club!" laughed his friend. "Oh, I'm through with all that.
We've moved out to Huggville. A sort of a flat.
Modern improvements — nice view of the river.
I run my own flivver."
Quoth Jerry, "What for?"
"Why, man, we're at war!"
This quite amused Jerry. "Dear boy, I don't doubt it.
But why should we all be unhappy about it?"
"A matter of taste,"
Said Marm in some haste.
And added: "To paralyze Hindenburg's nerve
Means that civilians also must serve."
"Righto — but how?" inquired Jeremy Speed.
"By getting along with the things we don't need —
Plain, sir, and simple
As pricking a pimple.
And that's just the reason I packed up and went
To a place where the sunshine is more than the rent.
It wasn't a sacrifice — tell you the truth.
It's been a grand thing for the children and Ruth."
A little mite miffed
Jeremy sniffed,
"Simple life stuff — doesn't do any harm.
Back to the farm!
What do you do with your money now, Marm?"
"Oh, the Savings Stamps drive and the Liberty Bond —"
Jeremy fled to escape his despond.

In the Florizel Club where he once had been toasted,
Jeremy saw,
With a drop of his jaw,
That a sheet on the bulletin board loudly boasted
His name, labeled "Posted."
He scolded the clerk with a passion intense—
'Twas only twelve dollars and twenty-nine cents
Which he haughtily pungled.
How frightfully bungled
Was life's horoscope.
He went to the grillroom in silence to mope,
But was drawn in to lunch
With the Usual Bunch.
After which Tommy Tynner,
That chance-loving sinner
Cried: "Gloom! Join the party!
Cheer up, my hearty!
Don't be a midge!
Come to the Red Room — a grand game of bridge!"
"When your money's all gone," said the Ape on the Ark,
"You can get it all back in the Quest of the Snark."
Thus Jeremy followed his guide to the Red Room,
Put conscience to sleep in that roseate bedroom.
At mid-afternoon he arose, when a still
Small voice murmured: "Jerry, play on if you will —
Your jeans are still graced by a two-dollar bill."
Another cigar,
A drink at the bar
Which grew
To two —
And whoo!
To a fellow like Speed with acquaintance extensive
Life's seldom dull, though it's often expensive.

In a motor outside there was Willie Van Donk —
"Why don't you dine with us? Eight o'clock."
Honk!
He was off
Proud toff!
The sight of his sleekness gave Jerry a healthy
Sort of a glow
Which sycophants know
When their fingers are touching the fringe of the wealthy.

III

'TWAS round about five when our Jerry returned
To his handsome apartment and rapidly learned
The worst
Which burst
On his senses accursed.
That villain named Willows had quite disappeared!
Fear grew. He advanced on his closets to see
That each darling one of his suits twenty-three

MILLERS FALLS
TOOLS
Most Repairs Need a New Hole
WHY stand helpless before the smallest repair that needs a hole just because your only boring tool is a rusty old gimlet?
These are the days of action, of resourcefulness, economy and do-it-yourself-John.
Simple home repairs are 75% having good tools. And number 3 tool on your list ought to be our
MILLERS FALLS No. 732 $3.50
BIT BRACE
(In Canada $5.00)
"The Carpenter's Favorite"
It will pay for itself many times over because it will make a hole in any kind of building material—wood, cement, brick, plaster or tin. This is because the patented chuck will take either auger bit or twist-drill and hold it with a bull-dog grip. Protected ratchet makes it easy to get into corners and ball-bearing head gives full power to your boring.
Millers Falls Auger Bits are just as good as our bit braces. The famous Ford pattern (owned by us) bores faster and better with or against the grain in all kinds of wood.
All the better hardware stores have these Millers Falls tools or will get them for you
Send 10c for our Mechanic's Handbook, 60 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to figure paint, shingles, board measure, brickwork and stonework and 50 other useful subjects. Pocket catalog of all Millers Falls tools on request.
We also make hack saws breast drills mitre boxes and other boring and cutting tools
MILLERS FALLS CO.
"Toolmaker to the Master Mechanic"
100 River Street
Millers Falls, Mass.

W.L.DOUGLAS WAS PUT TO WORK PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE
OCCASIONALLY HE HAD TO FACE PUNISHMENT FOR TARDINESS BECAUSE HE WAS KEPT AT THE WORK BENCH UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE.
W. L. DOUGLAS WAS PERMITTED TO ATTEND SCHOOL FOR SHORT PERIODS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS WHEN THERE WERE SLACK SPELLS IN THE WORK
W.L.DOUGLAS $5.00 SHOE

BEGAN MANUFACTURING JULY 6 1876

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$3.50 $4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

BOYS' SHOES Best in the World $3.00 $3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

W L Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 150 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

DISTANCE is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large safe bank, which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for 50 years. No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS

Silky and Serviceable!

Here is a sock that combines a soft, silk-like daintiness with a sturdy resistance to wear that is simply amazing.

No. 599—A Dress Sock that Wears

Its glossy, transparent texture resembles the best grade of silk; but it is *not* silk—it is a special mercerized fabric, reinforced with three-ply thickness at toe and heel—unusually strong and durable

Try them! If there isn't an Iron Clad dealer near you, order from us, sending 40c for each pair wanted. State size and colors—Black, White, Palm Beach and Dark Gray. Sizes 9½ to 11½. Package will be sent you postpaid. Write today!

Cooper, Wells & Co., 212 Vine St.
St. Joseph, Mich.

Had vanished and gone—
Not a single stitch left save the suit he had on!
His neckwear, socks, toilet sets, underwear, shoes,
His monogrammed shirts which 'twere madness to lose,
Switched away,
Snitched away,
Fairly bewitched away!
Where was his swallow-tail, pressed for the date
With the Willie Van Donks and their dinner at eight?
Curse on thee, Willows, thou valet untrue
And thy servile revenge for a salary due!
Though Jerry felt sickly,
Decision came quickly:
There dwelt round the corner a varlet named John,
A handy galoot
Who would varnish a boot
Or press in a jiffy the suit you had on.
In wartime a lounge suit is never bad form,
Thought Jerry, resolving to weather the storm.
So he telephoned John, who, with air of annoy,
Sent round his boy,
Who patiently sat
While Jerry delivered his suit, shoes and hat.

Willows, now doubtless beyond the Bahamas,
Had been, so to speak,
Humanly weak.
For he'd left for his master one suit of pyjamas—
Rather frayed garments, which Jeremy got in,
And which, in the stress
Of his suit gone to press,
He moodily sot in.
Jerry had cautioned the tailor-boy sour
To have the job back in the half of an hour.
Thus lonely he sate
In his fallen estate,
Dreading the morrow—
Where could he borrow?
A truce to his sorrow!
He knew quite a number of modish cane-dandlers
Who had kept in the swim,
Always in trim,
And were nothing more honest than pleasant pan-handlers. . . .

Time passed. Then the air with suspicion grew black—
When in the world was that suit coming back?
In the lordliest tone
He barked in the phone,
"You, John!
Come on!
Must I wait here all night for my suit?"
Like fruit
That is puckery, green,
Came a voice, sharp and mean,
"I don't send it back, Mr. Speed, sir, until
You've settled ——"
Groaned Jerry, "My bill!"
And was still.

He groaned as he sat.
No, he couldn't pay that—
Then another expedient flashed on the scene.
There was Marmaduke Keene:
Marm with the theories under his turban,
His dime-saving tastes and his cottage suburban—
With a fellow like Marm he could swallow his pride,
Unbutton his soul, as it were, and confide.

Result: Jerry telephoned, got Information,
Connected himself with the Keene's lowly station.
In an hour—maybe two—
A flivver updrew
At the glorious portals of Jeremy's flat.
Forward came Marm,
Over his arm
A slightly used suit, pair of shoes and a hat.
Explaining, "I'm busted,"
To the friend whom he trusted,
Jerry the middle-class garments adjusted.
Jerry accepted his friend's invitation
To come out to Huggville and stay for a week;
For Jerry was hungry and Jerry was meek
And Jerry was sore on his past reputation.

They had chugged quite a bit down the smooth Huggville road
Ere Marm his opinions began to unload,
As though in reply to the questionings vain
Which were twisting like maggots in Jeremy's brain.

"The fault with Americans, taken as sich,
Is this: We're all mad about acting up rich.
The underfed baby, with holes in its socks,
Gets marshmallow fudge in a pink satin box;
The shop-girl who's drooping for three squares a day
Wears fiber-silk stockings of *café au lait*.
From the tenement steps to the wealthy man's table
We squander our coin for a fine-sounding label.
Well, to tell you the truth,
Just look at myself and my children and Ruth.
We paid double rent for a tomb on the Square
So that Ruth's letter-heads would proclaim we were There.
My youngest, Undine,
Who is just about nine,
Was having a serious fad education
In Siamese drawn work and color vibration,
Because it was swell;
But she'd not-learned to spell,
Or to follow the rules of the king's punctuation.
My eldest girl, Phyllis, just turning nineteen,
Was taking art dancing from Nero McBean,
A puffy old grafter
Largely sought after
By the very best people," said Marmaduke Keene.
"To all the Right Shops we sent round for our duds—
To tell you the truth, I was always in suds,
Worry and sweat,
Wrestling with debt.
Pinche made my footwear, Chowker my collars,
And Ruth got her hats
At Gweldolyne Ratt's
Where the label alone is worth seventy dollars.

"Well, the Hoover campaign
Found me out, not in vain.
I saw what I was: Just a high-colored jelly,
A walking false front in a fancy-priced Kelley.
The ruffles and truffles that softened old Marmy
Might help food and fodder across to our Army.
So we've moved out to Huggville—house pretty enough.
We're paying for comfort and nothing for bluff.
Phyllis is going to high school out there—
Getting her first education, I swear!
We've gone to war-gardening—
Not growing much;
But the way that I'm hardening
Does beat the Dutch.
But the best of it is that I'm constantly learning
To put by a share of the money I'm earning.
And that, old pal,
Is the crux of Morale—
Helping the Cause."

A serious pause.
Said Jeremy Speed in a way that was humble:
"I'm starting on low, since I've taken a tumble.
I've thought of accepting a minor position—
Work on commission.
Do you think Mrs. Keene on this very short order
Would take in a boarder?"

Jerry excitedly held in his breath.
"Sure!" chuckled Marm. "She'd be tickled to death.
But, say, if you join us I warn you,
Gol darn you!
Nix on the play-around, lay-around, stay-around,
Thriftless and shiftless excuse-to-delay-around,
Down-in-the-heelfulness,
Late-to-your-mealfulness.
Those were my vices till, tell you the truth,
My little wife Ruth
Found they were curable habits, like booze—"

Jerry sighed deep.
"It would help me a heap
Were I in your shoes!"

Which remark, I would say, showed a great deal of daring
When you think of whose footgear poor Jerry was wearing.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * * * *

When I met Mr Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning, 'most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education, Dept. 199, 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly).

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Post 9-14-18

The Motor Truck Is Essential

THE continued manufacture of motor trucks, to be used in the transportation of materials for direct or indirect war work or to be used in work of national civilian importance, has been declared an essential.

While motor trucks are of great importance in relieving transportation problems, their manufacture cannot be out of proportion to other transportation necessities, such as railroads and steamships. A grave responsibility has been placed not only upon the manufacturer of motor trucks, but upon the present owners of such vehicles. We must all do our part to the limit of our ability. The situation is this:

FIRST, motor trucks are to be sold *only* for necessary work, either directly for war work or to facilitate the transportation of such essentials as food, fuel, etc., or for important construction work.

SECOND, motor truck owners must see to it that their trucks are operated so as to require the minimum of spare parts and repair work.

THIRD, no truck must be discarded if it can be rebuilt so as to operate efficiently.

FOURTH, every truck in use must be routed to carry as many tons a day as is economically possible. Empty runs must be cut to a minimum.

Owners of trucks and new purchasers should investigate the manufacturers' standing and service facilities which will make it possible for the owner to do his proper share in the responsibility of owning a motor truck.

As manufacturers of THE AUTOCAR MOTOR TRUCK, we are going to live up to our full responsibility and duty as recommended by the War Industries Board.

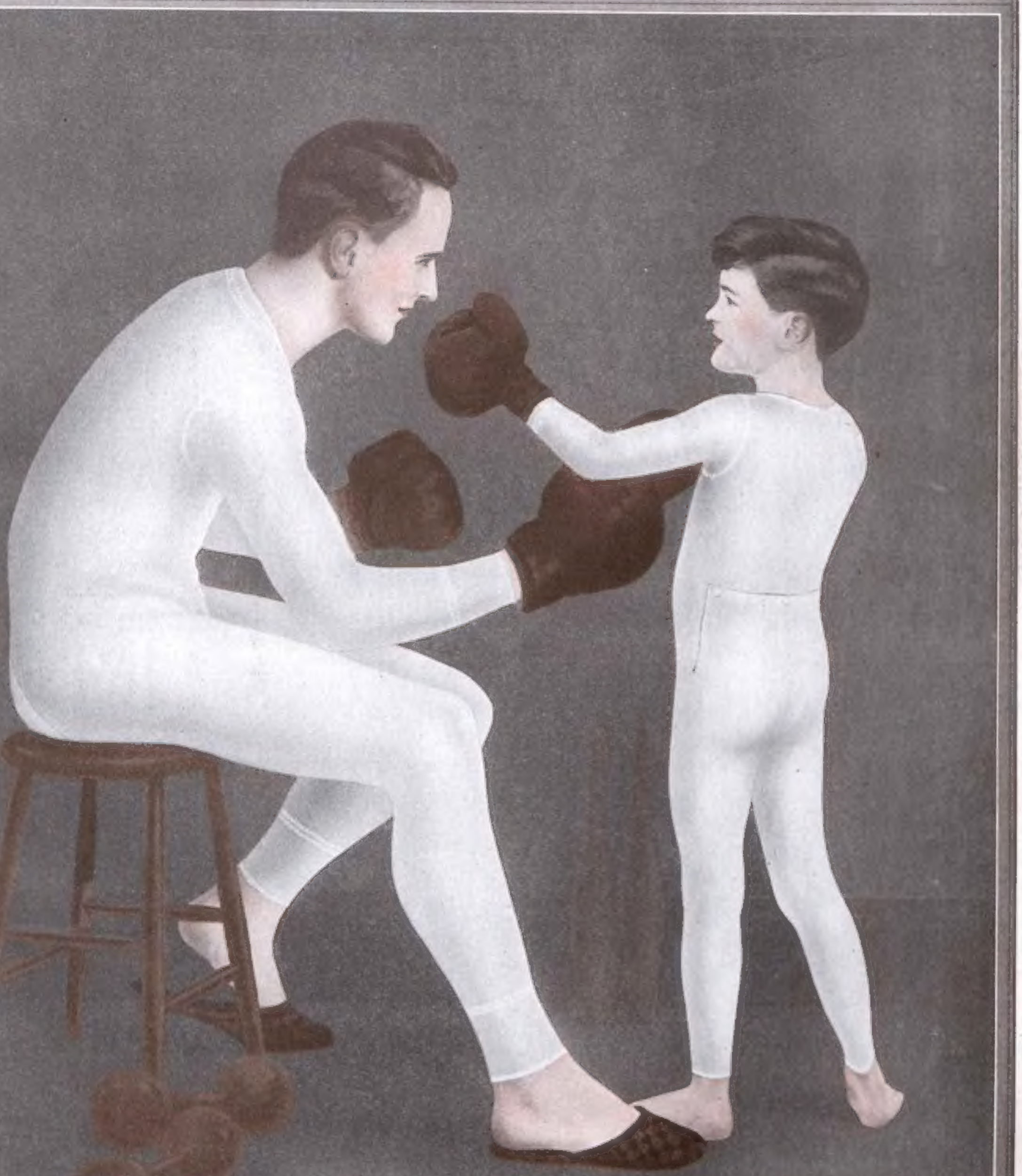
THE AUTOCAR COMPANY

Ardmore, Pa. *Established 1897*

PERFECT FITTING

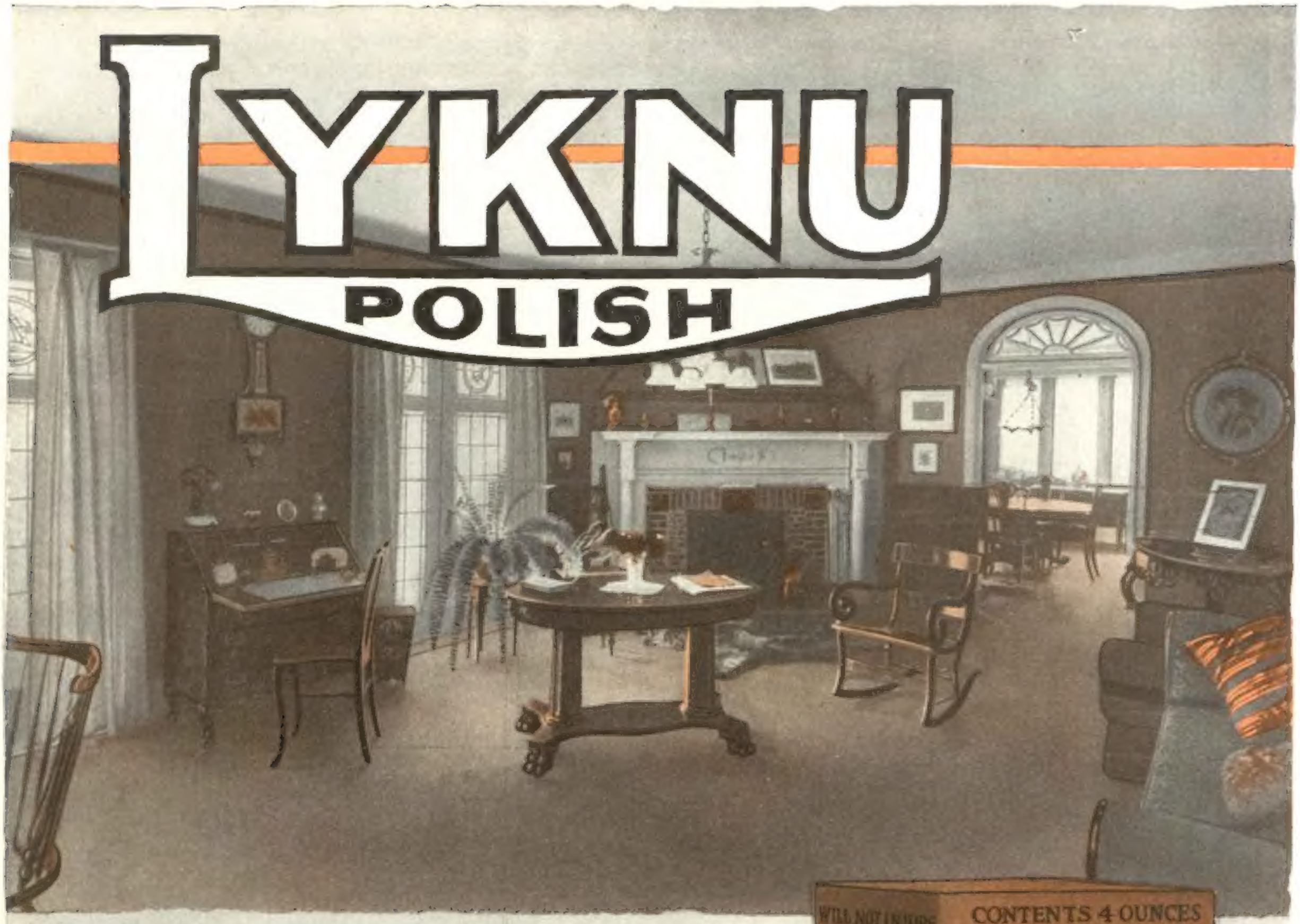
MUNSING WEAR

UNION SUITS



PERFECTION IN UNDERWEAR

LYKNU POLISH



SAVE yourself the double work of going over your furniture a second time when polishing—once with a dampened cloth and then with a dry one.

Use Lyknu—the "one cloth" polish. Only a single cloth—only a single operation—is necessary, because Lyknu cleans, polishes and dries at the same time and within twenty seconds.

Lyknu adds nothing to the surface but a polish—no grease, no oil, no gum, no waxy substance of any kind.

Lyknu removes the sticky, dust-collecting coating deposited on your furniture by ordinary polishes and restores the first, fine, lustrous finish it had when bought—a finish that cannot be improved upon—*just like new.*

Try Lyknu today! · If your dealer does not carry it, send 25c for bottle, mailed prepaid.

LYKNU POLISH MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE POLISHED SURFACE
CONTENTS 4 OUNCES
LYKNU
POLISH
To have your furniture "Made Like New" look to the "Lyknu Maid"
WILL NOT GUM
MANUFACTURED BY
Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co
Pittsburgh, U.S.A.